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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LI.



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MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similmente operando all' artista

Ch' a l'abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii., st. 77.

DEDICATION.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST.

I.

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA, and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.
You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me. They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking
But yesterday how like and how unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed
A father to you rather than a husband,
Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower
And promise of his youth, was taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,
Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love
Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.
Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;
But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,
Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair
Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,
The amaranth, and beneath it the device
Non moritura. Thus my heart remains
True to his memory; and the ancient castle,
Where we have lived together, where he died,
Is dear to me as Ischia is to you

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart
Find, if it can, some poor apology
For one who is too young, and feels too keenly
The joy of life, to give up all her days
To sorrow for the dead. While I am true
To the remembrance of the man I loved

And mourn for still, I do not make a show
Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded
And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive forth
In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,
As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day
Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies
As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.
You have at Naples your Fra Bernadino;
And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,
The famous artist, who has come from Rome
To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days departed,
When I was young, and all was bright about me,
And the vicissitudes of life were things
But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or mine
Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,
And now, grown older, I look back and see
They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions

What would our lives become, what we ourselves?
Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the wish
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we live in

Comes before that which is to be hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA.

For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'Tis always flattering to a woman's pride
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adoration
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.

I have heard
Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,
And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long retinue
Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this the way
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA.

He is so young;
Hardly of age, or little more than that;
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a player
On many instruments. In Rome, his palace
Is the asylum of all men distinguished
In art or science, and all Florentines

Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have painted it
In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits
St. Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,

Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in colors
Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also
Against the dangers that beset your path;
But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,
Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
He might admire me: being but flesh and blood,
I am no more to him than other women;
That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome
Upon his little mule, as he was wont,
With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,
As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble name
A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun
Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,
And changes Capri to a purple cloud!
And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,
And the great city stretched upon the shore
As in a dream!

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sun-lit windows
Blaze like the torches carried in procession
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it!
My feet are weary, pacing up and down
These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts
Treading the broken pavement of the Past.
It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you; for I would not lose
 One hour of your dear presence. 'Tis enough
 Only to be in the same room with you.
 I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak;
 If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*]

II.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S Studio. *He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
 Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?
 Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling
 Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader
 Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,
 But heeded not. The bones of Julius
 Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound;
 They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome
 To do this work, that they must needs seek me?
 Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it;
 But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,
 Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,
 Press down his lids; and so the burden falls
 On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect
 And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
 That is the title they cajole me with,
 To make me do their work and leave my own;
 But having once begun, I turn not back.
 Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets
 To the four corners of the earth, and wake
 The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,
 Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!
 Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death,
 As men who suddenly aroused from sleep
 Look round amazed, and know not where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination
 Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
 Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
 To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
 To the prophetic voices in the air
 That call us onward. Then the work we do
 Is a delight, and the obedient hand
 Never grows weary. But how different is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,
 When all the wisdom of the world appears
 As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
 In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,
 That I have drawn her face among the angels,
 Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,
 That through the vacant chambers of my heart
 Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms
 Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?
 'Tis said that Emperors write their names in green
 When under age, but when of age in purple.
 So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,
 Writes his in green at first, but afterwards
 In the imperial purple of our blood.
 First love or last love, — which of these two passions
 Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,
 The star of morning or the evening star?
 The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?
 The hour when we look forth to the unknown,
 And the advancing day consumes the shadows,
 Or that when all the landscape of our lives
 Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places
 Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories
 Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
 The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance
 Is like Laocoön's, full of pain; whose forehead
 Is a ploughed harvest-field, where threescore years
 Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish;
 To me, the artisan, to whom all women
 Have been as if they were not, or at most
 A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,
 A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?
 I am too old for love; I am too old
 To flatter and delude myself with visions
 Of never-ending friendship with fair women,
 Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
 In which the things that cannot be take shape,
 And seem to be, and for the moment are.

[Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud the bells,
 Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,
 Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,
 Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves
 In their dim cloisters. The descending sun
 Seems to caress the city that he loves,
 And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
 I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

III.

SAN SILVESTRO.

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLONMEI, and others

VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears;
Diana or Madonna, which I know not!
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair!

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them and not the use
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,
It matters not. Let them all go together,
As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,
But something of politeness would go with them;
We should lose something of the stately manners
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.
It was to counsel me. His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,
To build a convent in this neighborhood,
Where the old tower is standing, from whose top
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful
How I shall build; how large to make the convent,
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming

A something it is not, surpasses them
 As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,
 Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,
 I saw the statue of Laocoön
 Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost
 Writhing in pain; and as it tore away
 The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,
 Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
 From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel
 At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands
 This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds
 Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins
 Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.
 If God should give me power in my old age
 To build for Him a temple half as grand
 As those were in their glory, I should count
 My age more excellent than youth itself,
 And all that I have hitherto accomplished
 As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.

Art is the gift of God, and must be used
 Unto His glory. That in art is highest
 Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed
 The horses of Italicus, they won
 The race at Gaza, for his benediction
 O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted
 That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art
 Which bears the consecration and the seal
 Of holiness upon it will prevail
 Over all others. Those few words of yours
 Inspire me with new confidence to build.
 What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,
 Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,
 And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,
 We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.

I did not venture to request so much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of,
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.
I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.

JACOPO NARDI, an old man, alone.

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,
In strange attire; these endless antechambers;
This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors,
Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling
Of a disciple of that lowly Man
Who had not where to lay his head? These statues
Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna,
This lovely face, that with such tender eyes
Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.
My heart begins to fail me. What can he
Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome
Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,
Her people, her Republic? Ah, the rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors
Are open to them, and all hands extended.
The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

Enter CARDINAL IPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me that I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see

The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal;

And you?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.

I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'Twas his son

That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.

You seem astonished at the garb I wear,
But at my time of life, and with my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed
Like an old dowager. It were putting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence

Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,

You are no stranger to me. I have read
Your excellent translation of the books
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you honor;
But greater honor still the love you bear
To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon

The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not

As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,

That tells the time as well by night as day.
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night
With revellers, insulting honest men.
No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents
Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor
Of women and all ancient pious customs
Are quite forgotten now. The offices
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the magistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.
The very memory of all honest living
Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And worst of all his impious hand has broken
The Martinella,—our great battle bell,
That, sounding through three centuries, has led
The Florentines to victory,—lest its voice
Should waken in their souls some memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change
Ten little years have made! We all remember
Those better days, when Niccolò Capponi,
The Gonfaloniere, from the windows

Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ
Was chosen King of Florence; and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain, and in his stead
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;
Florence and France! But I say Florence only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.

Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has betrothed
His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke.
What hope have we from such an Emperor?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philipppo Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,
Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the Algerines,
And has no time to listen to complaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,
But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I meet
Dante da Castiglione and some others,
Republicans and fugitives from Florence,
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

NARDI, *rising*.

It is an inspiration, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power that sends it

Bless our beloved country, and restore
 Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence
 Is now outside its gates. What lies within
 Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.
 Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,
 For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night!

Enter FRA SEBASTIANO; Turkish attendants.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence
 Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine
 Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,
 I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
 One of the Fuorusciti, and the best
 And noblest of them all; but he has made me
 Sad with his sadness. As I look on you
 My heart grows lighter. I behold a man
 Who lives in an ideal world, apart
 From all the rude collisions of our life,
 In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence
 Is surely jesting. If you knew the life
 Of artists as I know it, you might think
 Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest?
 The world of art is an ideal world,—
 The world I love, and that I fain would live in;
 So speak to me of artists and of art,
 Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians
 That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.
Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place;
There's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There's something wrong
In everything. We cannot make the world
Go right. 'Tis not my business to reform
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven!
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one
I name them all; for there is only one:
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.
All art and artists of the present day
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am at best
Only a portrait-painter; one who draws
With greater or less skill, as best he may,
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had
 The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying
 Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as nothing
 A privilege like that? See there the portrait
 Rebuking you with its divine expression.
 Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand
 Painted that lovely picture has not right
 To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.
 But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately
 Strolling together down the crowded Corso,
 We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence
 Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,
 Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover
 Of all things beautiful, especially
 When they are Arab horses, much admired,
 And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, to an attendant.

Hassan, to-morrow,
 When I am gone, but not till I am gone, —
 Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa
 To Messer Michael Angelo, the sculptor,
 Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,
 Near to the Capitol; and take besides
 Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say
 Your master sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo
 Refuses presents from his Holiness,
 Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like
 Thymætes, who received the wooden horse
 Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil
 Have I translated in Italian verse,
 And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it,
 Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy
 I am reminded of another town
 And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess
 Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely,
 The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,
 And all that followed?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure;
A tale as marvellous and full of wonder
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;
Almost incredible!

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter
I should not want a better theme than that:
The lovely lady fleeing through the night
In wild disorder; and the brigands' camp
With the red fire-light on their swarthy faces.
Could you not paint it for me?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when we bring him
A prisoner chained to Naples; for I feel
Something like admiration for a man
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.
'T is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription
In Arabic: *La Allah illa Allah*,—
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful
In fashion and in finish! It is perfect.
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,
 To say that it is yours and not to mean it.
 I have at Itri a whole armory
 Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait
 Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.
 You have not been rewarded as you should be
 For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble
 Into the scale, and make the balance equal.
 Till then suspend it in your studio;
 You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it
 In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,
 The old dead city, with the old dead people;
 Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,
 And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound
 Of convent bells. I must be gone from here;
 Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy
 To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,
 I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning
 I start for Itri, and go thence by sea
 To join the Emperor, who is making war
 Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink
 Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains
 The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge
 The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement
 Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.
 Berni and Ariosto both shall add
 A canto to their poems, and describe you
 As Furioso and Innamorato.
 Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go;
 First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,
 Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro,—
 I like to give the whole sonorous name,
 It sounds so like a verse of the *Æneid*,—
 Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,
 And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells:
 These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban
 That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus
 Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast
 Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even;
 So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware! Remember that Bolsena's eels
 And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope; and then so long ago;
 Who knows? — perhaps the story is not true.

V.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night.

JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced;
 I fear to stay too late, and weary you
 With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.
 I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness
 Which is the greatest privilege of friendship, —
 Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,
 Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,
 If loyalty to friendship be a claim
 Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things
 That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,
 And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us two,
I come at once unto the point, and say,
You know my outward life, my rank and fortune;
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand
In marriage princes ask, and ask it only
To be rejected. All the world can offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,
It is not in the way of idle boasting,
But only to the better understanding
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temptations,
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life, —
That you know not; 't is known but to myself,
And is to me a mystery and a pain.
A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that my head
Swims with the giddy whirl of life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.
It moves me for the moment, and I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might say of me
If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am living
With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only
On certain days, for my affairs, or visits
Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then
The fear of man, and not the love of God,
That led you to this step. Why will you not
Give all your heart to God?

JULIA.

If God commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me capable
Of doing for Him what I wish to do

As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,
As much as he did. Let us think of this,
And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my life,
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this perfection,
And I will follow you; for you have made
My soul enamored with it, and I cannot
Rest satisfied until I find it out.
But lead me privately, so that the world
Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last
I understand you fully. Then, what need
Is there for us to beat about the bush?
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not tell me?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to ask it
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve; and with all frankness,
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that come and go
Through your imagination, and would have me
Point out some royal road and lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet;
You would attain to the divine perfection,
And yet not turn your back upon the world;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward actions;
You would have patience, but without the rude
Occasions that require its exercise;
You would despise the world, but in such fashion
The world should not despise you in return;
Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds;
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts;
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men;
In short, would lead a holy Christian life
In such a way that even your nearest friend
Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret?

JULIA.

You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying
You think you can win heaven by compromise,
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law ;
Not in religion. With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso ;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast !
Why must you ? You imperil both yourself
And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.
You have occasion now to show that virtue
Which you lay stress upon. Let us return
To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps
I shall walk in it. [Convent bells are heard.]

VALDESSO.

Hark ! the convent bells
Are ringing ; it is midnight ; I must leave you.
And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,
Since you to-night have made me your confessor,
If I so far may venture, I will warn you
Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it ? Speak, I pray you,
For I have no concealments in my conduct ;
All is as open as the light of day.
What is it you would warn me of ?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there

To cause suspicion or alarm in that,
 More than in friendships that I entertain
 With you and others? I ne'er sat with him
 Alone at night, as I am sitting now
 With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me; the portrait
 That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.
 Is that quite prudent?

JULIA.

That is the same question
 Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.
 I make you the same answer. That was not
 A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.
 Recall the adventure of that dreadful night
 When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors
 Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness
 Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,
 The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome
 To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong
 That in an hour like that I did not weigh
 Too nicely this or that, but granted him
 A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,
 Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,
 Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm
 But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.

Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see
 How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir
 Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon
 Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;
 The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps;
 And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts
 His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is!

[Voices in the street.

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master
 Call it malaria. It was very sudden.

[Julia swoons.

VI.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart once more;
My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,
For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.
I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.

Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.

Let me look at you. What a joy it is
To see your face, to hear your voice again!
You bring with you a breath as of the morn,
A memory of the far-off happy days
When we were young. When did you come from Fondi?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me!

You need not speak the word; I understand you.

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me

But just returned from a long journey northward.
I have been staying with that noble woman
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth
That I am eager to hear more of her
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.

But first sit down and listen patiently
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin

Have you committed?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin; a folly.

I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,

For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.

To marry him?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.

Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.

Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice

To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you!

[A knock.]

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.

The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak;

The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend

Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.

'Tis long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind

To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is

The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one ;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it ;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your hands :
The Woman of Samaria at the Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written
Those memorable words of Alighieri,
"Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,
If you will call that labor which is pleasure,
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.
How does that work go on ?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *drawing.*

But tardily.
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,
And not to be remembered as old men
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro ! have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old age ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,
For all defence, he read there to his judges
The tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, —
The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion,
A fabulous story, that will lead old men
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import; nothing more
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.
Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,
And yet magnificent in all his ways;
Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain reasons
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,
A partisan of Rome, and consequently
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,
Who only look and listen, are like wells
That have no water in them, deep and empty.
How could the daughter of a king of France
Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,

And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through
Each look and attitude and word and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and behavior,
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach
Of mere external beauty; and in heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women
That grace her court, and make it good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;
All lovely women, full of noble thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA.

No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni;
I fear he hardly would have comprehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote
The story of Griselda. That is something
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,

Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,
 Famous in all the universities :
 A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,
 And in the daily round of household cares,
 Hath learned both Greek and Latin ; and is now
 A favorite of the Duchess and companion
 Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho
 Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes
 That she had written, with a voice whose sadness
 Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look
 Into the future time, and ask myself
 What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.
 Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season ;
 And these precocious intellects portend
 A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men ;
 Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,
 And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,
 The Duke's physician ; and a pale young man,
 Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess
 Doth much delight to talk with and to read,
 For he hath written a book of Institutes
 The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it
 The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets
 Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise
 Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses ?

VITTORIA.

None ; for great Ariosto is no more.
 The voice that filled those halls with melody
 Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made
 A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,
 And laid a wreath upon it, for the words
 He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,
 And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.
The title is so common in our mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through every window,
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AN APENNINE VALLEY.

IF Rome is the head of Italy, her heart is among the Apennines. These branching valleys, each with its rushing river and murmuring, pulsing streamlet, are the arteries through which her life-current is sent outward into her fair extremities, to return betimes in mountain mist and rain. Just now she is taking her midsummer siesta, and the circulation is a little sluggish; but the autumnal awakening comes early among the hills, and before the end of August the shrunken channels will have filled again, the spirit of the land will be up, and leafy tresses will be shaken loose to the freshening wind, preparatory to the great frolic of the vintage.

My own private and particular valley here — the valley of the Lima — divides itself, and subdivides, and ramifies hither and yon, like a conventional vine on a piece of Kensington embroidery. All these vales and *vallette* have high wooded walls, overtopped at intervals by taller domes, answering to the watch-towers along an ancient rampart. As seen from the level of the stream, the hills, to their very summits, are clothed with beauteous vegetation, "*silvis, scenæ coruscis*." One gets from them, at first sight, that single impression of richly heaped and gloriously displayed leafage which *pater Æneas* is supposed to have derived from the sheltering walls of his safe harbor on the African coast, which the wooded hills of New England are equally competent to convey. But presently you perceive, and gradually grow familiar with the idea, that these are no virgin solitudes, for all their rustic grace, but that every foot of this fair wilderness has long since been humanized. The wealthy chestnut woods about the bases of the mountains offer clear footing under their spreading boughs. White paths intersect the fine old sod,

leading deviously upward to the slopes, where the silver moons of the great mountain thistle seem positively to diffuse a tempered light amid the forest shades. The slenderest rivulet, as it leaps from stone to stone to join the river, must turn a mossy old water-wheel upon its way. Those bands of brighter verdure that stripe the southern declivities, above the chestnuts, are vine *pergole*, every one. That indistinct patch of deep crimson in the remotest hill-cleft resolves itself, under an opera-glass, into the red-tiled roofs of a close-clustered hamlet. Those golden tufts dotting the more sterile spaces, here and there, are the thatched roofs and haystacks of the humblest of small freeholds. That soft cloud of olive-gray, those black spires of the cypress, mark the site of a villa, where one would naturally look only for an eagle's nest. The sharpest cone reveals to scrutiny a machicolated watch-tower, or slim brown campanile, at its apex. The line of the long green ridge, which cuts the sky five hundred feet overhead, is broken by the low roof and solid tower of a superannuated church, and the open *loggie* — they look like dove-cotes, at this distance — of another huddled mountain village. All day long, upon the great summer festivals, St. Anne's day, St. James's, and the Assumption, the towers of twoscore or more gray churches, near and far, call hourly to one another from among the foldings of the hills, — airily, strangely, as the chancieers answer each other from remote farms upon still autumn days, at home. For not only has the rural region hereabout been all humanized in the years gone by, but once upon a time it was also all christianized.

We speak and think, in new countries, of the conquest of man over nature,

taking it for granted that the process must be a rude and violent one; expecting nothing else than that nature shall be disheveled and long disfigured thereafter, as she always is in America, — as the Sabine women were, no doubt, after they had been wooed in a similar spirit by the men of quadrate Rome. But here, in these urbane solitudes, we learn that it is quite possible for nature to be won, and wived with humanity, without the loss of a single outward grace, — with only the added charm of a certain soft amenity and sympathetic homeliness. Do you say that this is necessarily the work of time, — that nature heals her own wounds, if only left to her own way? I answer, No, not always. There are hurts to the outward loveliness of nature which cannot possibly be healed save by the help of man, who inflicted them. The ugly gash of a railway embankment cannot be cured without skillful treatment; and there is a species of "settlement," a group of wooden saw-mills, dwellings, church, and school, which neither time nor eternity can ever harmonize with any landscape.

There are other facts which appear to bear, more or less remotely, on the same point. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad" in the neighborhood of the saw-mill, should I meet the saw-miller or any of his "hands," they will not fail to convey to me, in the righteous absence of all salutation, the emphatic assurance that they are quite as good as I am. Possibly they may be, or even better, but I feel for the moment that I would very much like to show them some reasons to the contrary. On the other hand, when the pair shall have passed me whom I perceive approaching along the box-bordered bridle-path which zigzags up the sweet Lucchese mountain side, — the man, with swarthy cheek and blue-black elf-locks, bending a little under his enormous fagot; the woman, with her dark brows and her

bright smile, and her circular crate, or *cesto*, of vine-leaves poised lightly upon her shapely head, — they will have given me "good-even" and "good passage," as a matter of course; and I shall be wondering, as the distance widens between us, wondering wistfully and with a touch of something like compunction, why they should instinctively have said, "Buona sera, signora." But they are gone, upon their swift, sure feet, and I am alone once more, and free to speculate on the quaint corollary to my reflections afforded by the wayside flowers, which are all such as we associate with trim old-fashioned garden beds at home, — sweet-william, bachelor's button, candy-tuft, and ladies'-delight. No, indeed! all men are not born equal, any more than all countries are born equal; and Italy — beautiful, free-handed, ever gracious and graceful Italy — is the lady of all lands.

A good test of the "quality" of a country should be the manner in which her lowliest give hospitality. Let me tell you of a visit which I paid, on a regularly received and accepted invitation, *bien entendu*, to one of the little freeholds on the hillside aforesaid. Our hostess — for we were a party of three — was also our guide to her friendly bower; and a needful one, for I have seldom seen, off the mimic stage, a more blindly romantic little foot-way than the one we followed. Plunging suddenly into the wildest of our tributary valleys, that of the Camajore, it led us a mazy dance, through thickets bitter-sweet with clematis, and over slippery stepping-stones; bade us walk a tight-rope between the bed of the brook and a miniature flume, scale a perpendicular precipice, happily short, and cross a most "distinctly precious" little log bridge, ten inches wide, and about twice as many feet above the water, all sodded by time, and waving with feathery grasses. The home of our hostess, which had looked so insignificant from

the opposite side of the valley, and which, in the color of its gray stone walls and its tiled roof, rich with lichen, bore so strong a "protective resemblance" to the mountain side on which it leaned, proved to consist of four contiguous dwellings, forming two sides of a square, which braced themselves, so to speak, against one another, and turned their backs upon the stream, while they were entered through the triangular space which they partially inclosed. They had also a little threshing-floor in common, which five small gypsies were vigorously sweeping; while the steep grade thence to the house door was beset by thrice as many more infants, all more or less Peruginesque in their style, and by the stately and slow-moving figure of a domestic pet, pink-skinned, black-haired, gruff-voiced, but immaculate, *con rispetto parlando*, as the natives are wont to say, — a pig.

But what a room was that into which we were ushered! — the huge projecting fire-place with its pyramidal flue, the iron dogs and crane, the oaken benches and table, the dull red line designing a wainscot on the smoky wall, the antique earthen and copper vessels nameless, the dresser with its unclassifiable bits of ugly faience. We were politely requested to seat ourselves in the gentle draught of air between the door and the open case-ment, where we could see the green tree-tops far beneath us moving in the summer wind, and where the *bambini* and the respectable one could have a good view of us from the threshold. Meanwhile, our hostess briskly proceeded to the preparation of the dainty which we had been specially invited to partake. She tossed a fagot into the gaping fire-place, and kindled it. She fetched chestnut flour from a loft overhead, and sifted and swiftly kneaded and shaped it into flat, round cakes. Memories of King Alfred in the neat-herd's hut assailed us, as she withdrew from a sort of iron plate-warmer by the fireside

sundry flat stones and shards, and threw them upon the blaze. And then she stirred, and then — ah then! — she *blew* the fire; not with that *bourgeois* instrument, a bellows, nor even with a Japanese fan, but through a *canna*, or dry, hollow reed, some four feet long. King Alfred yielded precedence to Prometheus, whose myth vanished in smoke, as so many others have done, and escaped by the chimney. They thought that the fire was *in* the reed, and that he blew it forth, as one blows an egg, — how very natural! Somebody will of course dispute the merit of the discovery, but at least I call the whole æsthetic world to witness the noble generosity with which I offer to enthusiasts in household art everywhere a new thing in sincere decoration. If I can but see, some day, beside the reformed firesides of England and my native country, a tall reed leaning against the mantel-piece, and adorned with a broad bow of blue or crimson ribbon, I shall not have lived in vain. And now the hot stones and shards are being deftly withdrawn from the fire and ranged upon the hearth, and the great fresh chestnut leaves come into play, which our hostess kept stripping from the overhanging boughs — idly, we fancied — as we came along. Two leaves are laid upon each heated disk, then a chestnut cake, or *neccè*, then two more chestnut leaves, then another disk. The pile, when complete, is restored to the plate-warmer, and set aside to cook comfortably in a corner. By the time that our Caterina had spread over her oaken table a homespun table-cloth, of a fine *écru* shade, and set forth her miscellaneous faience and a flask of pale red wine, the *neccè* were done. Light brown, piping hot, and beautifully printed by the chestnut leaves, they were tossed upon the table out of the plate-warmer, received with gratitude, and tasted in faith. They were sweet; a little tough, but no more so than the average "buckwheat;" and

the juices of the fresh leaves added a slightly astringent but not unpleasant flavor. By the help of a bit of Bologna sausage and a sip of sour wine, they made an excellent lunch, — such an one as may have been discussed upon this hill-side any day since the age of stone; precisely such an one, no doubt, as Hannibal's scouts regaled themselves withal, when he descended out of Cisalpine Gaul into Italy proper, by the valley of the Serchio, two thousand years ago.

We learned, as we lingered over our feast, that our tiny hospice had also its thread of connection with contemporary history. The freehold was Caterina's own, whether by inheritance or purchase I cannot say. Her husband was a professed cook, and had served at times in neighboring villas and inns. Finally, he and their sons struck out into the world, opened a restaurant in Marseilles, and the whole family had removed thither. Marseilles, Caterina gave us clearly to understand, was an anxious place of residence for a single-minded wife and mother, and her own hair had rapidly whitened there. All had gone well with them financially, however, until that hot midsummer day in 1881, when the dozing tiger in the Masillian breast had been aroused by the refusal of the Italian colony to join in the public jollification over the appropriation of Tunis. We had a graphic and ghastly story of such incidents of the ensuing riots as fell under Caterina's own observation. Her country folk were driven out of Marseilles, under circumstances of great brutality; and those were happy who, like themselves, escaped with life and limb, but with the sacrifice of all their worldly goods. So they had been well-nigh ruined, and had come back to her little house. Luigi had been burning charcoal all the winter past, and had also reclaimed a triangular bit of garden ground on a ledge just below the dwelling, where Caterina had already raised that year a half dozen table-cloths from

the seed. We saw the returned native pottering in the garden, as we descended, — a tall, comely, brown-cheeked, vigorous man, who handled his hoe somewhat disdainfully, we thought, as though he felt the *ennui* of the situation, and hankered after the flesh-pots of fierce Marseilles.

Apocryphal of Hannibal, as one grows more familiar with the high-ways and by-ways, the ancient seats and curious monuments, of this region, one comes to feel that there is a something more wonderful yet than the abundance of the human associations everywhere deposited, and that is their *dumbness*. The scores of generations that have seen the light and lost it on these fair slopes and in these leafy glens cannot literally be said to have died and made no sign; but the signs they have left are written in a character strangely archaic and illegible, and tradition preserves a dreamy, one might almost say an obstinate, silence. Your afternoon stroll across the flax-fields and under the pergole on the shady side of the hill takes you somewhat abruptly into a tiny piazza, smoothly paved and remarkably clean, though the grass is growing thickly between the flag-stones. Two sides of the square are occupied by a church and campanile and an adjacent dwelling, — the priest's house, no doubt, — which is connected with the church by a sort of rude cloister, surmounted by an open loggia, gay with flowering plants. The basilica — for such it proves to be — is so low, and retires under the greenery of its overhanging hill so modestly; the tower is so particularly hoary, and the waving grass and wild flowers, growing freely in the soil which has accumulated upon its summit, go so far toward blending it with its leafy environment, that you had never made a landmark of that particular campanile, and had hardly realized its existence. Bright, silent, serious, venerable, and unspeakably serene,

the aspect of the little piazza goes straight to your heart ; but you must be content to feel the sentiment of it, for not a soul is by to assist you in reading its riddle. Your footsteps echo faintly as you cross the sunny flags, and step within the open doorway of the aged temple, lifting the full curtain of blue and white linen, which hangs inside, swayed lightly by the summer breeze. Silence is here, also, and cool shadow, but not quite solitude. There are two kneeling figures, — you will rarely find less at the loneliest shrine in this part of Italy, — a white-haired man at your elbow, and yonder a spare and weary-looking *contadina*, with a basket by her side. The single lamp, burning dimly amid the dusk around the sacramental altar, may have been alight — must have been, you think, from the whole aspect of the interior — for nigh eight hundred years. For the basilica form is perfect, though the proportions of the edifice are small, the beams of the roofing are black, and the holy-water font inside the door, and the squat columns which upbear the low round arches of the aisles, are as rude in their workmanship as any you shall find upon the islands of the Venetian lagunes. Creeping softly down the nave, you leave the church by a side door, and find yourself confronted by a high lichened wall, with a cross above its closed gateway. The rude forefathers of the red-roofed hamlet, hard by, are all collected within, and you long, in the rapt or somnolent silence of the living, for some legitimate method of obtaining from them the satisfaction of your wistful curiosity.

The local guide-books come to your assistance with two items only. In the eleventh century this comatose little hamlet of Corsena was already well known for the healing virtues of its mineral springs. The whole renown of the Baths of Lucca, save for some very slight fragments of Roman tradition, did in fact begin here. In the last year of

that century, otherwise memorable for the culmination of the first crusade, the renowned Countess Matilda, châtelaine of all the country round, including a portion of the Lombard plain, mistress of Canossa and right hand of Gregory VII., — a mighty shade, who still fulfills the functions of tutelary genius to the whole region, — caused a bridge to be built across the Serchio, about three miles hence, for the accommodation of the poor patients who resorted in numbers to the waters. This is the first item. The second is to the effect that a century and a half later than Matilda's day, in 1245, the holy Roman Emperor Frederic II. tarried for some days at the springs of Corsena, thereby moving to so great jealousy the local governors of Lucca, lest he might be meditating some encroachment upon their rights, that they straightway ordered the demolition of the Castello of Corsena. Where, then, was that castello ? Not the faintest trace of it remains, and Echo, proverbially unsatisfactory in her replies, answers neither *lo here* nor *lo there*.

The next day, it may be, in your wanderings, you strike what seems a very different sort of trail, a new road absolutely, — a fine, new carriage road upon a mountain side, — magnificently built, like almost all the *vie carrozzabile* of Italy ; broad and hard and smooth, defining the sweep of the frequent curves whereby it accomplishes its ascent by a wall of firm masonry, five or six feet high, upon the inner or mountain side, and a solid and extremely handsome granite parapet upon the outer. Here, sure enough, is the pathway of progress ; but whither can it lead ? Let us by all means go and see. There must be plenty of people who would thank us to let them know.

The road leads gently upward for a matter of a mile, indulging the pedestrian with admirable views by the way, and ends in a sand-bank, where the woods

are thickest! There is not a man in sight, nor yet a tool, still less that business-like monster, a *derrick*; only a few blocks of granite, carefully squared, and a party of speckled lizards, holding a picnic among them. For the time being, at least, the piece of engineering thus elaborately begun has evidently been abandoned. By permission of the lizards we sit down on one of the granite blocks, and muse on the arrested march of civilization, until a clatter of small hoofs becomes audible overhead; and looking up among the chestnut trunks, we discern a heavily laden donkey, led by a *contadino*, descending the narrow paved way which our pompous new road had superseded to this point. We hail the man.

"Buon giorno!"

"Buon giorno, signora!"

"Where does that path lead?"

"To Benabbio, signora."

"How far is it?"

"Half a mile."

"Is it really no more than that?"

"Ah yes, a little more."

"Thanks, so much!" (*grazie tanto*)
to the man, and to one's self, "Excelsior!"

We think we know now that our sumptuous road can never have dreamed of being a thoroughfare, since Benabbio must be the last town upon its line, this side of heaven. It is not, therefore, a government road. Can it be merely a matter of private enterprise, and will the *fortes colonnæ* return and work upon it, between the vintage and the snow? The granite parapet seems to smile at us for the supposition; but how can an innovator ever have come out of Benabbio? We find little enough in the aspect of the village itself (it scarcely deserves the name of town) to suggest an answer to the question. The box hedges bordering the steep mule-track, and set for the purpose of defining the pathway amid the winter snows, are, indeed, uncommonly tall and trim, and the

vine trellises beyond them beautifully trained and flourishing. At a certain point, we are startled to see descending upon us a single file of rustling yellow towers. Can it be that the wheat sheaves have arisen, and are going in procession to the threshing-floor? But no; they are only big bundles of golden straw, borne each upon the head of a sturdy *contadina*, and bound for a manufactory of coarse wrapping-paper, on the river-side below. This, again, looks like industry. Nevertheless, Benabbio, when we attain it, appears old, old, lazy, untidy, lying supine in the light of the sinking sun, — a perfect picture in the outlines of its tumble-down architecture, beautiful for situation on its high mountain spur. The valley which it commands opens upon a distinct range of mountains, more slender, symmetrical, and alpine in their character than ours, — the three tall summits of the Appuane falling one behind another, and fading into the evening glow, like repeated aerial reflections of one solid peak.

Here, however, one stumbles upon fragments of mediæval construction everywhere, — massive walls and arches, either standing alone or incorporated with the buildings of the later town. The church is surrounded by a sort of rampart, and you climb to its principal entrance by a flight of stone steps, two thirds as long, perhaps, as that which fronts the Ara Cœli at Rome. The campanile in this instance is Gothic, and really beautiful; more modern, evidently, than the body of the church, which again is a Romanesque basilica, on a larger scale and of a somewhat later date than that of Corsena. The capitals of the columns are roughly but freely sculptured, and no two are alike; resembling thus the rich and infinitely varied capitals in the renowned old Lombard churches of the city of Lucca. There is a triptych here, of the school of Giotto, of which the stiff, pure figures and the mellow tints offer strange

contrast, alike with the sickly contemporary painting above the high altar and with a blatant monstrosity of eighteenth-century work at one of the side altars, all flaunting scrolls and kicking cherubs, carved in wood and painted and gilded, whereon a Ricci informs us, in large gold letters upon a black ground, that he, and he only, is responsible for "*hoc elegantissimum opus.*"

It seems that yesterday there was a *festa* at Benabbio, and as we look down from the church rampart into the central piazza of the village the attitudes of the masculine loungers thereabout suggest that they are all suffering more or less from that peculiar lassitude which is wont to accompany the reaction from hilarity. There are certainly no outward and visible tokens of nineteenth-century enterprise among them, if we except a rather conspicuous sign over one of the larger doorway arches opening upon the piazza, which reads *Società Agraria, Libreria Circotante*, and which, owing to our previous associations with the word *agrarian*, wears, at first sight, a rather startling subversive and communistic aspect. We learn subsequently, however, that the *Società Agraria* is only a farmers' club, supporting a species of agricultural school; and when we are also assured that the banner of the *Libreria Circotante* was carried in the saint's procession yesterday, we perceive clearly that no offense to antiquity is here intended, but that the church lion and the state lamb lie down together upon the steep hillside of Benabbio.

Our informant in this instance was a woman (the women in general seemed much less demoralized by the *festa* than the men), and a woman of rare beauty. There are many such in this Apennine region; indeed, the majority are far more than comely, and some, like our present interlocutor, are a joy to behold. She was tall and very brown, straight-browed, straight-featured, large-eyed, with a slow,

sweet smile and a marvelous dignity of bearing. They are not all in one style, however, and there is a slighter and more piquant type, with brown eyes, arched eyebrows, and richly curling bright auburn hair, who are like Titian's models come to life. One such I saw on a Sunday evening, sitting with her lover under the chestnuts, upon a stone seat beside an ancient fountain, and the picture was so perfect as to make me doubt if I were awake. Our brunette beauty is also able to tell us that the arrested road is a provincial road, and will some day connect the valley of the Lima with that of the Nievole; and to point out the ruins of a *castello antichissimo* on the very pinnacle of the mountain, a mile above Benabbio. Shall she conduct us thither? But alas, the day is too far spent, and we have to reject her gracious guidance. This castle, it appears, was a stronghold of the great Ghibelline family of the Lupari, the head of whose house, Luparo Lupari, was driven into exile by the victorious Guelphs in 1306, like Dante.

But he who would see church and state on perfect terms with each other, enjoying a free, careless, happy, and, so to speak, jovial intimacy, should go to Barga. Barga is twelve miles distant, upon a mountain-top, of course, or rather upon an *altipiano*, a lofty and fertile piece of table-land, commanding an extensive and unspeakably lonely, though comparatively civilized prospect: winding river and aerial height, summer splendor of all beauteous growth,

"Vineyard and town and tower with fluttering
flag,
And consecrated chapel on the crag,
And snow-white hamlet kneeling at its base."

Only here the hamlets are not snow-white, but far more beautiful: dim yellow, instead, and pale red and brown blended, of all sorts of soft, fine colors, blending themselves with "the nature," and gently subserving the sumptuous unity of the entire effect. And Barga

is equal to its rare situation. It is not a nameless nobody of a hamlet, but an episcopal town, with a cathedral and archives, and an intelligible connection with the history of Italy and of the world. Its lofty position adjacent to the boundary line between the republics of Florence and Lucca gave it military importance in the stormy days gone by, inasmuch that it was coveted, besieged, assaulted; it resisted, surrendered, rebelled, and was again assailed, a score or more of times. But ten centuries of mediæval misery and modern insignificance have had absolutely no perceptible effect in subduing the buoyant animal spirits of Barga, which remains the most frolicsome and *insouciant* little community it has ever been our lot to observe. The brilliant midsummer day of our own visit did certainly chance to be a festal day, but do any but the constitutionally happy ever find pleasure in public rejoicings? The very fact that not a soul in Barga, old or young, rich or poor, lay or clerical, seemed in the least depressed by the obligation to be merry — quite the contrary, indeed — appeared to us to speak volumes for their habitual cheerfulness.

Leaving our carriage just inside the gates, we began climbing the tortuous and narrow streets, often resolving themselves into actual stairs, which lead to the acropolis of Barga, — the broad and massive rampart which sustains her hoary *duomo*. Every door of church or chapel was gay with fresh garlands and scarlet drapery. The dark stone dwellings had quaint loggie and fantastic chimney-pots, and always some religious symbol carved upon the front. As we neared the summit, a little white-haired, agile old man ran past us, threw open the cathedral door, and then fell back, with a delicacy we had never before observed in one of the race of *ciceroni*, and began pacing the grassy plateau, as though lost to all consciousness of our existence in an agreeable reverie. But

when we had given one look at the exceeding strangeness of the vast, silent, venerable, yet far from sombre interior, we returned, and beckoned from the doorway; whereupon the dreamer woke up radiant, and assumed enthusiastically the office of our guide. It was little enough that he could really tell us beyond what we saw, — a Lombard basilica, whose general effect slightly resembles that of San Miniato in Florence, minus the monuments and graves. The strong pillars of the nave are constructed of alternate courses of black and white marble. The apse is occupied by a stiff colossal figure of St. Christopher, the patron of the church, rudely carved in wood and painted. "*Antichissima*," said our guide; and Byzantine, surely, by its ugliness, we thought, yet wearing a certain look of sturdy friendliness on its absurd features. There is a beautiful choir-screen, of ancient form and fashion, low and solid, with panels of pale red marble, surrounded by borders of exquisite mosaic in black and white, and surmounted by a row of miniature heads in high relief, which reveal, when scrutinized, a most realistic variety of commonplace feature and expression, and are evidently portraits of some of the artist's contemporaries. Our genial guide pointed out this fact with silent glee, and was also highly gratified to show us, when we admired the polish of the screen panels, that they had been infinitely brighter once, but had been at one time purposely scratched and dimmed, because the women of the congregation had been wont to use them as mirrors, and to *prink* before them; and he illustrated the action by a dainty and affected motion of disposing his own silvery locks.

But when it came to doing the honors of the elaborate marble pulpit, our sprightly old *cicerone* fairly exploded with delight; and we were not far from following his example, for that pulpit is indeed a wonder. Of the time of the

Pisani, or earlier, and vying in richness with their most renowned work, it is in absolutely perfect preservation. The procession of scriptural characters around it and the symbols of the four Evangelists on the front are in high relief, with the hue and polish of brown alabaster. Though childishly conceived, and archaic in their outlines, they are full of life. The pulpit rests upon four solid porphyry pillars, of which the two foremost are again upborne by rude figures of crouching lions, with mighty manes conventionally curled, and eyes painted to increase their fierceness. One of them has a dragon — the old enemy of all mankind, of course — well under control, and his countenance expresses a grim content. The other is engaged with the typical heretic, — and a most collected and dangerous-looking heretic he is, in this instance, lying flat under the paws of the beast, with an expression of the utmost *sang froid*, and firmly seizing the lion's tongue with one hand, while with the other he scientifically plants a dagger just under his left ear. Of the two posterior pillars, one rests upon a plain base, and the other upon the back of a crouching human figure, exceedingly grotesque, and awakening anew, as he introduced it, the ready risibles of our guide.

One more treasure — by far the loveliest of all — the old duomo of Barga had yet to show. Built into the wall, at the left-hand side of the sacramental altar, is the front of a tabernacle, or *ciborium*, in vitrified porcelain, by one of the Della Robbias; some say, the elder Luca himself, while others ascribe it to that younger member of the same gifted race, who wrought the winsome bambini on the spandrels of the arcade of the foundling hospital, in the piazza of the Santissima 'Nunziata at Florence. You may examine scores of these renowned works without finding another which shall compare with this of Barga for bright and tender beauty. A glow of

sinless content, a joyous inspiration, suffuses every countenance and sways every figure. The infant Jesus above the little portal smiles; the angel guardians on either side stand as if lost in an exquisite reverie; the cherubs underneath and round about are fairly radiant with baby glee. The sight of all this happiness was overpowering, and suddenly started our tears; whereat our sympathetic servitor again effaced himself, merely requesting us, rather apologetically, to give a look in passing, before we left the church, at what was evidently his own favorite, a small Della Robbia Madonna, — or so he said, — very sweet and gracious indeed, but greatly inferior to the other work. I may add that we were afterwards told that the very finest of all the Della Robbias in Barga we missed seeing, that day, on account of the festal throng in the church of the Capuccini.

Once in the open air again, the spirits of our cicerone revived with a bound. Throwing a cotton handkerchief over his bald crown, as a protection from the sun, but really with the air of a father playing bo-peep with a parcel of children, he proceeded to inform us that half the population of the town was wont to gather upon the high church rampart on summer evenings: the men to play games, while "*phalanxes of women*" (*falange di donne*) came with their knitting work to inspect the games and to gossip. A low massive building, occupying an angle of the rampart opposite the duomo, was, it seemed, the ancient municipality, now used as a jail; and under its quaint porch we were shown a series of pots sunken in a stone slab, the primitive standards of solid measure for the community. It seemed to us quite consistent with the universal good-nature of Barga that the prison windows commanded an excellent view of the sports aforesaid. Our guide himself was in the service of the nuns of Sta. Elisabetta, and occupied a little

room in a house adjoining their convent, just at the foot of the rampart, whence they could summon him by means of a bell and a wire (a grimace) at any hour of the night. He helped at the services in their chapel, also, and must be off now, for the bell would presently ring. Yet he lingered to point out the arms of Savoy above the convent door, and to impart the fact that the nuns of St. Elizabeth now kept the town or public school, — an arrangement highly satisfactory to all parties. Only, in order to qualify themselves to answer all modern requirements, two of the sisters had had to go to Turin and learn gymnastics, — “*povere ragazze*, in their straight gowns!” — and our humorous informant lifted his hands and eyebrows with infinite expression. At this point he was called off rather sharply to his duties in the chapel, and, promising to attend the service, we stepped aside into the shade to await the summons of the bell. Straying through a wicket gate, which stood enticingly open, we found ourselves upon a dreamy, flowery, vine-draped little terrace, opening full upon the northern quarter of Barga’s matchless view. A cherub baby (Perugino, again) was rolling about among the flower-pots; a soft-eyed, modest young woman, who seemed to be “minding” him, came forward at our approach, not hurriedly, and yet evidently attracted by our foreign clothes and tongue. “Would we sit and rest in the shade? Were we from England, or perhaps from America? Ah, from America! Then, could we possibly tell her something of her husband, Fabio, who had gone there eleven years ago, and found work in *Providenza*, near Boston, and prospered well, only he had omitted writing her for about six years past?” She let her pretty eyes fall for a moment, as she asked the question, and we ourselves conceived a sufficiently vicious feeling toward the faithless Fabio; yet the deserted one had not spoken plaintively,

only with a certain light wistfulness, and she looked serene and well cared for, and by no means unhappy. The spell of Barga’s invincible content rested even upon her. Oddly enough, it appears that the ties of association between this happy hill-top and the United States have been quite numerous in years gone by. The making of plaster figurines was once a chief industry of Barga; and of those dark-browed image-vendors, who used to make so picturesque an effect along our summer ways, almost all came from the province of Lucca, and not a few from Barga itself; and they found their way back thither, in most cases, also, when their gaudy wares were sold. Pausing, earlier in the day, under the blazing oleanders of a little beer-garden, to refresh ourselves with some highly-diluted *gelati*, we had been accosted by one of these returned wanderers, who had all the air of a man of substance, being in fact the proprietor of the garden, and who spoke very intelligible English. What gratified him most of all was to learn that we had personal knowledge of a townsman of his, one Gairey, who had kept, years ago, what he succinctly described as a *figgermakershop* in Boston.

Even the vespér services in the convent chapel were conducted with a kind of subdued hilarity. The *povere ragazze*, unseen in their gallery, chanted loudly and with spirit. The kneeling worshippers contrived to supply us with fans, as we took our places beside them. When one of the three venerable figures officiating at the altar dropped his candle for the second time, they all smiled frankly. The fair Della Robbia Madonna beamed faintly, also, behind the altar lights.

Outside, when we issued into the air, we found the dust, raised by the merry-makers in the piazza, now ruddy with sunset, and the crowd growing ever more vivacious and vehement, yet with no touch of rudeness. Lovers ambled hand in hand, like children, and ogled

one another openly. Buxom *contadine*, their broad shoulders adorned by kerchiefs of bobbin lace, dyed sulphur-yellow, elbowed their way to the seats of the fennel-vendors, and returned nibbling at their green nosegays. Knots of men, of all ages, engaged in vociferous dispute, accompanied by showers of speaking and unstudied gestures, but without a shade even of serious purpose or conviction, — far less a sparkle of wrath. There were but two solemn objects visible in all the precincts of Barga: a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, which sighed unutterable things from a green terrace at the head of the piazza; and a deserted church, more ancient even than the Barga duomo, and having itself almost the dimensions of a cathedral, which is planted in so deep a hollow at the foot of the mount that the carriage-way by which one descends from Barga sweeps round upon a level with the highest stage of its venerable campanile. It must once have been the great central church of the lower town, of which Barga was the more secure acropolis; but the town itself, with its denizens, has lain for centuries under the sod, while the gray temple remains lonely, forsaken, forgetful, even, of its own exceeding fair proportions, embowered in the encroaching wilderness, and deaf to the voices of praise and prayer, yet indestructible, seemingly, as the Apennines themselves. Tradition ascribes the building of this church to the omnipresent Matilda, 1050–1100.

It gives one an odd sensation to roll rapidly down out of the very infancy of our millennium into the slightly shabby sophistication of the Ponte al Seraglio, the midmost of the three modern villages which collectively constitute the Bagui di Lucca. Fashion has forsaken the Bagui. There is a princely villa for sale and a ducal villa to let, among the “desirable residences” hereabout; but the place was all the mode within the memory of man, and still af-

fects, at its centre, the manners of the great world. Walled gardens overflow with oleanders and pomegranates; big hotels, a world too wide for their shrunk company, throw out their picturesque ranges of gay striped awnings; cafés essay to glitter after night-fall, and street-lamps to twinkle amid the foliage of winding carriage-ways; groups of *fiacres* contend for the shadiest spots on the piazza, where horses and drivers may doze away the sunny hours with least danger of interruption by an order. There is even a stately white marble casino, from whose wide-open windows, on two or three evenings in each week, issue long-drawn strains of melancholy dance music. An adventurous youth, penetrating upon one occasion these scenes of ghostly gayety, reported the company to consist of two English mammas, with four tall daughters each, two rheumatic elderly gentlemen of the same brave nation, and three Italian officers, imported for the occasion from the barracks at Lucca. There are English families, long resident in Italy, who regularly spend their summers at the Bagni; not at all, as it would seem, for the sweetness of the air or the glory of the hills, nor yet for the virtue of the waters, but because of the tales which their grandsires and grandames have told them of the height of the jinks here prevalent in the thirties and the forties before forty-eight, — the days of the last princes of Lucca, and of the genial and tasteful Grand Dukes of Tuscany, when the prodigal Demidoffs built beside the Camajore the roomy hospital, still swarming with charity patients; for the rich fluctuate, but the poor remain.

Predominant over all the ghosts out of the recent past which haunt the Baths of Lucca, elbowing and displacing the softly bred and long descended, as they always did in life, arise the restless *revenants* of the line of Buonaparte. Eliza Bacciochi, the *parvenue* Princess of Lucca and Queen of Etruria, though

highly disgusted, as the world knows, with the trumpery bit of royalty awarded her in the fraternal distribution, yet fixed her summer residence here, and benefited the place by many costly improvements. Afterwards, and indeed yearly until her death, was wont to come hither from the frowning palace in the Piazza Venezia, at Rome, the grim old mother of that mighty race. A street upon the right-hand bank of the Lima still bears her name, — the Via Letizia. It is a poor street enough, within the town itself, but issues in a beautifully shaded road along the water-side, which

was Madam Lætitia's favorite evening promenade. The sunset stroller of to-day may consider it his own fault if he does not sometimes meet her there, — tall and gaunt and all unbent by years, with dark brows knitted over piercing eyes, and chiseled lips curving downward; leaning lightly on her staff, with which she would hardly, so long as he lived, have hesitated to chastise the great Napoleon, and musing on the ravages of the monstrous brood which it had been her singular destiny to rear and let loose for the rectification of Europe.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE ANCESTRAL FOOTSTEP:¹

OUTLINES OF AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

II

MAY 5th, Wednesday. The father of these two sons, an aged man at the time, took much to heart their enmity; and after the catastrophe, he never held up his head again. He was not told that his son had perished, though such was the belief of the family; but imbibed the opinion that he had left his home and native land to become a wanderer on the face of the earth, and that some time or other he might return. In this idea he spent the remainder of his days; in this idea he died. It may be that the influence of this idea might be traced in the way in which he spent some of the latter years of his life, and a portion of the wealth which had become of little value in his eyes, since it had caused dissension and bloodshed between the sons of one household. It was a common mode of charity in those days — a common thing for rich men to

do — to found an almshouse or a hospital, and endow it, for the support of a certain number of old and destitute men or women, generally such as had some claim of blood upon the founder, or at least were natives of the parish, the district, the county, where he dwelt. The Eldredge Hospital was founded for the benefit of twelve old men, who should have been wanderers upon the face of the earth; men, they should be, of some education, but defeated and hopeless, cast off by the world for misfortune, but not for crime. And this charity had subsisted, on terms varying little or nothing from the original ones, from that day to this; and, at this very time, twelve old men were not wanting, of various countries, of various fortunes, but all ending finally in ruin, who had centred here, to live on the poor pittance that had been assigned to them, three hundred years ago. What a series of chronicles it would have been if

¹ Copyright, 1882, by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP. For a clearer understanding of this sketch,

the reader is referred to the Prefatory Note in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1882, page 823.

each of the beneficiaries of this charity, since its foundation, had left a record of the events which finally led him hither. Middleton often, as he talked with these old men, regretted that he himself had no turn for authorship, so rich a volume might he have compiled from the experience, sometimes sunny and triumphant, though always ending in shadow, which he gathered here. They were glad to talk to him, and would have been glad and grateful for any auditor, as they sat on one or another of the stone benches, in the sunshine of the garden; or at evening, around the great fire-side, or within the chimney-corner, with their pipes and ale.

There was one old man who attracted much of his attention, by the venerableness of his aspect; by something dignified, almost haughty and commanding in his air. Whatever might have been the intentions and expectations of the founder, it certainly had happened in these latter days that there was a difficulty in finding persons of education, of good manners, of evident respectability, to put into the places made vacant by deaths of members; whether that the paths of life are surer now than they used to be, and that men so arrange their lives as not to be left, in any event, quite without resources as they draw near its close; at any rate, there was a little tincture of the vagabond running through these twelve quasi gentlemen, — through several of them, at least. But this old man could not well be mistaken; in his manners, in his tones, in all his natural language and deportment, there was evidence that he had been more than respectable; and, viewing him, Middleton could not help wondering what statesman had suddenly vanished out of public life and taken refuge here, for his head was of the statesman-class, and his demeanor that of one who had exercised influence over large numbers of men. He sometimes endeavored to set on foot a familiar relation with

this old man, but there was even a sternness in the manner in which he repelled these advances, that gave little encouragement for their renewal. Nor did it seem that his companions of the Hospital were more in his confidence than Middleton himself. They regarded him with a kind of awe, a shyness, and in most cases with a certain dislike, which denoted an imperfect understanding of him. To say the truth, there was not generally much love lost between any of the members of this family; they had met with too much disappointment in the world to take kindly, now, to one another or to anything or anybody. I rather suspect that they really had more pleasure in burying one another, when the time came, than in any other office of mutual kindness and brotherly love which it was their part to do; not out of hardness of heart, but merely from soured temper, and because, when people have met disappointment and have settled down into final unhappiness, with no more gush and spring of good spirits, there is nothing any more to create amiability out of.

So the old people were unamiable and cross to one another, and unamiable and cross to old Hammond, yet always with a certain respect; and the result seemed to be such as treated the old man well enough. And thus he moved about among them, a mystery; the histories of the others, in the general outline, were well enough known, and perhaps not very uncommon; this old man's history was known to none, except of course to the trustees of the charity, and to the Master of the Hospital, to whom it had necessarily been revealed, before the beneficiary could be admitted as an inmate. It was judged, by the deportment of the Master, that the old man had once held some eminent position in society; for, though bound to treat them all as gentlemen, he was thought to show an especial and solemn courtesy to Hammond.

Yet by the attraction which two

strong and cultivated minds inevitably have for one another, there did spring up an acquaintanceship, an intercourse, between Middleton and this old man, which was followed up in many a conversation which they held together on all subjects that were supplied by the news of the day, or the history of the past. Middleton used to make the newspaper the opening for much discussion; and it seemed to him that the talk of his companion had much of the character of that of a retired statesman, on matters which, perhaps, he would look at all the more wisely, because it was impossible he could ever more have a personal agency in them. Their discussions sometimes turned upon the affairs of his own country, and its relations with the rest of the world, especially with England; and Middleton could not help being struck with the accuracy of the old man's knowledge respecting that country, which so few Englishmen know anything about; his shrewd appreciation of the American character, — shrewd and caustic, yet not without a good degree of justice; the sagacity of his remarks on the past, and prophecies of what was likely to happen, — prophecies which, in one instance, were singularly verified, in regard to a complexity which was then arresting the attention of both countries.

"You must have been in the United States," said he, one day.

"Certainly; my remarks imply personal knowledge," was the reply. "But it was before the days of steam."

"And not, I should imagine, for a brief visit," said Middleton. "I only wish the administration of this government had the benefit to-day of your knowledge of my countrymen. It might be better for both of these kindred nations."

"Not a whit," said the old man. "England will never understand America; for England never does understand a foreign country; and whatever you

may say about kindred, America is as much a foreign country as France itself. These two hundred years of a different climate and circumstances — of life on a broad continent instead of in an island, to say nothing of the endless intermixture of nationalities in every part of the United States, except New England — have created a new and decidedly original type of national character. It is as well for both parties that they should not aim at any very intimate connection. It will never do."

"I should be sorry to think so," said Middleton; "they are at all events two noble breeds of men, and ought to appreciate one another. And America has the breadth of idea to do this for England, whether reciprocated or not."

Thursday, May 6th. Thus Middleton was established in a singular way among these old men, in one of the surroundings most unlike anything in his own country. So old it was that it seemed to him the freshest and newest thing that he had ever met with. The residence was made infinitely the more interesting to him by the sense that he was near the place — as all the indications warned him — which he sought, whither his dreams had tended from his childhood; that he could wander each day round the park within which were the old gables of what he believed was his hereditary home. He had never known anything like the dreamy enjoyment of these days; so quiet, such a contrast to the turbulent life from which he had escaped across the sea. And here he set himself, still with that sense of shadowiness in what he saw and in what he did, in making all the researches possible to him, about the neighborhood; visiting every little church that raised its square battlemented Norman tower of gray stone, for several miles round about; making himself acquainted with each little village and hamlet that surrounded these churches, clustering about the graves of those who had

dwelt in the same cottages aforetime. He visited all the towns within a dozen miles; and probably there were few of the inhabitants who had so good an acquaintance with the neighborhood as this native American attained within a few weeks after his coming thither.

In the course of these excursions he had several times met with a young woman, — a young lady, one might term her, but in fact he was in some doubt what rank she might hold, in England, — who happened to be wandering about the country with a singular freedom. She was always alone, always on foot; he would see her sketching some picturesque old church, some ivied ruin, some fine drooping elm. She was a slight figure, much more so than English women generally are; and, though healthy of aspect, had not the ruddy complexion, which he was irreverently inclined to call the coarse tint, that is believed the great charm of English beauty. There was a freedom in her step and whole little womanhood, an elasticity, an irregularity, so to speak, that made her memorable from first sight; and when he had encountered her three or four times, he felt in a certain way acquainted with her. She was very simply dressed, and quite as simple in her deportment; there had been one or two occasions, when they had both smiled at the same thing; soon afterwards a little conversation had taken place between them; and thus, without any introduction, and in a way that somewhat puzzled Middleton himself, they had become acquainted. It was so unusual that a young English girl should be wandering about the country entirely alone — so much less usual that she should speak to a stranger — that Middleton scarcely knew how to account for it, but meanwhile accepted the fact readily and willingly, for in truth he found this mysterious personage a very likely and entertaining companion. There was a strange quality

of boldness in her remarks, almost of brusqueness, that he might have expected to find in a young countrywoman of his own, if bred up among the strong-minded, but was astonished to find in a young Englishwoman. Somehow or other she made him think more of home than any other person or thing he met with; and he could not but feel that she was in strange contrast with everything about her. She was no beauty; very piquant; very pleasing; in some points of view and at some moments pretty; always good-humored, but somewhat too self-possessed for Middleton's taste. It struck him that she had talked with him as if she had some knowledge of him and of the purposes with which he was there; not that this was expressed, but only implied by the fact that, on looking back to what had passed he found many strange coincidences in what she had said with what he was thinking about.

He perplexed himself much with thinking whence this young woman had come, where she belonged, and what might be her history; when, the next day, he again saw her, not this time rambling on foot, but seated in an open barouche with a young lady. Middleton lifted his hat to her, and she nodded and smiled to him; and it appeared to Middleton that a conversation ensued about him with the young lady, her companion. Now, what still more interested him was the fact that, on the panel of the barouche were the arms of the family now in possession of the estate of Smithells; so that the young lady, his new acquaintance, or the young lady, her seeming friend, one or the other, was the sister of the present owner of that estate. He was inclined to think that his acquaintance could not be the Miss Eldredge, of whose beauty he had heard many tales among the people of the neighborhood. The other young lady, a tall, reserved, fair-haired maiden, answered the description considerably better. He concluded, therefore,

that his acquaintance must be a visitor, perhaps a dependant and companion ; though the freedom of her thought, action, and way of life seemed hardly consistent with this idea. However, this slight incident served to give him a sort of connection with the family, and he could but hope that some further chance would introduce him within what he fondly called his hereditary walls. He had come to think of this as a dream-land ; and it seemed even more a dream-land now than before it rendered itself into actual substance, an old house of stone and timber standing within its park, shaded about with its ancestral trees.

But thus, at all events, he was getting himself a little wrought into the net-work of human life around him, secluded as his position had at first seemed to be, in the farm-house where he had taken up his lodgings. For, there was the Hospital and its old inhabitants, in whose monotonous existence he soon came to pass for something, with his liveliness of mind, his experience, his good sense, his patience as a listener, his comparative youth even — his power of adapting himself to these stiff and crusty characters, a power learned among other things in his political life, where he had acquired something of the faculty (good or bad as might be) of making himself all things to all men. But though he amused himself with them all, there was in truth but one man among them in whom he really felt much interest ; and that one, we need hardly say, was Hammond. It was not often that he found the old gentleman in a conversible mood ; always courteous, indeed, but generally cool and reserved ; often engaged in his one room, to which Middleton had never yet been admitted, though he had more than once sent in his name, when Hammond was not apparent upon the bench which, by common consent of the Hospital, was appropriated to him.

One day, however, notwithstanding

that the old gentleman was confined to his room by indisposition, he ventured to inquire at the door, and, considerably to his surprise, was admitted. He found Hammond in his easy-chair, at a table, with writing-materials before him : and as Middleton entered, the old gentleman looked at him with a stern, fixed regard, which, however, did not seem to imply any particular displeasure towards this visitor, but rather a severe way of regarding mankind in general. Middleton looked curiously around the small apartment, to see what modification the character of the man had had upon the customary furniture of the Hospital, and how much of individuality he had given to that general type. There was a shelf of books, and a row of them on the mantel-piece ; works of political economy, they appeared to be, statistics and things of that sort ; very dry reading, with which, however, Middleton's experience as a politician had made him acquainted. Besides these there were a few works on local antiquities, a county-history borrowed from the Master's library, in which Hammond appeared to have been lately reading.

"They are delightful reading," observed Middleton, "these old county-histories, with their great folio volumes and their minute account of the affairs of families and the genealogies, and descents of estates, bestowing as much blessed space on a few hundred acres as other historians give to a principality. I fear that in my own country we shall never have anything of this kind. Our space is so vast that we shall never come to know and love it, inch by inch, as the English antiquarians do the tracts of country with which they deal ; and besides, our land is always likely to lack the interest that belongs to English estates ; for where land changes its ownership every few years, it does not become imbued with the personalities of the people who live on it. It is but so much grass ; so much dirt, where a suc-

cession of people have dwelt too little to make it really their own. But I have found a pleasure that I had no conception of before, in reading some of the English local histories."

"It is not a usual course of reading for a transitory visitor," said Hammond. "What could induce you to undertake it?"

"Simply the wish, so common and natural with Americans," said Middleton—"the wish to find out something about my kindred—the local origin of my own family."

"You do not show your wisdom in this," said his visitor. "America had better recognize the fact that it has nothing to do with England, and look upon itself as other nations and people do, as existing on its own hook. I never heard of any people looking back to the country of their remote origin in the way the Anglo-Americans do. For instance, England is made up of many alien races, German, Danish, Norman and what not: it has received large accessions of population at a later date than the settlement of the United States. Yet these families melt into the great homogeneous mass of Englishmen, and look back no more to any other country. There are in this vicinity many descendants of the French Huguenots; but they care no more for France than for Timbuctoo, reckoning themselves only Englishmen, as if they were descendants of the aboriginal Britons. Let it be so with you."

"So it might be," replied Middleton, "only that our relations with England remain far more numerous than our disconnections, through the bonds of history, of literature, of all that makes up the memories, and much that makes up the present interests of a people. And therefore I must still continue to pore over these old folios, and hunt around these precincts, spending thus the little idle time I am likely to have in a busy life. Possibly finding little to my pur-

pose; but that is quite a secondary consideration."

"If you choose to tell me precisely what your aims are," said Hammond, "it is possible I might give you some little assistance."

May 7th, Friday. Middleton was in fact more than half ashamed of the dreams which he had cherished before coming to England, and which since, at times, had been very potent with him, assuming as strong a tinge of reality as those [scenes?] into which he had strayed. He could not prevail with himself to disclose fully to this severe and, as he thought, cynical old man how strong within him was the sentiment that impelled him to connect himself with the old life of England, to join on the broken thread of ancestry and descent, and feel every link well established. But it seemed to him that he ought not to lose this fair opportunity of gaining some light on the abstruse field of his researches; and he therefore explained to Hammond that he had reason, from old family traditions, to believe that he brought with him a fragment of a history that, if followed out, might lead to curious results. He told him, in a tone half serious, what he had heard respecting the quarrel of the two brothers, and the Bloody Footstep, the impress of which was said to remain, as a lasting memorial of the tragic termination of that enmity. At this point, Hammond interrupted him. He had indeed, at various points of the narrative, nodded and smiled mysteriously, as if looking into his mind and seeing something there analogous to what he was listening to. He now spoke.

"This is curious," said he. "Did you know that there is a manor-house in this neighborhood, the family of which prides itself on having such a blood-stained threshold as you have now described?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Middleton, greatly interested. "Where?"

"It is the old manor-house of Smithell's," replied Hammond, "one of those old wood and timber [plaster?] mansions, which are among the most ancient specimens of domestic architecture in England. The house has now passed into the female line, and by marriage has been for two or three generations in possession of another family. But the blood of the old inheritors is still in the family. The house itself, or portions of it, are thought to date back quite as far as the Conquest."

"Smithell's?" said Middleton. "Why, I have seen that old house from a distance, and have felt no little interest in its antique aspect. And it has a Bloody Footstep! Would it be possible for a stranger to get an opportunity to inspect it?"

"Unquestionably," said Hammond; "nothing easier. It is but a moderate distance from here, and if you can moderate your young footsteps, and your American quick walk, to an old man's pace, I would go there with you some day. In this languor and ennui of my life, I spend some time in local antiquarianism, and perhaps I might assist you in tracing out how far these traditions of yours may have any connection with reality. It would be curious, would it not, if you had come, after two hundred years, to piece out a story which may have been as much a mystery in England as there in America?"

An engagement was made for a walk to Smithell's the ensuing day; and meanwhile Middleton entered more fully into what he had received from family traditions and what he had thought out for himself on the matter in question.

"Are you aware," asked Hammond, "that there was formerly a title in this family, now in abeyance, and which the heirs have at various times claimed, and are at this moment claiming? Do you know, too, — but you can scarcely know it, — that it has been surmised by some that there is an insecurity in the title to

the estate, and has always been; so that the possessors have lived in some apprehension, from time immemorial, that another heir would appear and take from them the fair inheritance? It is a singular coincidence."

"Very strange," exclaimed Middleton. "No; I was not aware of it; and to say the truth, I should not altogether like to come forward in the light of a claimant. But this is a dream, surely!"

"I assure you, sir," continued the old man, "that you come here in a very critical moment; and singularly enough there is a perplexity, a difficulty, that has endured for as long a time as when your ancestors emigrated, that is still rampant within the bowels, as I may say, of the family. Of course, it is too like a romance that you should be able to establish any such claim as would have a valid influence on this matter; but still, being here on the spot, it may be worth while, if merely as a matter of amusement, to make some researches into this matter."

"Surely I will," said Middleton, with a smile, which concealed more earnestness than he liked to show; "as to the title, a Republican cannot be supposed to think twice about such a bagatelle. The estate! — that might be a more serious consideration."

They continued to talk on the subject; and Middleton learned that the present possessor of the estates was a gentleman nowise distinguished from hundreds of other English gentlemen; a country squire modified in accordance with the type of to-day, a frank, free, friendly sort of a person enough, who had traveled on the Continent, who employed himself much in field-sports, who was unmarried, and had a sister who was reckoned among the beauties of the county.

While the conversation was thus going on, to Middleton's astonishment there came a knock at the door of the

room, and, without waiting for a response, it was opened, and there appeared at it the same young woman whom he had already met. She came in with perfect freedom and familiarity, and was received quietly by the old gentleman; who, however, by his manner towards Middleton, indicated that he was now to take his leave. He did so, after settling the hour at which the excursion of the next day was to take place. This arranged, he departed, with much to think of, and a light glimmering through the confused labyrinth of thoughts which had been unilluminated hitherto.

To say the truth, he questioned within himself whether it were not better to get as quickly as he could out of the vicinity; and, at any rate, not to put anything of earnest in what had hitherto been nothing more than a romance to him. There was something very dark and sinister in the events of family history, which now assumed a reality that they had never before worn; so much tragedy, so much hatred, had been thrown into that deep pit, and buried under the accumulated débris, the fallen leaves, the rust and dust of more than two centuries, that it seemed not worth while to dig it up; for perhaps the deadly influences, which it had taken so much time to hide, might still be lurking there, and become potent if he now uncovered them. There was something that startled him, in the strange, wild light, which gleamed from the old man's eyes, as he threw out the suggestions which had opened this prospect to him. What right had he — an American, Republican, disconnected with this country so long, alien from its habits of thought and life, reverencing none of the things which Englishmen revered — what right had he to come with these musty claims from the dim past, to disturb them in the life that belonged to them? There was a higher and a deeper law than any connected with ances-

tral claims which he could assert; and he had an idea that the law bade him keep to the country which his ancestor had chosen and to its institutions, and not meddle nor make with England. The roots of his family tree could not reach under the ocean; he was at most but a seedling from the parent tree. While thus meditating he found that his footsteps had brought him unawares within sight of the old manor-house of Smithell's; and that he was wandering in a path which, if he followed it further, would bring him to an entrance in one of the wings of the mansion. With a sort of shame upon him, he went forward, and, leaning against a tree, looked at what he considered the home of his ancestors.

May 9th, Sunday. At the time appointed, the two companions set out on their little expedition, the old man in his Hospital uniform, the long black mantle, with the bear and ragged staff engraved in silver on the breast, and Middleton in the plain costume which he had adopted in these wanderings about the country. On their way, Hammond was not very communicative, occasionally dropping some shrewd remark with a good deal of acidity in it; now and then, too, favoring his companion with some reminiscence of local antiquity; but oftenest silent. Thus they went on, and entered the park of Pemberton Manor by a by-path, over a stile and one of those footways, which are always so well worth threading out in England, leading the pedestrian into picturesque and characteristic scenes, when the highroad would show him nothing except what was commonplace and uninteresting. Now the gables of the old manor-house appeared before them, rising amidst the hereditary woods, which doubtless dated from a time beyond the days which Middleton fondly recalled, when his ancestors had walked beneath their shade. On each side of them were thickets and copses of

fern, amidst which they saw the hares peeping out to gaze upon them, occasionally running across the path, and comporting themselves like creatures that felt themselves under some sort of protection from the outrages of man, though they knew too much of his destructive character to trust him too far. Pheasants, too, rose close beside them, and winged but a little way before they alighted; they likewise knew, or seemed to know, that their hour was not yet come. On all sides in these woods, these wastes, these beasts and birds, there was a character that was neither wild nor tame. Man had laid his grasp on them all, and done enough to redeem them from barbarism, but had stopped short of domesticating them; although Nature, in the wildest thing there, acknowledged the powerful and pervading influence of cultivation.

Arriving at a side door of the mansion, Hammond rang the bell, and a servant soon appeared. He seemed to know the old man, and immediately acceded to his request to be permitted to show his companion the house; although it was not precisely a show-house, nor was this the hour when strangers were usually admitted. They entered; and the servant did not give himself the trouble to act as a cicerone to the two visitants, but carelessly said to the old gentleman that he knew the rooms, and that he would leave him to discourse to his friend about them. Accordingly, they went into the old hall, a dark oak-paneled room, of no great height, with many doors opening into it. There was a fire burning on the hearth; indeed, it was the custom of the house to keep it up from morning to night; and in the damp, chill climate of England, there is seldom a day in some part of which a fire is not pleasant to feel. Hammond here pointed out a stuffed fox, to which some story of a famous chase was attached; a pair of antlers of enormous size; and some old family

pictures, so blackened with time and neglect that Middleton could not well distinguish their features, though curious to do so, as hoping to see there the lineaments of some with whom he might claim kindred. It was a venerable apartment, and gave a good foretaste of what they might hope to find in the rest of the mansion.

But when they had inspected it pretty thoroughly, and were ready to proceed, an elderly gentleman entered the hall, and, seeing Hammond, addressed him in a kindly, familiar way; not indeed as an equal friend, but with a pleasant and not irksome conversation. "I am glad to see you here again," said he. "What? I have an hour of leisure; for to say the truth, the day hangs rather heavy till the shooting season begins. Come; as you have a friend with you, I will be your cicerone myself about the house, and show you whatever mouldy objects of interest it contains."

He then graciously noticed the old man's companion, but without asking or seeming to expect an introduction; for, after a careless glance at him, he had evidently set him down as a person without social claims, a young man in the rank of life fitted to associate with an inmate of Pemberton's Hospital. And it must be noticed that his treatment of Middleton was not on that account the less kind, though far from being so elaborately courteous as if he had met him as an equal. "You have had something of a walk," said he, "and it is a rather hot day. The beer of Pemberton Manor has been reckoned good these hundred years; will you taste it?"

Hammond accepted the offer, and the beer was brought in a foaming tankard; but Middleton declined it, for in truth there was a singular emotion in his breast, as if the old enmity, the ancient injuries, were not yet atoned for, and as if he must not accept the hospitality of

one who represented his hereditary foe. He felt, too, as if there were something unworthy, a certain want of fairness, in entering clandestinely the house, and talking with its occupant under a veil, as it were; and had he seen clearly how to do it, he would perhaps at that moment have fairly told Mr. Eldredge that he brought with him the character of kinsman, and must be received on that grade or none. But it was not easy to do this; and after all, there was no clear reason why he should do it; so he let the matter pass, merely declining to take the refreshment, and keeping himself quiet and retired.

Squire Eldredge seemed to be a good, ordinary sort of gentleman, reasonably well educated, and with few ideas beyond his estate and neighborhood, though he had once held a seat in Parliament for part of a term. Middleton could not but contrast him, with an inward smile, with the shrewd, alert politicians, their faculties all sharpened to the utmost, whom he had known and consorted with in the American Congress. Hammond had slightly informed him that his companion was an American; and Mr. Eldredge immediately gave proof of the extent of his knowledge of that country, by inquiring whether he came from the State of New England, and whether Mr. Webster was still President of the United States; questions to which Middleton returned answers that led to no further conversation. These little preliminaries over, they continued their ramble through the house, going through tortuous passages, up and down little flights of steps, and entering chambers that had all the charm of discoveries of hidden regions; loitering about, in short, in a labyrinth calculated to put the head into a delightful confusion. Some of these rooms contained their time-honored furniture, all in the best possible repair, heavy, dark, polished; beds that had been marriage beds and dying beds over and over

again; chairs with carved backs; and all manner of old world curiosities; family pictures, and samplers, and embroidery; fragments of tapestry; an inlaid floor; everything having a story to it, though, to say the truth, the possessor of these curiosities made but a bungling piece of work in telling the legends connected with them. In one or two instances Hammond corrected him.

By and by they came to what had once been the principal bed-room of the house; though its gloom, and some circumstances of family misfortune that had happened long ago, had caused it to fall into disrepute, in latter times; and it was now called the Haunted Chamber, or the Ghost's Chamber. The furniture of this room, however, was particularly rich in its antique magnificence; and one of the principal objects was a great black cabinet of ebony and ivory, such as may often be seen in old English houses, and perhaps often in the palaces of Italy, in which country they perhaps originated. This present cabinet was known to have been in the house as long ago as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and how much longer neither tradition nor record told. Hammond particularly directed Middleton's attention to it.

"There is nothing in this house," said he, "better worth your attention than that cabinet. Consider its plan; it represents a stately mansion, with pillars, an entrance, with a lofty flight of steps, windows, and everything perfect. Examine it well."

There was such an emphasis in the old man's way of speaking that Middleton turned suddenly round from all that he had been looking at, and fixed his whole attention on the cabinet; and strangely enough, it seemed to be the representative, in small, of something that he had seen in a dream. To say the truth, if some cunning workman had been employed to copy his idea of the old family mansion, on a scale of half an inch to a yard, and in ebony and

ivory instead of stone, he could not have produced a closer imitation. Everything was there.

"This is miraculous!" exclaimed he. "I do not understand it."

"Your friend seems to be curious in these matters," said Mr. Eldredge graciously. "Perhaps he is of some trade that makes this sort of manufacture particularly interesting to him. You are quite at liberty, my friend, to open the cabinet and inspect it as minutely as you wish. It is an article that has a good deal to do with an obscure portion of our family history. Look, here is the key, and the mode of opening the outer door of the palace, as we may call it." So saying, he threw open the outer door, and disclosed within the mimic likeness of a stately entrance hall, with a floor chequered of ebony and ivory. There were other doors that seemed to open into apartments in the interior of the palace; but when Mr. Eldredge threw them likewise wide, they proved to be drawers and secret receptacles, where papers, jewels, money, anything that it was desirable to store away secretly, might be kept.

"You said, sir," said Middleton, thoughtfully, "that your family history contained matter of interest in reference to this cabinet. Might I inquire what those legends are?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Eldredge, musing a little. "I see no reason why I should have any idle concealment about the matter, especially to a foreigner and a man whom I am never likely to see again. You must know then, my friend, that there was once a time when this cabinet was known to contain the fate of the estate and its possessors; and if it had held all that it was supposed to hold, I should not now be the lord of Pemberton Manor, nor the claimant of an ancient title. But my father, and his father before him, and his father besides, have held the estate and prospered on it; and I think we may fairly con-

clude now that the cabinet contains nothing except what we see."

And he rapidly again threw open one after another all the numerous drawers and receptacles of the cabinet.

"It is an interesting object," said Middleton, after looking very closely and with great attention at it, being pressed thereto, indeed, by the owner's good natured satisfaction in possessing this rare article of vertu. "It is admirable work," repeated he, drawing back. "That mosaic floor, especially, is done with an art and skill that I never saw equaled."

There was something strange and altered in Middleton's tones, that attracted the notice of Mr. Eldredge. Looking at him, he saw that he had grown pale, and had a rather bewildered air.

"Is your friend ill?" said he. "He has not our English ruggedness of look. He would have done better to take a sip of the cool tankard, and a slice of the cold beef. He finds no such food and drink as that in his own country, I warrant."

"His color has come back," responded Hammond, briefly. "He does not need any refreshment, I think, except, perhaps, the open air."

In fact, Middleton, recovering himself, apologized to Mr. Hammond [Eldredge?]; and as they had now seen nearly the whole of the house, the two visitants took their leave, with many kindly offers on Mr. Eldredge's part to permit the young man to view the cabinet whenever he wished. As they went out of the house (it was by another door than that which gave them entrance), Hammond laid his hand on Middleton's shoulder and pointed to a stone on the threshold, on which he was about to set his foot. "Take care!" said he. "It is the Bloody Footstep."

Middleton looked down and saw something, indeed, very like the shape of a footprint, with a hue very like that of blood. It was a twilight sort of a

place, beneath a porch, which was much overshadowed by trees and shrubbery. It might have been blood; but he rather thought, in his wicked skepticism, that it was a natural, reddish stain in the stone. He measured his own foot, however, in the Bloody Footstep, and went on.

May 10th, Monday. This is the present aspect of the story: Middleton is the descendant of a family long settled in the United States; his ancestor having emigrated to New England with the Pilgrims; or, perhaps, at a still earlier date, to Virginia with Raleigh's colonists. There had been a family dissension, — a bitter hostility between two brothers in England; on account, probably, of a love affair, the two both being attached to the same lady. By the influence of the family on both sides, the young lady had formed an engagement with the elder brother, although her affections had settled on the younger. The marriage was about to take place when the younger brother and the bride both disappeared, and were never heard of with any certainty afterwards; but it was believed at the time that he had been killed, and in proof of it a bloody footstep remained on the threshold of the ancestral mansion. There were rumors, afterwards, traditionally continued to the present day, that the younger brother and the bride were seen, and together, in England; and that some voyager across the sea had found them living together, husband and wife, on the other side of the Atlantic. But the elder brother became a moody and reserved man, never married, and left the inheritance to the children of a third brother, who then became the representative of the family in England; and the better authenticated story was that the second brother had really been slain, and that the young lady (for all the parties may have been Catholic) had gone to the Continent and taken the veil there. Such was the family history as known or surmised in England, and

in the neighborhood of the manor-house, where the Bloody Footstep still remained on the threshold; and the posterity of the third brother still held the estate, and perhaps were claimants of an ancient baronage, long in abeyance.

Now, on the other side of the Atlantic, the second brother and the young lady had really been married, and became the parents of a posterity, still extant, of which the Middleton of the romance is the surviving male. Perhaps he had changed his name, being so much tortured with the evil and wrong that had sprung up in his family, so remorseful, so outraged, that he wished to disconnect himself with all the past, and begin life quite anew in a new world. But both he and his wife, though happy in one another, had been remorsefully and sadly so; and, with such feelings, they had never again communicated with their respective families, nor had given their children the means of doing so. There must, I think, have been something nearly approaching to guilt on the second brother's part, and the bride should have broken a solemnly plighted troth to the elder brother, breaking away from him when almost his wife. The elder brother had been known to have been wounded at the time of the second brother's disappearance; and it had been the surmise that he had received this hurt in the personal conflict in which the latter was slain. But in truth the second brother had stabbed him in the emergency of being discovered in the act of escaping with the bride; and this was what weighed upon his conscience throughout life, in America. The American family had prolonged itself through various fortunes, and all the ups and downs incident to our institutions, until the present day. They had some old family documents, which had been rather carelessly kept; but the present representative, being an educated man, had looked over them, and found one which inter-

ested him strongly. It was — what was it? — perhaps a copy of a letter written by his ancestor on his death-bed, telling his real name, and relating the above incidents. These incidents had come down in a vague, wild way, traditionally, in the American family, forming a wondrous and incredible legend, which Middleton had often laughed at, yet been greatly interested in; and the discovery of this document seemed to give a certain aspect of veracity and reality to the tradition. Perhaps, however, the document only related to the change of name, and made reference to certain evidences by which, if any descendant of the family should deem it expedient, he might prove his hereditary identity. The legend must be accounted for by having been gathered from the talk of the first ancestor and his wife. There must be in existence, in the early records of the colony, an authenticated statement of this change of name, and satisfactory proofs that the American family, long known as Middleton, were really a branch of the English family of Eldredge, or whatever. And in the legend, though not in the written document, there must be an account of a certain magnificent, almost palatial residence, which Middleton shall presume to be the ancestral home; and in this palace there shall be said to be a certain secret chamber, or receptacle, where is repositied a document that shall complete the evidence of the genealogical descent.

Middleton is still a young man, but already a distinguished one in his own country; he has entered early into politics, been sent to Congress, but having met with some disappointments in his ambitious hopes, and being disgusted with the fierceness of political contests in our country, he has come abroad for recreation and rest. His imagination has dwelt much, in his boyhood, on the legendary story of his family; and the discovery of the document has revived

these dreams. He determines to search out the family mansion; and thus he arrives, bringing half of a story, being the only part known in America, to join it on to the other half, which is the only part known in England. In an introduction I must do the best I can to state his side of the matter to the reader, he having communicated it to me in a friendly way, at the Consulate; as many people have communicated quite as wild pretensions to English genealogies.

He comes to the midland counties of England, where he conceives his claims to lie, and seeks for his ancestral home; but there are difficulties in the way of finding it, the estates having passed into the female line, though still remaining in the blood. By and by, however, he comes to an old town where there is one of the charitable institutions bearing the name of his family, by whose beneficence it had indeed been founded, in Queen Elizabeth's time. He of course becomes interested in this Hospital; he finds it still going on, precisely as it did in the old days; and all the character and life of the establishment must be picturesquely described. Here he gets acquainted with an old man, an inmate of the Hospital, who (if the uncontrollable fatality of the story will permit) must have an active influence on the ensuing events. I suppose him to have been an American, but to have fled his country and taken refuge in England; he shall have been a man of the Nicholas Biddle stamp, a mighty speculator, the ruin of whose schemes had crushed hundreds of people, and Middleton's father among the rest. Here he had quitted the activity of his mind, as well as he could, becoming a local antiquary, etc., and he has made himself acquainted with the family history of the Eldredges, knowing more about it than the members of the family themselves do. He had known, in America (from Middleton's father, who was his friend), the

legends preserved in this branch of the family, and perhaps had been struck by the way in which they fit into the English legends; at any rate, this strikes him when Middleton tells him his story and shows him the document respecting the change of name. After various conversations together (in which, however, the old man keeps the secret of his own identity, and indeed acts as mysteriously as possible) they go together to visit the ancestral mansion. Perhaps it should not be in their first visit that the cabinet, representing the stately mansion, shall be seen. But the Bloody Footstep way; which shall interest Middleton much, both because Hammond has told him the English tradition respecting it, and because too the legends of the American family made some obscure allusions to his ancestor having left blood — a bloody footstep — on the ancestral threshold. This is the point to which the story has now been sketched out. Middleton finds a commonplace old English country gentleman in possession of the estate, where his forefathers have lived in peace for many generations; but there must be circumstances contrived which shall cause Middleton's conduct to be attended by no end of turmoil and trouble. The old Hospitaller, I suppose, must be the malicious agent in this; and his malice must be motivated in some satisfactory way. The more serious question, what shall be the nature of this tragic trouble, and how can it be brought about?

May 11th, Tuesday. How much better would it have been if this secret, which seemed so golden, had remained in the obscurity in which two hundred years had buried it! That deep, old, grass-grown grave being opened, out from it streamed into the sunshine the old fatalities, the old crimes, the old misfortunes, the sorrows, that seemed to have departed from the family forever. But it was too late now to close it up; he must follow out the thread

that led him on, — the thread of fate, if you choose to call it so; but rather the impulse of an evil will, a stubborn self-interest, a desire for certain objects of ambition, which were preferred to what yet were recognized as real goods. Thus reasoned, thus raved, Eldredge, as he considered the things that he had done, and still intended to do; nor did these perceptions make the slightest difference in his plans, nor in the activity with which he set about their performance. For this purpose, he sent for his lawyer, and consulted him on the feasibility of the design which he had already communicated to him respecting Middleton. But the man of law shook his head, and, though deferentially, declined to have any active concern with a matter that threatened to lead him beyond the bounds which he allowed himself, into a seductive but perilous region.

"My dear sir," said he, with some earnestness, "you had much better content yourself with such assistance as I can professionally and consistently give you. Believe [me], I am willing to do a lawyer's utmost, and to do more would be as unsafe for the client as for the legal adviser."

Thus left without an agent and an instrument, this unfortunate man had to meditate on what means he would use to gain his ends through his own unassisted efforts. In the struggle with himself through which he had passed, he had exhausted pretty much all the feelings that he had to bestow on this matter; and now he was ready to take hold of almost any temptation that might present itself, so long as it showed a good prospect of success and a plausible chance of impunity. While he was thus musing, he heard a female voice chanting some song, like a bird's among the pleasant foliage of the trees, and soon he saw at the end of a wood-walk Alice, with her basket on her arm, passing on toward the village. She looked towards him as she passed, but made no pause

nor yet hastened her steps, not seeming to think it worth her while to be influenced by him. He hurried forward and overtook her.

So there was this poor old gentleman, his comfort utterly overthrown, decking his white hair and wrinkled brow with the semblance of a coronet, and only hoping that the reality might crown and bless him before he was laid in the ancestral tomb. It was a real calamity; though by no means the greatest that had been fished up out of the pit of domestic discord that had been opened anew by the advent of the American; and by the use which had been made of it by the cantankerous old man of the Hospital. Middleton, as he looked at these evil consequences, sometimes regretted that he had not listened to those forebodings which had warned him back on the eve of his enterprise; yet such was the strange entanglement and interest which had wound about him, that often he rejoiced that for once he was engaged in something that absorbed him fully, and the zeal for the development of which made him careless for the result in respect to its good or evil, but only desirous that it show itself. As for Alice, she seemed to skim lightly through all these matters, whether as a spirit of good or ill he could not satisfactorily judge. He could not think her wicked; yet her actions seemed unaccountable on the plea that she was otherwise. It was another characteristic thread in the wild web of madness that had spun itself about all the prominent characters of our story. And when Middleton thought of these things, he felt as if it might be his duty (supposing he had the power) to shovel the earth again into the pit that he had been the means of opening; but also felt that, whether duty or not, he would never perform it.

For, you see, on the American's arrival he had found the estate in the hands of one of the descendants; but

some disclosures consequent on his arrival had thrown it into the hands of another; or at all events, had seemed to make it apparent that justice required that it should be so disposed of. No sooner was the discovery made than the possessor put on a coronet; the new heir had commenced legal proceedings; the sons of the respective branches had come to blows and blood; and the devil knows what other devilish consequences had ensued. Besides this, there was much falling in love at cross-purposes, and a general animosity of everybody against everybody else, in proportion to the closeness of the natural ties and their obligation to love one another.

The moral, if any moral were to be gathered from these petty and wretched circumstances, was, "Let the past alone: do not seek to renew it; press on to higher and better things, — at all events, to other things; and be assured that the right way can never be that which leads you back to the identical shapes that you long ago left behind. Onward, onward, onward!"

"What have you to do here?" said Alice. "Your lot is in another land. You have seen the birthplace of your forefathers, and have gratified your natural yearning for it; now return, and cast in your lot with your own people, let it be what it will. I fully believe that it is such a lot as the world has never yet seen, and that the faults, the weaknesses, the errors, of your countrymen will vanish away like morning mists before the rising sun. You can do nothing better than to go back."

"This is strange advice, Alice," said Middleton, gazing at her and smiling. "Go back, with such a fair prospect before me; that were strange indeed! It is enough to keep me here, that here only I shall see you, — enough to make me rejoice to have come, that I have found you here."

"Do not speak in this foolish way," cried Alice, panting. "I am giving you

the best advice, and speaking in the wisest way I am capable of, — speaking on good grounds too, — and you turn me aside with a silly compliment. I tell you that this is no comedy in which we are performers, but a deep, sad tragedy; and that it depends most upon you whether or no it shall be pressed to a catastrophe. Think well of it."

"I have thought, Alice," responded the young man, "and I must let things take their course; if, indeed, it depends at all upon me, which I see no present reason to suppose. Yet I wish you would explain to me what you mean."

To take up the story from the point where we left it: by the aid of the American's revelations, some light is thrown upon points of family history, which induce the English possessor of the estate to suppose that the time has come for asserting his claim to a title which has long been in abeyance. He therefore sets about it, and engages in great expenses, besides contracting the enmity of many persons, with whose interests he interferes. A further complication is brought about by the secret interference of the old Hospitaller, and Alice goes singing and dancing through the whole, in a way that makes her seem like a beautiful devil, though finally it will be recognized that she is an angel of light. Middleton, half bewildered, can scarcely tell how much of this is due to his own agency; how much is independent of him and would have happened had he stayed on his own side of the water. By and by a further and unexpected development presents the singular fact that he himself is the heir to whatever claims there are, whether of property or rank, — all centring in him as the representative of the eldest brother. On this discovery there ensues a tragedy in the death of the present possessor of the estate, who has staked everything upon the issue; and Middleton, standing amid the ruin and desolation of which he has been the innocent cause, resigns all the

claims which he might now assert, and retires, arm in arm with Alice, who has encouraged him to take this course, and to act up to his character. The estate takes a passage into the female line, and the old name becomes extinct, nor does Middleton seek to continue it by resuming it in place of the one long ago assumed by his ancestor. Thus he and his wife become the Adam and Eve of a new epoch, and the fitting missionaries of a new social faith, of which there must be continual hints through the book.

A knot of characters may be introduced as gathering around Middleton, comprising expatriated Americans of all sorts; the wandering printer who came to me so often at the Consulate, who said he was a native of Philadelphia, and could not go home in the thirty years that he had been trying to do so, for lack of the money to pay his passage. The large banker; the consul of Leeds; the woman asserting her claims to half Liverpool; the gifted literary lady, madened by Shakespeare, &c., &c. The Yankee who had been driven insane by the Queen's notice, slight as it was, of the photographs of his two children which he had sent her. I have not yet struck the true key-note of this Romance, and until I do, and unless I do, I shall write nothing but tediousness and nonsense. I do not wish it to be a picture of life, but a Romance, grim, grotesque, quaint, of which the Hospital might be the fitting scene. It might have so much of the hues of life that the reader should sometimes think it was intended for a picture, yet the atmosphere should be such as to excuse all wildness. In the Introduction, I might disclaim all intention to draw a real picture, but say that the continual meetings I had, with Americans bent on such errands had suggested this wild story. The descriptions of scenery, &c., and of the Hospital, might be correct, but there should be a tinge of the grotesque given

to all the characters and events. The tragic and the gentler pathetic need not be excluded by the tone and treatment. If I could but write one central scene in this vein, all the rest of the Romance

would readily arrange itself around that nucleus. The begging-girl would be another American character; the actress too; the caravan people. It must be a humorous work, or nothing.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

To kneel before some saintly shrine,
To breathe the health of airs divine,
Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,
The cowed and turbaned pilgrims go.
I too, a palmer, take, as they
With staff and scallop-shell, my way
To feel, from burdening cares and ills,
The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,
For dreamed-of wonders all athirst,
I saw on Wiunepesaukee fall
The shadow of the mountain wall.
Ah! where are they who sailed with me
The beautiful island-studded sea?
And am I he whose keen surprise
Flashed out from such unclouded eyes?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,
My longing for the hills returns;
And northward, leaving at my back
The warm vale of the Merrimac,
I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline
Along a ridged horizon line;
Touching the hill-tops, as a nun
Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.
One lake lies golden, which shall soon
Be silver in the rising moon;
And one, the crimson of the skies
And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends
The distance-softened voice of friends;

The girl's light laugh no discord brings
To the low song the pine-tree sings ;
And, not unwelcome, comes the hail
Of boyhood from his nearing sail.
The human presence breaks no spell,
And sunset still is 'miracle !

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel
A sense of worship o'er me steal ;
Not that of satyr-charming Pan,
No cult of Nature shaming man,
Not Beauty's self, but that which lives
And shines through all the veils it weaves, —
Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,
Their witness to the Eternal Good !

And if, by fond illusion, here
The earth to heaven seems drawing near,
And yon outlying range invites
To other and serener heights,
Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,
The shining Mounts Delectable !
A dream may hint of truth no less
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her veil of incense smoke
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,
More than her heathen oracle,
May not this trance of sunset tell
That Nature's forms of loveliness
Their heavenly archetypes confess,
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone
From patterns in the Mount made known ?

A holier beauty overbroods
These fair and faint similitudes ;
Yet not unblest is he who sees
The dreams of God's realities,
And knows beyond this masquerade
Of shape and color, light and shade,
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set !
O hills that charmed horizons fret !
I know how fair your morns can break,
In rosy light on isle and lake ;
How over wooded slopes can run
The noon-day play of cloud and sun,
And evening droop her oriflamme
Of gold and red in still Asquam.

The summer moons may round again,
 And careless feet these hills profane;
 These sunsets waste on vacant eyes
 The lavish splendor of the skies;
 Fashion and folly, misplaced here,
 Sigh for their natural atmosphere,
 And traveled pride the outlook scorn
 Of lesser heights than Matterhorn:

But let me dream that hill and sky
 Of unseen beauty prophesy;
 And in these tinted lakes behold
 The trailing of the raiment fold
 Of that which, still eluding gaze,
 Allures to upward-tending ways,
 Whose footprints make, wherever found,
 Our common earth a holy ground.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AN AFTER-BREAKFAST TALK.

THE early readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* will permit me, as an acquaintance of long standing, to speak freely with them from its pages, and, as it were, face to face. They have met me often: sometimes in my avowed personality; sometimes under a transparent mask, which might be a shield, but could not be a disguise.

Twenty-five years ago I introduced myself to them, in the first number of this magazine, as *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. Twenty-five years before that time, under the same title, in the pages of the *New England Magazine*, I had asked the public to sit down with me at my morning refection. I should blush to think of the entertainment to which I invited the readers of that earlier periodical, had I not learned charity to myself in noting the errors of taste and judgment of other young writers, often subjecting them to pitiless criticism as the reward of their first efforts. The second board was spread more satisfactorily to the entertainer,

and, I have a right to believe, to the guests. This, then, is the silver anniversary year of my wedding with the *Muse of the Monthlies*, and the golden anniversary year of my betrothal, if I may look upon those earlier papers as a pledge of future alliance.

During the larger part of this long period my time has been in great measure occupied with other duties. I never forgot the advice of Coleridge, that a literary man should have a regular calling. I may say, in passing, that I have often given this advice to others, and too often wished I could supplement it with the words *and confine himself to it*. For authorship, and especially poetical authorship, is one of the commonest signs of mental weakness, for which the best tonic is found in steady occupation, — professional, mechanical, or other, — some daily task, fairly compensated, useful, habitual, and therefore largely automatic, and thus economical of the slender intellectual endowments and limited vital resources which are so

very frequently observed in association with typomania.

The time has come in which I have felt it best to resign to younger hands the duties of the Professorship I have held for more than the years of one generation. I hope, while not forgetting the natural laws, which hint to me and my coevals, as they whispered to Emerson,

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail,"

— I hope, I say (for who can promise, at such a stage of life?), to find increased leisure for these pages, to which more than any others I am accustomed. There must be some spare hours, and may be some residual energy, at my disposal, now that the lecture-room, which has known me so long, is to know me no more.

Let me venture to say something of the experiences I have had as a writer since I began a new literary career with the first number of this magazine.

I cannot deny that the kindness with which my contributions to this periodical have been received has proved a great source of gratification to me, — more than I could have expected or was prepared for. When I sat down to write the first paper I sent to *The Atlantic Monthly*, I felt somewhat as a maiden of more than mature efflorescence may be supposed to feel as she paces down the broad aisle, in her bridal veil and with her wreath of orange-blossoms. I had written little of late years. I was at that time older than Goldsmith was when he died; and Goldsmith, as Dr. Johnson said, was a plant that flowered late. A new generation had grown up since I had written the verses by which, if remembered at all, I was best known. I honestly feared that I might prove the superfluous veteran who has no business behind the footlights. I can as honestly say that it turned out otherwise; I was most kindly welcomed.

And now I am looking back on that

far-off time as the period, I will not say of youth, — for I was close upon the five-barred gate of the *cinquantaine*, though I had not yet taken the leap, — but of marrowy and vigorous manhood. Those were the days of unaided vision, of acute hearing, of alert movements, of feelings almost boyish in their vivacity. It is a long cry from the end of the second quarter of a century in a man's life to the end of the third quarter. His companions have fallen all around him, and he finds himself in a newly peopled world. His mental furnishing looks old-fashioned and faded to the generation which is crowding about him, with its new patterns and its fresh colors. Shall he throw open his apartments to visitors, or is it not wiser to live on his memories in a decorous privacy, and not risk himself before the keen young eyes and relentless judgment of the new-comers, who have grown up in strength and self-reliance while he has been losing force and confidence?

If that feeling came over me a quarter of a century ago, it is not strange that it comes back upon me now. Having laid down the burden which for more than thirty-five years I have carried cheerfully, I might naturally seek the quiet of my chimney corner, and purr away the twilight of my life unheard beyond the circle about my own fire-place. But when I see what my living contemporaries are doing, I am shamed out of absolute inertness and silence. The men of my birth-year are so painfully industrious at this very time that one of the same date hardly dares to be idle. I look across the Atlantic, and see Mr. Gladstone, only four months younger than myself, standing erect with Patrick's grievances on one shoulder and Pharaoh's pyramids on the other, — an Atlas whose intervals of repose are paroxysms of learned labor; I listen to Tennyson, another birth of the same year, filling the air with melody long

after the singing months of life's summer are over; I come nearer home, and here is my very dear friend and college classmate, so certain to be in every good movement with voice, or pen, or both, that where two or three are gathered together for useful ends, if James Freeman Clarke is not there, it is because he is busy with a book or a discourse meant for a larger audience; I glance at the placards on the blank wall I am passing, and there I see the colossal head of Barnum, the untiring, inexhaustible, insuperable, ever triumphant and jubilant Barnum, who came to his atmospheric life less than a year after I began breathing the fatal mixture, and still wages Titanic battle with his own past superlatives. How can one dare to sit down inactive, with such examples before him? One must do something, were it nothing more profitable than the work of that dear old Penelope, of almost ninety years, whom I so well remember, hemming over and over again the same piece of linen, her attendant's scissors removing each day's work at evening; herself, meantime, being kindly nursed in the illusion that she was still the useful Martha of the household.

Some of my earlier friends, possibly some of my newer and younger ones, may like to get a lesson or two from the record of a writer who has been fortunate enough to secure a considerably extended circle of readers. The schooling he has had will recall to many brother and sister authors what they themselves have been through, and will show those who are beginning a life of authorship what may come to them by and by.

An author may interest his public by his work, or by his personality, or by both. A great mathematician or metaphysician may be lost sight of in his own intellectual wealth, as a great capitalist becomes at last the mere appendage of his far more important millions. There is, on the other hand, a class of writers

whose individuality is the one thing we care about. The world could get along without their help, but it wants their company. We are not so very curious about the details of the life of Gauss, but we do want to know a good deal about Richter. Sir William Rowan Hamilton invented, or developed, the doctrine of quaternions; but we do not care very particularly about his domestic annals, the migrations from the blue bed to the brown, and the rest. But poor, dear Charles Lamb, — we can hardly withhold the pitying epithet, since the rough Scotchman brought up against him, as one of his own kale-pots might have shivered a quaint and precious amphora, — poor, dear Charles, — he did not invent any grand formula, he certainly had not the lever of Archimedes, but he had a personality which was quite apart from that of all average humanity, and he is adopted as one of the pleasantest inmates of memory. It is enough to say of many men that they are interesting. And we are content to say of many others that they are useful, virtuous, praiseworthy, illustrious, even, by what they have achieved, but *uninteresting*, and we do not greatly care to hear anything about them apart from their work.

Nobody is interesting to all the world. An author who is spoken of as universally admired will find, if he is foolish enough to inquire, that there are not wanting intelligent persons who are indifferent to him, nor yet those who have a special and emphatic dislike to him. If there were another Homer, there would be another Homeromastix. An author should know that the very characteristics which make him the object of admiration to many, and endear him to some among them, will render him an object of dislike to a certain number of individuals of equal, it may be of superior, intelligence. Doubtless God never made a better berry than the strawberry, yet it is a poison to a considerable num-

ber of persons. There are those who dislike the fragrance of the water-lily, and those in whom the smell of a rose produces a series of those convulsions known as sneezes. He (or she) who ventures into authorship must expect to encounter occasional instances of just such antipathy, of which he and all that he does are the subjects. Let him take it patiently. What is thus out of accord with the temperament or the mood of his critic may not be blamable; nay, it may be excellent. But Zoilus does not like it or the writer, — the reason why he cannot tell, perhaps, but he does not like either; and he is in his rights, and the author must sit still and let the critic play off his idiosyncrasies against his own.

There is a converse to all this, which it is much pleasanter to contemplate and to experience. Let us suppose an author to have some distinguishing personal quality, which shows itself in what he writes, and by which he is known from all other writers. There will be individuals — they may be few, they may be many — who will so instantly recognize, so eagerly accept, so warmly adopt, even so devoutly idolize, the writer in question that self-love itself, dulled as its palate is by the hot spices of praise, draws back overcome by the burning stimulants of adoration. I was told, not long since, by one of our most justly admired authoresses, that a correspondent wrote to her that she had read one of her stories fourteen times in succession.

There is a meaning, and a deep one, in these elective affinities. Most things which we call *odd* are *even* in the economy of nature. Each personality is more or less completely the complement of some other: of some one, perhaps, exactly; of others nearly enough to have a special significance for them. A reader is frequently ignorant of what he wants until he happens to fall in with the writer who has the complemen-

tary element of which he is in need. Then he finds the nourishment he wanted in the intellectual or spiritual food before him, or has his failing appetite revived by the stimulus of a mind more highly vitalized than his own. The sailor who has fed on salted provisions until he is half crystallized wreaks his hunger upon a fresh potato as if it were a fruit of the tree of life. The dumb cattle who feel their blood getting watery make for the salt-licks, and season their diluted fluids. So with many readers: they find new life in the essay or poem which the reviewer, treating *de haut en bas*, as is his wont, has condemned from his lofty eminence, in reality only because it was not of the kind that his own need, if he felt any gap in his omniscience, called for. An epicure might as well find fault with the sailor's potato because it was not properly cooked, — in fact, not cooked at all; or order the herds to be driven from the salt-lick, because it was not a succulent pasture.

It should never be forgotten by the critic that every grade of mental development demands a literature of its own; a little above its level, that it may be lifted to a higher grade, but not too much above it, so that it requires too long a stride, — a stairway, not a steep wall to climb. The true critic is not the sharp *captator verborum*; not the brisk epigrammatist, showing off his own cleverness, always trying to outflank the author against whom he has arrayed his wits and his learning. He is a man who knows the real wants of the reading world, and can prize at their just value the writings which meet those wants. I remember, many years ago, happening to speak, before a certain clergyman, of the great convenience I had found in having Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance to the plays of Shakespeare always at hand. He spoke scornfully, *naso adunco*, of the poor creature who could require an index to

such familiar productions. No doubt he remembered every line and every word of the distinguished author,—at least it was fair to presume so,—but there are some who might not feel quite certain about every passage, and would not be ashamed to consult the volume he could dispense with. The organs of criticism swarm with just such prigs and pretenders, and the young author must be prepared to run the gauntlet through a double row of them. Happy for him if he can keep his temper, and profit by their rough handling; satisfy them he never can.

In spite of the positive verdicts of the soundest criticism, we must not forget that each individual has always his right of peremptory challenge, his right to like or dislike, for the simple reason that he is what he is, and none other. The writer who attains a certain measure of popularity, so as to reach a considerable variety of readers, must be ready for a trial more dangerous than that running the gauntlet just spoken of. He will be startled to find himself the object of an embarrassing devotion, and almost appropriation, by some of his parish of readers. He will blush, at his lonely desk, as he reads the extravagances of expression which pour over him like the oil which ran down upon the beard of Aaron, and even down to the skirts of his garments,—an extreme unction which seems hardly desirable. We ought to have his photograph as he reads one of those frequent missives, oftenest traced, we may guess, in the delicate slanting hand which betrays the slender fingers of the sympathetic sisterhood. A slight sense of the ridiculous at being made so much of qualifies the placid tolerance with which the rhymester or the essayist sees himself preferred to the great masters in prose and verse, and reads his name glowing in a halo of epithets which might belong to Bacon or Milton. We need not grudge him such pleasure as

he may derive from the illusion of a momentary reverie, in which he dreams of himself as clad in royal robes and exalted among the immortals. The next post will very probably bring him some slip from a newspaper or critical journal, which will strip him of his regalia, as Thackeray, in one of his illustrations, has disrobed and denuded the Grand Monarque. He saw himself but a moment ago a colossal figure, in a drapery of rhetorical purple, ample enough for an emperor, as Bernini would clothe him. The image-breaker has passed by, belittling him by comparison, jostling him off his pedestal, levelling his most prominent feature, or even breaking a whole ink-bottle against him, as the indignant moralist did on the figure in the vestibule of the opera-house,—the shortest and most effective satire that ever came from that fountain of approval and condemnation. Such are some of the varied experiences of authorship.

To be known as a writer is to become public property. Every book a writer publishes—say, rather, every line he traces—is an open sesame as good as a latch-key for some one; it may be some score, or hundreds, or thousands. The already recognized author, with whom his affinities may be more or less strong, takes his hand as a brother,—after the public has accepted him,—sometimes before. The unsuccessful authors, whose efforts find their natural habitat in the waste-baskets of the magazines and newspapers, seeing that he is afloat, struggle to the surface through the dark waves of oblivion, and grasp at him, in the vain hope that he can keep their heads, as well as his own, above water. The hitherto undiscovered twentieth cousin starts up in the huckleberry bushes, and claims him as a relative. That citizen of the world, the borrower whose remittances have failed to reach him, is at hand to share the good fortune of his literary friend, whose works, as he says, have been his travel-

ling companions from China to Peru. The poet with his manuscript, the reader with his larynx, invade his premises, and he must read and listen, perhaps to his own verses, until

He back recoils, he knows not why,
E'en at the lines himself has made.

Rejoice, O man of many editions! You have sold your books, — yes, and you have sold your time, your privacy, your right hand, if that is the one you hold your pen in, and a slice of your immortal soul with it! For if you do not sooner or later explode in all the maledictions of Ernulphus and Athanasius, you are gifted with a patience that Job the all-enduring might have envied.

There is one more trial which touches the finest sensibilities of an author. The reader who has adopted him as his favorite, or his object of admiration, has formed an ideal of his person, his expression, his voice, his manner. How rarely does an author correspond to this ideal picture! How often is the visitor who has made a pilgrimage to the shrine of his demigod disappointed, disenchanted, and sent off regretting that he has exchanged his false image for the real presence! Let every pilgrim on his way to his idol's temple read Miss Edgeworth's "*Angelina*, or *L'Amie Inconnue*."

Now as to all these troubles of authorship, there are two ways of dealing with them. An author has a perfect right to say, "I am not on exhibition, like the fat boy or the double-headed lady. If I were, I should charge the usual price for admission to the show. It is not my profession to write letters to strangers, who consult me on all manner of questions involving their private interests. If it were, I should keep an office and one or more secretaries to help me attend to the wants of applicants, and I should expect the fees of a lawyer or a physician. I will not be 'in-

terviewed' by persons of whom I know nothing. I will not answer letters from all parts of the country and far-off lands, from those who have no personal claim upon me. These people have no right to invade my premises, and appropriate my hours of labor, and I will have my rights, even if I am an author."

This is one way of looking at the question, and I am by no means sure that, hard and almost churlish as it seems, it is not, on the whole, the wisest for all concerned. Sooner or later the burden of correspondence becomes so heavy as to be insupportable, unless some short and easy method can be found of dealing with epistolary aggressions; such, for instance, as a printed formula, or a number of such formulæ, which the author can sign by the dozen, and which will in the large majority of cases answer every purpose. This is the plan Willis adopted and announced, long ago. He had the name of being very kind to his correspondents, but he found their exactions were wearing him out, — an experience which others have had since his time. One of our most recent foreign visitors, a very distinguished person, told me that he made use of a lithographed form of answer to his correspondents.

It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that all human beings have a certain claim on each other. The writer who has attained success owes something to those who are struggling to attain it. It is perfectly true that the greatest number of young persons who write to noted authors are entirely destitute of any exceptional talent which gives them a claim to be encouraged to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Still, they are fellow-creatures, and if Nature has denied them the gifts which they fondly believe themselves to possess, they are entitled, not to our scorn and ridicule, but to our tender consideration. We never laugh at the idiot, but we are too ready to make sport of the weakling. On the whole, it is bet-

ter to handle a feeble literary aspirant gently, and let him print his little book,—for that is the natural crisis of his complaint. *Let him*, did I say? The powers of the universe could not prevent him from doing it. He asks your advice, and all the time he has his proof sheets in his desk or his pocket. And it must never be forgotten that in the midst of the weeds of vanity and folly, at any time, in some unexpected way, in the place where you never thought of looking for it, may spring up the shoot which will flower by and by as genius. Fortunately, as a general rule, mediocrity betrays itself in the first line or the first sentence of its manifesto. The aspiring author expects his successful elder brother to read a dozen of his poems, or the whole of his story; he does not remember, if he knows, that *ex linea Baviūm* is as true as *ex pede Herculem*.

Between the author's just right to his time and the claims which a kind heart makes it impossible not to listen to, many writers who have gained the ear of the public, and who pass for amiable and well-disposed persons, in this country, as doubtless in others, have found themselves not a little perplexed. The late meeting of those interested in the subject, of which many of our readers may not have heard, seems to have adjusted these conflicting interests in a manner which, it may be hoped, will prove satisfactory to all concerned. It only remains to carry out the provisions which, after long deliberation, were unanimously agreed upon as expressing the sense of the meeting. Some extracts from the minutes of the proceedings have been put in my hands by the secretary, and are here reproduced, being now printed for the first time. It is hoped that they will be generally read by the two classes of persons to whom their provisions more especially apply, namely, authors and their visitors and correspondents.

Abstract of the Record of Proceedings of The Association of Authors for Self-Protection, at a Meeting held at Washington, September 31, 1882.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas there is prevalent in the community an opinion that he or she who has written and published a book belongs thenceforward to everybody but himself or herself, and may be called upon by any person for any gratuitous service for which he or she is wanted; and Whereas we believe that some rights do still remain to authors (meaning by that term writers of both sexes), notwithstanding the fact of such writing and publication; and Whereas we have found it impossible to make a stand in our individual capacity against the various forms of tyranny which have grown out of the opinion above mentioned, we do hereby unite and constitute ourselves a joint body for the purpose and by the title above named.

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OF THE PROPERTY OF AUTHORS.

This does not consist, for the most part, of what is called real, or of what is called personal, estate, but lies chiefly in that immaterial and intangible possession known in its general expression as *time*, or in special portions, as days, hours, minutes, and seconds. If the author is fortunate enough to own the piece of mechanism commonly called a clock, his timepiece will be found to mark and measure sixty seconds to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour, and twenty-four hours to the day, and *no more*, like the timepieces of other owners; which fact is contrary to the apparent belief of many of his visitors and correspondents.

OF THE PERSONS OF AUTHORS.

It is not to be considered that authorship entirely changes the author to a being of a different nature. He or she

is entitled to the common kind of consideration which belongs to humanity in general. Bodily defects and infirmities are not fit subjects for public comment, especially in the case of women, to whom the *spretæ injuria formæ* is an unforgivable offence. And so of all the ordinary decencies of life; the author is to be considered as having the same rights as the general public.

OF VISITS OF STRANGERS TO AUTHORS.

Visits of Curiosity or Admiration. These are not always distinguishable from each other, and may be considered together. The stranger should send up his card, if he has one; if he has none, he should, if admitted, at once announce himself and his object, without circumlocution, as thus: "My name is M. or N. from X. or Y. I wish to see and take the hand of a writer whom I have long admired for his," etc., etc. *Here the Author should extend his hand, and reply in substance as follows:* "I am pleased to see you, my dear sir, and very glad that anything I have written has been a source of pleasure or profit to you." The visitor has now had what he says he came for, and, after making a brief polite acknowledgment, should retire, unless, for special reasons, he is urged to stay longer.

Visits of Interviewers. The interviewer is a product of over-civilization, who does for the living what the undertaker does for the dead, taking such liberties as he chooses with the subject of his mental and conversational manipulations, whom he is to arrange for public inspection. The interview system has its legitimate use; is often a convenience to politicians, and may even gratify the vanity and serve the interests of an author. In its abuse it is an infringement of the liberty of the private citizen, to be ranked with the edicts of the Council of Ten, the Decrees of the Star-Chamber, the *Lettres de Cachet*, and the visits of the Inquisition. The

Interviewer, if excluded, becomes an enemy, and has the columns of a newspaper at his service, in which to revenge himself. If admitted, the Interviewed is at the mercy of the Interviewer's memory, if he is the best meaning of men; of his inaccuracy, if he is careless; of his malevolence if he is ill-disposed; of his prejudices, if he has any; and of his sense of propriety, at any rate.

In consideration of the possible abuses arising from the privilege granted to, or rather usurped by, the irresponsible individuals who exercise the function of domiciliary inspection, it is proposed to place the whole business under legal restrictions, in accordance with the plan here sketched for consideration, and about to be submitted to the judgment of all our local governments.

— A licensed corps of Interviewers, to be appointed by the municipal authorities. — Each Interviewer to wear in a conspicuous position a Number and a Badge, for which the following emblems and inscriptions are suggested: Zephyrus with his lips at the ear of Boreas, who holds a speaking-trumpet; signifying that what is said by the Interviewed in a whisper will be shouted to the world by the Interviewer through that brazen instrument. For mottoes, either of the following: *Fœnum habet in cornu*; *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto*. — No person to be admitted to the Corps of Interviewers without a strict preliminary examination. — The candidate to be proved free from color-blindness and amblyopia, ocular and mental strabismus, double refraction of memory, kleptomania, mendacity of more than average dimensions, and tendency to alcoholic endosmosis. — His moral and religious character to be vouched for by three orthodox clergymen of the same belief, and as many deacons who agree with them and with each other. — All reports to be submitted to the Interviewed, and the proofs thereof to be

corrected and sanctioned by him before being given to the public.

Until the above provisions are carried into effect, no record of an alleged Interview to be considered as anything more than the untrustworthy gossip of an irresponsible impersonality.

OF UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENTS.

Of *Autograph-Seekers*. The increase in the number of applicants for autographs is so great that it has become necessary to adopt positive regulations to protect the Author from the exorbitant claims of this class of virtuosos. The following propositions were adopted without discussion : —

— No author is under any obligation to answer any letter from an unknown person applying for his autograph. If he sees fit to do so, it is a gratuitous concession on his part.

— No stranger should ask for more than one autograph.

— No stranger should request an author to copy a poem, or even a verse. He should remember that he is one of many thousands ; that a thousand fleas are worse than one hornet, and that a mob of mosquitoes will draw more blood than a single horse-leech.

— Every correspondent applying for an autograph should send a *card* or *blank paper*, in a *stamped envelope* directed to himself (or herself). If he will not take the trouble to attend to all this, which he can just as well do as make the author do it, he must not expect the author to make good his deficiencies. [Accepted by acclamation.]

— Sending a stamp does not constitute a claim on an author for an answer. [Received with loud applause.] The stamp may be retained by the author, or, what is better, devoted to the use of some appropriate charity, as, for instance, the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble-Minded Persons.

— No stranger should expect an au-

thor to send him or her his photograph. These pictures cost money, and it may not be convenient to an impecunious celebrity to furnish them to the applicants, who are becoming singularly numerous.

— *Albums*. An album of decent external aspect may, without impropriety, be offered to an author, with the request that he will write his name therein. It is not proper, as a general rule, to ask for anything more than the name. The author may, of course, add a quotation from his writings, or a sentiment, if so disposed ; but this must be considered as a work of supererogation, and an exceptional manifestation of courtesy.

— *Bed-quilt Autographs*. It should be a source of gratification to an author to contribute to the soundness of his reader's slumbers, if he cannot keep him awake by his writings. He should therefore cheerfully inscribe his name on the scrap of satin or other stuff (provided always that it be sent him *in a stamped and directed envelope*), that it may take its place in the patch-work mosaic for which it is intended.

Letters of Admiration. These may be accepted as genuine, unless they contain specimens of the writer's own composition, upon which a critical opinion is requested, in which case they are to be regarded in the same light as medicated sweetmeats : namely, as meaning more than their looks imply. Genuine letters of admiration, being usually considered by the recipient as proofs of good taste and sound judgment on the part of his unknown correspondent, may be safely left to his decision as to whether they shall be answered or not.

Questioning Letters. These are commonly fraudulent in their nature, their true intent being to obtain an autograph letter in reply. They should be answered, if at all, by a clerk or secretary ; which will be satisfactory to the corre-

spondent, if he only wishes for information, and will teach him not to try to obtain anything by false pretences, if his intent was what it is, for the most part, in letters of this kind.

Letters asking Advice. An author is not of necessity a competent adviser on all subjects. He is expected, nevertheless, to advise unknown persons as to their health of body and mind, their religion, their choice of a profession; on matrimony, on education, on courses of reading; and, more especially, to lay down a short and easy method for obtaining brilliant and immediate success in a literary career. These applicants, if replied to at all, should be directed to the several specialists who are competent to answer their questions. Literary aspirants commonly send a specimen of their productions in prose or verse, oftentimes the latter. They ask for criticism, but they want praise, which they very rarely deserve. If a sentence can be extracted from any letter written them which can help an advertisement, the publisher of their little volume will get hold of it. They demoralize kind-hearted authors by playing on their good-nature, and leading them to express judgments not in conformity with their own standards. They must be taught the lesson that authors are not the same thing as editors and publishers, whose business it is to examine manuscripts intended for publication, and to whom their applications should be addressed.

— No stranger whose letter has been answered by an Author should consider himself (or herself) as having *opened a correspondence* with the personage addressed. Once replied to, he (or she) should look upon himself (or herself) as done with, unless distinctly requested or encouraged to write again.

Invitations. An Author cannot and must not be expected to accept most of

the invitations he is constantly receiving. The fact of noted authorship should be considered equivalent to a perpetual previous engagement. A formal answer to an invitation shall discharge him from further duty, and he shall not be taxed to contribute in prose or verse to occasions in which he has no special interest, or any other, unless so disposed.

— *Private Letters of Authors.* No private letter of any Author, and no extract from such letter, shall be printed without his permission, or without giving him the opportunity of *correcting the proof*, as in the case of any other publication of what he has written. If any letter, or extract from a letter, of an Author is printed in violation of these obvious rights and duties, the Author shall not be held responsible for any statement such letter or extract may be alleged to contain; and those who publish any such alleged statement as having been made by the Author in question shall be considered as taking part in the original violation of confidence, unless they defend the Author against all unfavorable inferences drawn from said letter or extract.

Of Books sent to Authors. An Author is not bound to read any book sent him by a stranger. He is not under any obligation to express his opinion of any book so sent, whether said opinion is to be used as a Publisher's advertisement or not. An acknowledgment, with thanks, is to be reckoned a discharge of all obligations to the sender.

Of Remembering introduced Strangers. Strangers who have had an introduction to an Author have no right to expect that their faces will be remembered by him as well as they remember his. This is especially true of persons of the female sex who are youthful and comely, and for this reason have a certain resemblance to each other. If such

youthful and comely individuals identify the Author before he shows, by the usual mark of courtesy, that he recognizes them, they need not think themselves intentionally slighted, but may address him freely, and he will not take offence at being spoken to before speaking.

The above rules are to be considered applicable only to strangers having no special claim upon the author.

The Association may be found fault with for passing these resolves, some of which may sound harshly in the ears of certain readers, who have not acted in

accordance with their precepts. But it must be remembered that it is almost a question of life and death with Authors. This cannot be considered too strong an expression, when we remember that Pope was driven to exclaim, a century and a half ago, —

“Fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.”

In obtaining and giving to the public this abstract of the Proceedings of the Association, I have been impelled by the same feelings of humanity which led me to join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, believing that the sufferings of Authors are as much entitled to sympathy and relief as those of the brute creation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.

It is the purpose of this paper to give the impression made by the performance of *Parsifal* at Baireuth, last summer, in view of certain strictures upon the motive of the drama, and without any attempt at musical criticism. In order to do this, I shall have to run over the leading features of the play, already given in the newspapers. Criticism enough, and of an unfavorable sort, there has been, though I heard none of it in Baireuth, nor ever any from those who had been present at the wonderful festival. Perhaps that was because I happened to meet only disciples of Wagner. I fancy that the professional critics, who did publish depreciating comments upon the new opera, and upon Wagner's methods in general, felt more inclined to that course after they had escaped from the powerful immediate impression of the performance, from the atmosphere of Baireuth, and begun to reflect upon the responsibilities of the special critics to the world at large, and what in par-

ticular was their duty towards the whole Wagner movement, assumption, presumption, or whatever it is called, than they did while they were surrounded by the influences that Wagner had skillfully brought to bear to effect his purpose on them.

I have read two kinds of criticism. One was written by musical adepts, who had not heard the opera, but who condemned it on perusal of the score and the libretto; declaring the latter to be sacrilegious, and the author to be a false prophet among musicians and a charlatan among managers. The other critics, who also set themselves against Wagnerism, described the performance in such terms that all Europe was more and more eager to see it, but compounded for their reluctant enjoyment by finding unworthy methods in a success they could not deny. Whatever the triumph was, they said it was not a pure musical triumph, but one due to the creation of special conditions and favoring circum-

stances. Fancy Beethoven pushing his music into popular notice by such clap-trap means!

It was a great offense, in the first place, that Wagner should build his theatre in the inaccessible Franconian city, — a city with scant accommodations for visitors, and off the regular lines of travel. It was a still greater offense that, after all, he should be able to attract to this remote and provincial place pilgrims and strangers, not only from every country in Europe, but from America, Australia, and India; and that the theatre should be filled three nights in the week for three months by persons willing to incur the expense of a long, wearisome journey, and to pay thirty marks (seven dollars and a half) for a seat, at the end of it. A success of this sort could scarcely be legitimate. It must be due to some managerial legerdemain and to a misdirected enthusiasm.

Perhaps if we knew all the circumstances, the building of the theatre at Baireuth would not appear to be a whim of arbitrariness. Years ago, the king of Bavaria desired to erect a theatre in Munich, on the hill over the Iser. He was so bitterly opposed in the location of the building by the citizens of Munich that he abandoned the purpose, and began the construction of a play-house to suit himself, elsewhere. The new theatre would have been so well adapted to Wagner's purposes that it may be doubted if Wagner would have set up his standard at Baireuth, if the Munich project had been carried out.

Yet it must be owned that the quaint little city, which owes so much of its romantic interest to Frederick's sister, the Margravine, has advantages in its very remotenesses and primitive conditions. The reason why Wagner's operas are enjoyed in Munich, and fail to please in Paris, is not that they are better presented in Munich; nor is the comparative failure in Paris due to the

character of the operas, but rather to the atmosphere of Paris and the character of the audiences. *Parsifal* is scarcely better adapted to the meridian and the operatic traditions of Paris than is the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.

It is Wagner's well-known theory of the opera that it should be something other than a series of airs, sung by one or two or several persons to the audience, with spaces or wastes of musical declamation between; with an orchestra merely by way of accompaniment, and a background of scenery that would indifferently fit a dozen plays, and a plot incoherent and without any special purpose. Whether Wagner is successful or not in reducing his theories to practice is still in dispute; but he attempts a production which has purpose and unity, and which excludes everything not consistent with the effects he aims at. A story is to be told, a lesson is to be taught, an impression is to be produced on the hearer and spectator; and to this impression the orchestra, the scenery, and the singing are of almost equal importance. Nothing is admitted that does not forward the general purpose, and the unity of the story is not broken by special appeals to the audience. The effort is made to impress and stimulate the imagination, and to engage the attention in the work as a whole rather than in certain lyrical and melodic details. Wagner desires to move in his audiences sentiments, fervors, aspirations, in particular directions. Why is it charlatanism in him to prepare conditions favorable to his purpose? Why is it not legitimate that he should bring his audiences into such a state of mind, before the performance begins, that they are predisposed to enjoy the entertainment he offers. We know how much the appreciation of a poem depends upon the surroundings in which we read it or hear it. If Wagner has so contrived it that his audiences, arriving at the quiet and primitive city where he is almost

worshiped, regard themselves as pilgrims at a special festival, and are in a receptive state of mind before they enter the theatre; if the theatre itself and all the environments heighten this impression; and if, finally, the performance itself seems to them more like a spiritual drama than an opera, where is the charlatanism, even if it can be proved that the impression is largely due to the accessories of the music? If it is said that other great composers would not have resorted to such adventitious aids, I can only think that any composer would have liked to command the best conditions for the production of his compositions. It is of course possible that the crowds at Baireuth were victims of a delusion, and of skillful contrivance. I can answer for many of them that they would like to be deluded again in just that way.

When we arrived at the station in Baireuth, it was at once apparent that the town was *en fête*, and that its sole occupation was the Wagner festival. Our train, which had waited at the last junction to bring hundreds of passengers from the east, was an hour late; it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and the performance was to begin at four. The bustle at the station, the ubiquity of committee-men and town officials, the crowd of vehicles, of all the fashions of the present and the last century, the air of expectation and the excitement were evidence of the entire absorption of the town in the great event. An agricultural fair in a New England village, or a *Fiesta de Toros* in Spain, could not more stir a community into feverish and cheerful activity. If the arriving stranger, carpet-bag in hand, had not the freedom of the city, he had all the city to wait on him, answer his inquiries, and take interest in him as an intelligent and profitable pilgrim. We had secured our tickets by telegraph, and found them ready for us at the banker's. We had also applied to the burgomeister for

accommodations for the night, and we found that a committee, in permanent session at the station, had already billeted our party at private houses, to which we were promptly dispatched. Everything was so perfectly systematized that the wayfaring man, though a Wagnerite, need not err therein, and our quarters turned out to be exceedingly comfortable, and given at moderate prices. All the private houses of the place appeared to be at the disposal of the committee, and offered without extortion. If the inhabitants were not all devoted to Wagner, they were devoted to his festival, and the master pervaded the town. The musical works of Richard Wagner were everywhere in sight, and in almost all the shop windows were photographs of Wagner, engravings of Wagner, busts of Wagner, statuettes of Wagner. The other chief objects for sale in the town were photographs of the characters in *Parsifal*. We liked the old town, at once for its quaintness and single-mindedness, and we admitted that there is only one Baireuth, and Wagner is its prophet.

The pilgrim to the shrine of Wagner is treated like a pilgrim. He is expected to be willing to put his devotion to a further test, after reaching the remote town; for the theatre is set on a hill, half a mile from the city, so that a carriage is needed for the majority of visitors, especially if the weather is rainy, as it was the day of our arrival, and as it was all last summer, four days out of five, in the German land. This hill places the spiritual drama one more remove from the bustle of the sinful world, and helps to isolate the performance from ordinary life. The theatre is an ungainly brick building, erected only with reference to the interior accommodations. The great bulk of the stage rises out of it in defiance of all architectural beauty. The auditorium is surrounded by an open corridor, from which there are entrances for every

three rows of seats. Each ticket indicates its entrance, so that the audience assembles and seats itself without confusion, and the house can be perfectly emptied in two minutes, without any danger of a rush or jam. The interior has been so often described that I need not enter into details. There are no proscenium boxes or side seats; the rows of chairs rise from the stage, spread out like a half-open fan, and at the back of the house are a row of private boxes; above them is a shallow gallery. Every part of the stage can be perfectly seen from every seat in the house. A low barrier rises before the front row of seats, separating the auditorium from the stage by a considerable space. In this sunken space, hidden completely from the audience, is the orchestra. The house is almost bare of decoration; only a cool gray color pervades, which is grateful to the senses. All the splendor is reserved for the stage, which is of immense proportions.

At four o'clock the fifteen hundred seats were filled, and a crowd of persons, said to be several hundred, occupied the standing-room in the rear. Most of the audience were standing, and the house was in a buzz of conversation and expectation. Suddenly, at the stroke of a stick behind the scenes, the audience seated itself; the doors were closed, excluding the light; the hall and the people were discernible only in an obscure twilight; a profound silence fell upon the house, indignantly enforced by a hissing "hushzz" directed at a careless whisperer; and at another signal the prelude began. The stillness was phenomenal, and so continued through the entire performance. I had an impression at the time that the audience was in a temper to lay violent hands on any one who should break the silence by any sound.

We sat in the luminous darkness, and the prelude began by the unseen orchestra. From the first note the music was

striking; it portended something. It may have been because the players were concealed, but I seemed to hear not instruments, but music. And this music had a supernatural note, an unworldly, not to say a spiritual, suggestion. It rose and fell, more importunate than strident, in pleading, in warning, in entreaty. Whether it was good music or utterly impossible music I cannot say, owing to a constitutional and cultivated ignorance of musical composition; but it affected me now and again like the wind in a vast forest of pines on a summer day. It appealed to the imagination, it excited expectation, it begat an indefinable longing; and now and then a minor strain, full of sadness or of passion, suggested a theme, like the opening of a window into another world,—a theme which was to be renewed again and again in the drama, when it came to us like a reminiscence of some former life. When the prelude had been prolonged until the audience were brought up to the highest pitch of expectation, the great curtains were drawn aside, and the domain of the Knights of the Holy Grail, a peaceful, sunny land of forest, meadow, lake, and mountain, was disclosed.

The composer has made use of one of the earlier legends of the Grail, at the time when the cup was still in possession of the knights appointed to guard it. The cup which had been drained at the Passover feast and had received the holy blood at the cross was still safe; but the sacred spear, the spear of the cross, which the heavenly messenger had also committed to the knights, had been lost. It was in possession of Klingsor, a recreant knight, who inhabited pagan land, and had by magic transformed a waste desert into wonderful gardens, and created an enchanted castle, inhabited by women of charms infernal, who lured the knights to wicked joys and pains eternal. One of the victims was Amfortas, the king

of the knights, who had yielded to the temptations of Kundry, the temptress and the Magdalen of the play, a witch, who was in the power of Klingsor, and forced to do his bidding. When Amfortas fell into the wiles of this bewildering beauty, in one of his expeditions into pagan land, he was overpowered in his weakness, lost the sacred spear, and received a grievous wound in the side. Of this wound of sin he now languished. All the medicines of the world could not heal it; only in one way, by a man without sin, could he be cured. Meantime the spear was lost, and so long as this all-conquering weapon remained in the possession of the enemy, the cup itself was in danger. Klingsor vaunted his purpose to seize it. Kundry, at the opening of the drama, is a sort of impish servant and messenger of the knights, a wild, untrained nature, touched with remorse, but unable to repent or to free herself from the power of Klingsor, and full of unrest and contradictory passions.

The domain of the knights is represented by a charming scene, simulating nature so closely that the leaves are seen to quiver on the forest trees. To the audience, looking at it across an empty space and from a darkened room, it has the delusion of a tableau; but the figures in it seem the real inhabitants of some remote land of myth. Gurnemanz, an aged knight, is attended by two esquires. They are lamenting the sickness and wound of Amfortas, and the danger to the Grail from the loss of the holy spear. To them enters the wild witch Kundry, fantastically clad in a savage garb, with a snake-skin girdle, having a swarthy complexion, piercing black eyes, and black hair flowing in tangled disorder. She comes from the end of the earth, riding on the devil's mare, though, for once, not on the devil's errand. Her self-appointed mission has been to seek some balm for the wounded king, the victim of her wiles. She brings to Gurnemanz a balsam from

far Arabia, though well she knows that no balsam can touch his wound. At this moment Amfortas is borne in on a litter, on the way to his bath in the sacred spring, the only alleviation of his suffering. The crystal flask containing the balsam is given to him, and Kundry is bidden to approach. But the wild maid draws away, tortured by a conscience half awakened, and struggling with the wickedness of her unsubdued, animal nature; held by the enchantment of Klingsor, and unable even to repent, but impelled by a blind notion of merit in good deeds to render service to the knights; restless, sleepless, pursued by demons, longing in her fitful despair only to sleep, and to sleep forever,—a lost soul in pitiful helplessness of human succor.

This thrilling scene, interpreted by the wailing and sympathetic orchestra, is at its height, when an interruption occurs that strikes all with new horror. A swan flutters from over a lake, strives to fly further, and sinks to the ground, dying, pierced by an arrow. It is the sacred swan. Who has committed this sacrilege? The murderer appears, a strong, rude hunter, clad in skins, his bow in hand. He is proud of his feat. He is accustomed, in the wilderness, to shoot whatever flies. This is Parsifal, the man of absolute nature, without sin and without virtue, as ignorant as he is innocent. It is with difficulty that he comprehends what he has done, and he slowly understands the woe and horror of the company. As moral sense begins to dawn in his dark mind, he is seized with violent trembling, and falls half fainting. He breaks his bow and casts it from him. Kundry, at sight of him, is as strongly moved as he. On the return of the train of the king from the bath, Gurnemanz asks Parsifal to accompany him to the holy feast. If thou art pure, he says, surely it will feed and refresh thee. What is the Grail? asks Parsifal. The guide cannot

say, but knowledge is not hidden to those who are bid to serve it; yet to it no earthly road leads, and no one not elected can see it. Gurnemanz lays Parsifal's arm on his own neck, and, supporting him with one arm, leads him away.

The two appear to be walking slowly through the forest to the left, pausing here and there in weariness. In fact, the scenery itself is moving to the right. The country changes its character. The forest becomes wilder and denser. The travelers make their way painfully, up steep slopes and amid rocks and fallen trees. The way is still more rocky and wild. Dark caverns yawn, and the trees are more fantastically savage. The music, ever graver, and ever recurring to the minor sadness, expresses toil, and the weariness of the way, and the difficulty of seeking. For moments, behind some giant rock or cluster of trees, the two are lost to view, and appear again, the red cloak of the knight glowing amid the dark green. As the travelers move on, the scene still changes. Touches of the artificial are seen. The caverns and passages in the rock have been enlarged and worked by man's hand. Here is trace of an arch, of cut stone, of a wall buttress. We are passing into the depths of the mountain, by a way in which nature has plainly been assisted. There is a faint sound of chimes; the orchestra itself is on the impatient point of disclosing the secret; there is a second in which all is obscure, and then, in a burst of light, stands revealed a mighty hall, vast as a giant cathedral. The aisles stretch away in dim perspective; the arches are supported on lofty columns of jasper, of *verde antique*, of alabaster, of all precious marbles; and above is a noble dome, blue and luminous with golden stars. From the dome streams the light; from it floats down the faint and fainter peal of the chiming bells. Beneath the dome stands a long horseshoe

curved table, with the ends towards the audience, leaving the centre of the stage free. In the middle of this open background is a high table, like an altar, with steps leading up to it, and behind it is a raised couch, with a canopy. Upon the communion table are set tall silver cups.

From the far distance in the aisle the knights, clad in robes of scarlet, enter in slow and stately procession, moving with reverence and dignity, and chanting as they approach the table and take their places; from the middle height of the hall come the responsive voices of younger knights; and then down from the very summit of the dome float boys' voices. So angels might hail the supper of our Lord, leaning over the gold bars of heaven. Immediately, from the other aisle, enters a procession of equal solemnity and splendor: the bearers of Amfortas on his litter, the servitors of the holy supper, and the angelic boys who carry and sustain, under its covering, the sacred cup. But for the intense solemnity of the scene, one must note the marvelous skill with which every detail of it, in form and color, has been composed. But it is only afterwards that we vividly recall this. The bearers of the cup are less earthly than Raphael's angels, from whom they may have been copied. And it never occurs to you that they are stage angels. The whole scene, so necessarily theatrical in description, does not impress the spectator so; the art of color and grouping is too perfect, the solemnity is too real. Amfortas is borne to the couch behind the altar. The holy vessel is deposited before him. The servitors attend with baskets of bread and tall silver flagons. At one side, near the entrance of the hall, stands Parsifal, clad in sheep-skin, as rigid as a stone, a mute and awestruck spectator of the scene.

Amfortas, stricken with disease and sin, shrinks from performing the ordinance. At length, urged by the voices

from heaven, by the knights, and by the command of his aged father, he feebly rises. The boys uncover the golden shrine, and take out of it the cup of the Grail, an antique crystal cup. As Amfortas bows over it in silent prayer, a gloom spreads through the room; a ray of light shoots from above upon the cup, which begins to glow with a purple lustre. When Amfortas raises it and holds it high, it burns like a ruby, — it is the Holy Grail. In the dusk the knights are kneeling and worshipping it. When he sets it down the glow fades, the boys replace the cup in the shrine, and the natural light returns to the hall. The goblets are then seen to be filled with wine, and by each is a piece of bread. At intervals in the progress of the supper alternative voices of youths and boys from the heights chant in response to the solemn chorus of the knights, and finally down from the dome comes the benediction, "Blessed believing." During the repast, of which Amfortas has not partaken, he sinks from his momentary exaltation, the wound in his side opens afresh, and he cries out in agony. Hearing the cry, Parsifal clutches his heart, and seems to share his agony, but otherwise he stands motionless. The supper over, Amfortas and the sacred shrine are borne away. The knights rise; and as they pass out, and meet, two and two, at the ends of the table, they tenderly embrace, with the kiss of peace and reconciliation, and slowly depart in the order in which they came. To the last Parsifal gazes in wonder; and when his guide comes to speak to him, he is so dazed that Gurnemanz, losing all patience at his unresponsive stupidity, pushes him out of the door, and spurns him for a fool. The curtains sweep together, and shut us out from the world that had come to seem to us more real than our own.

For a moment we sat in absolute silence, a stillness that had been unbroken

during the whole performance. There was not a note of applause, not a sound. The impression was too profound for expression. We felt that we had been in the presence of a great spiritual reality. I have spoken of this as the impression of a scene. Of course it is understood that this would have been all an empty theatrical spectacle but for the music, which raised us to such heights of imagination and vision. For a moment or two, as I say, the audience sat in silence; many of them were in tears. Then the doors were opened; the light streamed in. We all arose, with no bustle and hardly a word spoken, and went out into the pleasant sunshine. It was almost a surprise to find that there was a light of common day. We walked upon the esplanade, and looked off upon the lovely view: upon the old town; upon the Sophienberg and the Volsbach forests in the Franconian Jura; upon the peaceful meadows and the hills, over which the breaking clouds were preparing a golden sunset. We did not care to talk much. The spell was not broken. How long, I asked a lady, do you think we were in there? An hour, nearly, she thought. We had been in the theatre nearly two hours. It was then six o'clock.

On the esplanade are two large and well-appointed restaurants, adjuncts to the theatre, and in a manner necessary to it. Wagner understands how much the emotional enjoyment and the intellectual appreciation depend upon the physical condition, and he has taken pains to guard his audiences against both hunger and weariness. During the half-hour interval that elapsed between the first and the second act, the guests were perfectly refreshed by a leisurely stroll in the open air, by the charming view, by the relaxation of their intense absorption, by a cup of coffee or a drop of amber and perhaps Wagnerian beer, or by a substantial supper. When the notes of a silver

trumpet summoned us back to our seats, we were in a mood to enjoy the play again with all the zest of the first hour.

The second act is of the earth, earthy, and less novel than the first to opera-goers, accustomed to spectacles, ballets, and the stage seductions of the senses. It is the temptation of Parsifal, who has begun his novitiate. The temptation is wholly of the senses and the passions. The scene is the magic castle and the enchanting gardens of the magician Klingsor, — a scene of entrancing but theatrical beauty. The magician is discovered seated in the dungeon keep of his tower, surrounded by the implements of magic. In the background is the mouth of a black pit. Casting something into it, he summons Kundry. A cloud of smoke arises from the pit, growing luminous and warming into rosy color; and suddenly from the chasm rises a most beautiful female form, enveloped in a gauzy tissue, and flushed with rosy light. It is Kundry, no longer in her aspect of witch, but surpassingly lovely; and yet as unhappy as lovely, and responding to the summons of her master with a cry and look of agony. She is bidden to undertake the temptation of Parsifal, who has been seen from the ramparts approaching the castle. She refuses. Her whole nature abhors the office. But yield she must to the power of the charm. Yield she must, and exercise all her power of fascination and seduction, though she knows that it is only by the resistance of her blandishments that salvation can be hers. She knows that only by meeting and being resisted by a sinless one can her own sin be cured, and yet she is forced to put forth all her efforts to secure her own ruin and his.

With a gesture of protest and despair, she vanishes as she came. The tower and the cavern sink away, and in place appear, filling all the vast stage, a tropical garden, and the battlements and terraces of an Arabian castle. Parsifal

stands upon the wall, looking down upon the scene in astonishment. From all sides, from the garden and the palace, rush in groups of lovely damsels, arranging themselves in haste, as if waked from sleep. Each one in her dress represents some flower. They are awaiting Parsifal, and as he descends they surround him, and envelop him, and distract him with their voluptuous charms. When their blandishments fail (although the music pleads in all sensuous excitement) to arouse in the pure youth anything more than perplexity and wonder, the maidens leave him in disgust, and with the appearance of the ravishingly beautiful Kundry the dangerous temptation begins.

Gorgeous as is the scene, and opulent as are the female charms of this second act, there is yet something of the cheap and common about it, — tawdry splendors, easily seen to be the stock gorgeousness and the painted temptations of the stage. This seemed to me an ethical mistake in the drama. Such a man as Parsifal should have been approached, to his ruin, with subtler and less gross allurements than these. At least, the guileless nature of Parsifal would have appeared to the audience in more danger of being seduced from his knighthood by the appeals of beauty to his pity, to his sympathy, for an innocent and simple maiden, beset by dangers, and coming to him for aid and comfort; approaching him through his higher qualities, and flattering him into forgetfulness of his mission in the names of virtue and compassionate love. The devil of modern society appears to understand these things better than the traditional devil whom Wagner consulted for this scene. The audience feels from the first that the open solicitations of Kundry must fail, and that Parsifal is in little danger, even when she bends over him and impresses upon his lips a kiss of a duration so long that the spectator is tempted to time it with his watch, like the passage through

a railway tunnel. From this embrace, at any rate, Parsifal starts up in intense terror, clasping his hand to his side, as if he felt the spear-wound of Amfortas. I need not detail the struggle and the passion that follow. Failing in this first appeal, the maiden, too late in his aroused suspicion, pleads for his love, in that it alone can save her; his love alone can redeem and pardon her. He resists also this more subtle temptation. "Eternally should I be damned with thee, if for an hour I forgot my holy mission." In rage at her final failure, when Parsifal spurns her as a detestable wretch, Kundry curses him, and calls for help. The damsels rush in. Kling-sor appears upon the battlement, with the holy spear in his hand; he hurls it at Parsifal; but the spear remains floating above the latter's head. Parsifal grasps it with tremulous joy, waves it, and makes with it the sign of the cross. Instantly the enchantment is broken: down tumble towers and castle walls; the garden vanishes; the leaves and branches of the trees strew the earth; the damsels lie on the ground like shriveled flowers; and Kundry falls insensible, and lies amid the ruins and the waste of the original desert.

In the background rises a path up a sunny slope to a snow mountain. Purity and nature have taken the place of the baleful enchantment. Parsifal turns from the top of the broken wall, over which he disappears, to look upon the ruin as the curtain closes.

When the act ended, the audience, still under the spell of the music, which had at the end risen out of its soft and siren strains into a burst of triumph and virile exaltation, sat, as before, silent for a moment. Then it rose *en masse*, and turned to the high box in the rear, where, concealed behind his friends, Wagner sat, and hailed him with a long tempest of applause. The act had lasted less than an hour. It was followed by an intermission of three quarters of

an hour, which gave the audience time for supper, and for the refreshment of a stroll and the soothing effects of the charming view in the fading sunlight.

In the third and last act we return to the high themes of the first; the touching minor strains of the prelude recur again and again, soothing the spirit agitated by the period of storm and stress. The conflict is over. We have passed through the regions of tumult and passion; we have escaped out of the hot-house air of temptation. Penitence is possible, and through suffering peace is dawning with forgiveness in the torn and troubled heart. The orchestra declares it, and the scene upon which the curtain rises is the sweet and restful domain of the Grail in the spring-time of the year. On the edge of the forest, built against a rock, is a hermitage; a spring is near it, and beyond stretch flowery meadows. It is the dawn of day, the sky reddening before the coming of the sun, when Gurnemanz, now extremely aged and feeble, emerges from the hut. Attracted by moaning in the thicket, he moves aside the branches, and discovers Kundry, cold and stiff, lying in the hedge of thorns, which is little better than her grave. He drags forth the nearly lifeless form, bears her to a mound, chafes her hands and temples, calls her back to life with the news that the winter has fled and the spring has come. Slowly the maiden revives, gazes at him in wonder, and then adjusts her dress and hair, and without a word goes like a serving-maid to her work.

To Kundry has come a wonderful transformation. The wildness has gone from her mien and from her eyes; into her face has come the soft, indescribable light of penitence, and a transcendent spiritual beauty. She is no longer the fiery witch, full of disordered passion, contempt, and impish malevolence; she is no longer the houri of the enchanted garden, with the charms of the siren and the bewildering allurements of

Venus Aphrodite. Clad in the simple brown garb of the penitent Magdalen, subdued and humble, every movement and gesture and her sad, lovely face proclaim inward purity and longing for forgiveness. When Gurnemanz upbraids her for her silence and thanklessness for her rescue from deathly slumber, she bows her head, as she moves towards the hut, and in a broken voice murmurs, "Service, service!" — her only exclamation in all the act.

Kundry comes from the hut, and goes towards the spring with her water-pot. Looking into the wood, she sees some one approaching, and calls Gurnemanz's attention to the comer. A knight, in complete black armor, weary and worn, bruised with conflict and dusty with travel, slowly and feebly draws near, with closed helmet and lowered spear. It is Parsifal. Gurnemanz, who does not recognize him, hails him with friendly greeting. Parsifal only shakes his head. To all inquiries he is silent, and he is still speechless when Gurnemanz asks him if he does not know what holy day has dawned; that it is the hallowed Good-Friday morn, when he should doff his armor, and trouble no more the Master who has died for us.

After an interval, in which the music of the orchestra pleads as for a lost world, Parsifal rises, thrusts his spear into the ground, places against it his great shield and sword, unbraces and removes his helmet, and then, kneeling, raises his eyes in silent prayer towards the spear's head. Gurnemanz beckons to Kundry, who had gone within the hut. Do you not know him? Kundry assents with a nod. Surely, 't is he, — the fool whom I drove in anger from the hall of the knights. In great emotion Gurnemanz recognizes the holy spear. Kundry turns away her sad and longing face. After his devotions are ended, Parsifal rises, and, gazing calmly around, recognizes Gurnemanz, and knows where he is. The murmur of this forest, falling

on his tired senses, gives him hope that he has come to the end of his journey of error and suffering. He has sought the path that would lead him to the wounded Amfortas, to whose healing he believed himself ordained; but hitherto that path has been denied him, and he has wandered at random, driven by a curse, through countless distresses and battles, — wounded in every fight, since he was not fit to use the holy spear which he bore, undefiled, by his side. The ancient knight assures him that he has come to the Grail's domain, where the knightly band awaits him, with great need of the blessing he brings. Amfortas is still struggling with the tortures of his wound; the shrine of the Holy Grail has long remained shrouded; the Holy Supper is no longer celebrated; the strength of the knights is withered, for want of this holy bread; and summoned no more to holy warfare in far countries, they wander pale, dejected, and lacking a leader; and Titurel, the old commander, to whom was first committed the cup and the spear, the father of Amfortas, hopeless of ever beholding again the refulgence of the Grail, has just expired.

Parsifal hears this with intense anguish, and laments that he has brought all this woe, since some heinous guilt must still cling to him that no atonement or expiation can banish, and that he who was selected to save men must wander undirected, and miss the path of safety. He is about to fall, when Gurnemanz supports him, and seats him on a grassy knoll. Kundry, in anxious haste, brings a basin of water; but Gurnemanz waves her off, saying that only the pilgrim's bath can wash away his stains; and they turn him about to the edge of the spring. While Gurnemanz takes off his corselet and the rest of his heavy armor, Kundry, kneeling, removes the greaves from his legs, and bathes his feet in the healing spring. The armor removed, Parsifal appears clad in a soft

white tunic, with a cord about the waist, and his long, light hair, in wavy masses, flows back upon his neck. There is no mistaking the likeness, in this meek and noble face and figure. Shall I straight be guided to Amfortas? asks Parsifal, wearily. Surely, says Gurnemanz, we go at once to the obsequies of the beloved chief. The Grail will be again uncovered, and the long-neglected office be performed. As the knight speaks, Parsifal observes, with wonder, Kundry humbly washing his feet, and gazes on her with a tender compassion. Taking water in the hollow of his hand, Gurnemanz sprinkles his head. Blessed be thou, pure one. Care and sin are driven from thee! Kundry, from a golden flask, pours oil upon Parsifal's feet, and dries them with the long tresses of her black hair, which she has unbound for the purpose. Then Parsifal takes from her the flask, and desires Gurnemanz to anoint his head; for he is that day to be appointed king. Gurnemanz, pouring the oil, declares him their king, and the rescuer from sin. And thus I fulfill my duty, murmurs Parsifal, as he, unperceived, scoops water from the spring, and, stooping to the kneeling and heart-broken Kundry, sprinkles her head. "Be thou baptized, and trust in the Redeemer." Kundry bows her head to the earth, and weeps uncontrollably. As Parsifal raises both hands, the fingers of one extended in blessing, we recognize the figure and very attitude of our Lord in that famous old painting, where he is seated, blessing little children. The Magdalen, shaken with penitence, and yet weeping for joy, is cast at his feet. The aged knight stands in solemn rapture. The scene is inexpressibly touching. The music is full of pathos and solemn sympathy.

How fair the fields and meadows seem to-day! exclaims Parsifal, gazing with gentle enjoyment upon the landscape. This is Good-Friday's spell, my lord! exclaims Gurnemanz. The sad,

repentant tears of sinners have besprinkled field and plain with holy dew, and made them glow with beauty. As Gurnemanz discourses of the redemption of man and nature, the transformed Kundry slowly raises her head, and gazes with moist eyes and beseeching look, out of which all earthly passion has completely gone, up to Parsifal. Thou weepest. See! the landscape gloweth, he gently says, and, stooping, softly kisses her brow. Who would recognize in the pure, sweet, spiritual face of this forgiven sinner the temptress of the gardens? I know not how this whole scene may appear in the coldness of description, but I believe that there was no one who witnessed it, and heard the strains of melting music which interpreted it, who was not moved to the depths of his better nature, or for a moment thought that the drama passed the limits of propriety.

The pealing of distant bells is heard growing louder. Gurnemanz brings a coat of mail and the mantle of the Knights of the Holy Grail, with which Parsifal is invested. The landscape changes. The wood gradually disappears, as the three march on in silence; and when they are hidden behind the rocky entrances of the caverns, processions of mourning knights appear in the arched passages. The bells peal ever louder, and soon the great hall is disclosed. From one side the knights bear in the bier of Titurel, and from the other the litter of Amfortas, preceded by the attendants with the covered shrine of the Grail. The effects of color and grouping are marvelous; and to eyes familiar with the sacred paintings of the masters, almost every figure and dress is a reminiscence of some dear association. The angelic loveliness of the bearers of the shrine, however, surpasses any picture, as much as life transcends any counterfeit of it.

At the sight of the body of Titurel there is a cry of distress, in which Am-

fortas joins ; and the knights press upon the latter, urging him to uncover the shrine and do his office. With a cry of despair he disengages himself, tears open his mantle and discloses the wound, and invokes the knights to bury their swords in his breast, and kill at one stroke the sinner and his pain. At this moment, Parsifal, who has entered, with his attendants, unperceived, starts forward, and, stretching out his spear point, touches the wounded side. Only the weapon that struck can staunch thy wounded side. Amfortas, who feels himself instantly healed, can scarcely support himself, for joyful rapture. As Parsifal raises high the spear, the shining point is red as blood, and the whole assembly, falling upon their knees, adore it. Parsifal assumes the king ship, takes his place behind the altar, and commands the cup of the Grail to be uncovered. Taking it in his hand, and raising it on high, the crystal burns again like a ruby ; from the dome a white dove descends, and hovers over him ; Kundry — peace at last, stricken soul ! — falls dying ; the knights are gazing upward in rapture ; and out of the heights come down soft and hardly audible voices in a chant of benediction.

It was nine o'clock when we went out into the still lingering twilight. I, for one, did not feel that I had assisted

at an opera, but rather that I had witnessed some sacred drama, perhaps a modern miracle play. There were many things in the performance that separated it by a whole world from the opera, as it is usually understood. The drama had a noble theme ; there was unity of purpose throughout, and unity in the orchestra, the singing, and the scenery. There were no digressions, no personal excursions of singers, exhibiting themselves and their voices, to destroy the illusion. The orchestra was a part of the story, and not a mere accompaniment. The players never played, the singers never sang, to the audience. There was not a solo, duet, or any concerted piece "for effect." No performer came down to the foot-lights and appealed to the audience, expecting an encore. No applause was given, no encores were asked, no singer turned to the spectators. There was no connection or communication between the stage and the audience. Yet I doubt if singers in any opera ever made a more profound impression, or received more real applause. They were satisfied that they were producing the effect intended. And the composer must have been content when he saw the audience so take his design as to pay his creation the homage of rapt appreciation due to a great work of art.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A PARALLEL.

A GRAPE seed, in the new red wine afloat,
Put endless pause to blithe Anacreon's note ;
Thus, antic Death, with light and sportive hand,
The pampered life from out its flower-nook fanned.
But tragic Otway, stung by hunger's thrust,
In breaking fast, was choked upon a crust ;
Still antic Death ! — to make the prop of life
Serve the same end as fatal cord or knife !

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

XI.

A GEORGIA YANKEE.

WE reach the East again at Columbus, Georgia, coming up from the Southwest, and even at Montgomery, Alabama, begin to feel that we are approaching a region very unlike the one we are leaving behind us. There are more trains on the railroads, and they make better time, and many things indicate greater progress and prosperity. As I came into the State I met a man who introduced himself to me as a "Georgia Yankee," and I heard the phrase in various places. It is used to describe native Georgians who are making money in business, — "getting ahead," as this man expressed it, with an unusual precision of pronunciation. He was a partner in a large jewelry firm in an important Northern city, and had often visited New York, Philadelphia, and other places in the North. He was strongly impressed by the fact that so many Northern men have wealth and business ability, who, from their want of intelligence, and their rudeness and vulgarity of speech and manners, would be supposed to belong to the class of "low-down" white people. He had been the means of making a considerable disturbance in the office of the Northern house, one day, during a recent business visit there. He was telling some Southern story to the two or three gentlemen at the desks, who all laughed heartily at its conclusion. But the head clerk or book-keeper, who was also present, remarked, "You need n't think you're going to stuff us with such stories as that, in this part of the country. That may do to tell down South, but up this way the people know too much to believe it;" whereupon the Georgia man knocked him down. The

spectators were startled by the suddenness of the commotion, but it was soon over. "The fellow apologized handsomely; in fact, went all to pieces; said he had no intention of giving offense, he did n't think of my taking it so seriously, and so on; and they all said I must not mind such things, it was only a joke, and much more to the same effect. It may be a good joke in the North to tell a man he lies, but I was not raised that way."

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.

After this I had another conversation on the same train. I asked the brakeman something about the country ahead of us, and when he answered that he did not know, but would find out for me, a lady on the next seat gave me the information I had sought; and when I thanked her for her courtesy, she went on to tell me many things about the country and the people, the war, and the old order of things and the new. She was married, just before the beginning of the war, to a young man who afterward became a colonel in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, and died a few months after the close of the war from the effects of this injury. His property had been chiefly in slaves. There had been some debts, no large ones, and she gave up the plantation and all the property which remained, and so paid them. There was nothing left. She had a little daughter, was in excellent health, and knew "how to do a good many kinds of work;" having learned and practiced them in a mere romping, "tom-boy" spirit when she was a young girl. Taking her child with her, she went to one of the principal cities of Georgia, and called on the leading ladies of society there, asking for advice as to what pur-

suit or employment a young woman in her situation might honorably and without loss of womanly dignity engage in, as a means for her maintenance and the education of her daughter. They advised her to enter a millinery establishment and learn the business, as the first step. She did so, and had now a large store of her own in the same city. She gave her daughter a good education, and had recently had the satisfaction of marrying her to one of the chief merchants of the place.

I was afterward in her store, which she showed to me with due and reasonable pride. There were about a dozen young women at work in it, most of them in a pleasant, airy apartment in the rear of the salesroom. "I employ none but girls who wish to learn the business thoroughly," she said, "and girls that intend to be ladies, and will behave themselves as such. I can recommend these girls for business and for good character, and when they leave me they generally go into business for themselves in some of the country towns." I asked her if they were all of Southern birth; and she said they were, most of them being the children of old and prominent families, which were broken up by the war. There were also many such girls in the dry-goods and other stores as saleswomen, of late. She thought it entirely right and commendable for a young woman to support herself by such employment, but regretted its necessity, which seemed to me a very reasonable view of the matter. She told me that when she reached the city which is now her home, long ago, at the beginning of her efforts to make a living for herself, she had just ten dollars in her pocket, all she possessed in the world. Now, she said, her daughter and son-in-law wished her to give up the store, and she had enough to make her comfortable and independent for the rest of her days; but she preferred to work, for the greater

pleasure of it, and for the chance which it gave her to help so many young girls.

She thought that the freedom of her early life had been of great benefit to her. Her father was a wealthy planter, and when she was not in school she was her own mistress. She employed her leisure in riding the wildest colts she could find, and in hunting, "taking a negro boy along to tote the gun." She did not think she ever killed many birds; "but then, neither did the young men who told such stories of their exploits." Relatives and friends remonstrated, insisting that such recreations were not suitable for a young lady; but her father and the family physician always agreed that she should not be interfered with, saying, "She will be worth a dozen of your fine young ladies, who can't get over a fence or off a horse without assistance." She would have liked to join in fox-hunting on a good horse, but her father said it would not be safe; she was too reckless. Her active out-of-door life in her youth had given her great vitality and power of endurance.

She had a number of friends among the Northern people in the city, and said they were not very different from Southerners, "when you get acquainted with them. But they are not so easy to get acquainted with as our people." Northern people were rather restless. "They don't seem so easy, or as if they were so happy, as our folks here." She thought it a good thing for both whites and blacks that slavery was abolished, and that it was "a pity the blacks were ever brought here, in the first place. Most of them will naturally be underlings, and it is not good to have the two races together." In experience, ideas, and spirit this woman was a good representative of many of her sex in the South.

"NO MORE DIXIE IN MINE."

As we ran along through the pine forests in Georgia, one morning, I was

interested in the conversation of three or four gentlemen just across the aisle from where I sat. They were evidently old friends, but one of them had not seen the others, as it appeared, for a year or two. They were talking over "old times" in a merry, cordial mood, with reminiscences of the war, mingled with discussions of the prospects of cotton-planting and of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta in the autumn, the sales of land in various places, the industrial condition and improvement of the negroes, etc. At a little way-station a group of Italian musicians came in, with harp, violin, and tambourine, and at once began to play. The music was rather loud, and drowned conversation. They gave us several melodies, the young people in the car keeping their feet in motion to the time of the music. Yankee Doodle was played, and then Dixie. When this piece was finished one of the gentlemen opposite exclaimed, "Why, major! Why don't you throw up your hat and cheer? I never knew you to listen to Dixie without making some fuss over it." The major looked grave, and replied, "Well, I've been thinking over all this nonsense a good deal for a year or two back, and I conclude that I've had enough of it. The war 's over, an' I'm a-makin' money now. If anybody wants to steam up on politics, on one side or the other, let 'em. I don't care a damn who 's in, nor who 's out. No more Dixie in mine!" The others set up a shout of laughter, after which they each gave something to the small musician who came around with the tambourine.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR.

I found one man, an editor, at Meridian, Mississippi, who seemed more "solid" than any one else I saw in the South; and I was somewhat inclined to think that he and a few others like him might constitute the whole of the "solid South," of which I had heard so

much. This gentleman was troubled by the "vulgarity" of Northerners, or of the Northern character. He said that if we would only send "gentlemen" to the South he would be glad to welcome them; but so many Northern men were low and sordid, and "were never in a gentleman's house in their lives," and when they came to the South they made people think they were representative Northern men. I told him we could not well afford to send all our best people to the South, as we needed them at home. I admitted that we had not so many gentlemen, or really superior citizens, in the North as we should like to have, and that there are traits in the character of many Northerners which are not wholly admirable; but suggested that my travels had given me the impression that in these matters the North and South were much alike. "Are Southern men all, or generally, gentlemen of the highest character?"

Then followed a long and rambling talk, interesting, but too diffuse to be reproduced here. This man was not a politician, nor was he in any way, I thought, a bad fellow. He had good intentions, and some excellent personal qualities. But he was young, and he cherished an absurd worship and regret for some features of the old *régime* in the South. He would not have slavery back; but he was repelled by the harsh, practical, vulgar features of the advancing new order of things. He had studied "Northern character" (if, as he insisted, there is such a thing, as distinct from Southern character) only from a distance, and he saw only the lower or worse side of our society and civilization. Much that he said about Northern people was true, but was not the whole truth. He and a very few men like him—at least I could find very few—were doing the South ill service, as I suppose they had done for some years before. Every now and then he wrote something which "fired the North-

ern heart" beautifully. He uttered absurdities enough in two hours to supply material for anti-Southern speeches for a whole political campaign in the Northern States. I could not see that such men had any considerable influence in the South, at the time of my visit. Leading Southern men — democrats — everywhere warned me against them, and said they were fools. I found no elderly man among them. They were — those whom I saw — all of them impracticable, romantic young sentimentalists, and all of them were editors.

As I was leaving this gentleman, I said, "I wish you would take hold and help us with the new order of things. I am rather sorry for those who feel as you do." "Thank you," said he, "but the sympathy of our conquerors is galling sometimes." "Oh, no," I laughingly replied, "do not feel conquered. That seems a little absurd under the circumstances, and so long after the fight." He was a rather engaging young fellow, but he somehow reminded me of a young Confederate officer whom I once met on a battle-field in Virginia, a few hours after a hard fight. Our forces had captured the enemy's stores, and I was engaged with a detail of men opening boxes and packages, and taking account of the property, when this officer, a prisoner, who was helping the rebel surgeons in the care of their own wounded in a tent near by, came up, and said, "You have no right to meddle with these things, sir." "Why not, sir?" I asked. "Because they are the property of the Confederate States of America, sir." "Then why don't the Confederate States of America take care of their property?" I inquired. The odd order of things in the South has gone the way of the other property of the Confederate States of America.

PIRATICAL MERCHANTS.

One of the worst features of the condition of things in the South I found in

the character and methods of a large number of men, who were selling goods in the smaller towns and villages, and at the "cross-roads" and landings almost everywhere. They were mostly foreigners or Northern men, but in some parts of the country a few native Southerners were taking up the same kind of business, as good Southern citizens now and then confessed to me with shame. These merchants, or "store-keepers," were commonly as rapacious as pirates, wholly destitute of principle, conscience, and honesty. I do not mean that all the "small merchants" or dealers in country places in the South are of this character; but the class is a very large one, and has its representatives in every State. These men are growing rich faster than any other class in the Southern States. They sell goods to the negroes and poor whites at two hundred or three hundred per cent. profit, and very often they simply take all that a man has. A large part of their business is conducted in the following way: A dealer of this class makes an agreement during the winter with a negro or white laborer to "run" him for the season. That is, the merchant furnishes the "small planter" with all his provisions and supplies of every kind for the spring, summer, and autumn, agricultural implements, and everything needed, on credit; all these things to be paid for out of the crop, when it is matured and gathered.

Each merchant may thus supply, or "run," a dozen, twenty, or fifty men. During the summer, and all the time the crop is growing, the dealer rides about the country and inspects each man's fields, or sends some competent man to do it, so that he can estimate the probable product. An experienced judge can do this very accurately. When the cotton is ready to be picked, the merchant knows almost exactly how much has been produced by each man that he has "run." All along through the sea-

son he has of course entered on his books each article furnished to the planters; and now he goes over his books, and sets down the price, the amount which the customer is to be required to pay for it; and the prices are so arranged that the aggregate charged for the season's supplies will exactly take the planter's whole crop. The laborer is thus left, at the end of the season, absolutely penniless.

There are often stormy scenes on "settling-day." Such a merchant will submit without resistance to the bitterest cursing a wronged, disappointed, and enraged negro can utter. Often there would be violence, but that the merchant is armed and his dupe is cowed. The end or result of it all is, usually, that the dealer makes the man a cheap, showy present, and arranges to "run" him again the next year. But sometimes, when a negro is concerned, the outcome is different. The merchant buys cotton. In many cases he has a gin of his own, or a cotton-press. This gives the wronged, helpless negro an opportunity for revenge. The gin or press is fired, some dark night; there is a deduction from the dealer's profits for the year; the negroes of the region exult among themselves; and there is a new "political outrage" — or there was, when these were useful — for the newspapers and politicians.

In Norfolk, Virginia, I saw a company of country people bringing into the city the products of their farms, — dressed hogs, fowls, eggs, etc. There were perhaps a dozen or fifteen carts and wagons, several of them driven by women. All appeared to be simple, kindly, shy people, somewhat frightened by the noises and "ways" of the city. One woman had three or four fine fat hogs. Half a dozen hucksters came about her, asking prices and endeavoring to buy. One was a most repulsive-looking young man, who evidently thought to show himself a superior person by being in-

solent and abusive to these country people. He made an offer, in loud and boisterous tones, of a particular sum for the hogs; and when the woman hesitated, as if making some mental calculation, and evidently a little confused by his violence, he cursed her, telling her that she was a fool not to agree to his offer at once. Then he repeated the amount he had named over and over again; and on her remaining silent, he insisted that she had thereby signified her consent to trade on his terms. This she denied, and then he poured out a flood of most foul and violent abuse, even threatening the woman with arrest and imprisonment for violating a contract, though he had done all the talking himself. The woman's neighbors were evidently afraid of the fellow, but one of them ventured to remonstrate against such treatment of a woman, when the dealer ordered him to shut his mouth if he did not want a good kicking, and the man obeyed. I longed to knock the rascal down, but reflected that I was only an observer, and that, though knocking him down might make the affair more picturesque, it would not add to the real value of my report. This was one of the first things which I encountered at the beginning of my journey through the Southern States, and I afterward saw a great many similar occurrences. The poorer class of white people throughout the South are generally good and kind, with many lovable qualities, but they have so little power of self-assertion, or self-defense, that everybody is insolent to them. They are far more helpless and abject, usually, than the negroes. But they are so human, so domestic; and they are among the few people left, in this modern world of ours, to whom the old-fashioned virtue of humility still belongs. They have for me a pathetic interest, as representatives of a type which is rapidly becoming extinct in our country, and, I suppose, in most or all of the "highly civilized" countries of the world.

AMERICANIZING MEXICO.

I heard much interesting talk among business men in Texas about their interest and plans regarding land and investments in Mexico. They often spoke of the old feeling of men of a certain type in Texas, in favor of the conquest of certain portions of Mexico. They said that all such ideas were out of date; that, while some men would doubtless like to be camp followers of an invading army, the day of the sword had gone by, and money had now become the ruling force in national affairs and relations. "The world now belongs," they said, "not to the soldier, but to the far-seeing business man. Our money will buy anything we want in Mexico. There is some good land there, and we shall buy it. We shall develop the best portions of the country, and by and by we shall own and occupy it. We shall Americanize as much of Mexico as we want, constructing and operating railroads, working mines, establishing manufactures, supplying the markets, and introducing our improved methods of agriculture. There is no law or treaty against such an invasion as that, is there?"

"But what about the rough and disorderly condition of society, and the insecurity of property in that country?" I asked.

"Oh, that will soon settle itself," was the reply. "The people steal because they are poor, and they are lazy because there is nothing to do. Whenever there is property there worth taking care of, it will be secure enough; and the people who will not work will move on into the poorer regions of the country."

Several gentlemen told me that they were disposing of some of their property in Texas, and were investing more and more of their means in Mexico. They said, "The national debt is practically already paid off, and there will be no more bonds at a high rate of interest.

Great industrial enterprises will now be the most profitable investments, and business knows nothing about boundary lines."

THE SURVIVAL OF SLAVERY.

I was strongly impressed by the general hardness and unsympathetic feeling of Northern men living in the South regarding the negroes. Native Southerners of character and position do not often appear to feel unkindly toward black men, though of course they often regard them contemptuously, and fail to treat them as they ought. But Northern men who had gone South since the war almost universally (those whom I saw) spoke of the negro with great harshness, — with a kind of cold hatred, and what I should call cruelty. I saw and heard so much of this, that would have before appeared incredible, that it gave me sometimes a kind of nightmare fear that residence in the South might transform the most philanthropic abolitionist into a tyrant of merciless severity. Some interesting questions are suggested here, but I have not time to discuss them.

Near Vicksburg I found a planter from Minnesota, who worked many negroes. I asked him about their quality as laborers, and he replied that they were almost worthless, "unless you whip them well." "How do you mean that you whip them?" I asked. "Do you fight with them, and whip them because you are the best man, as white men fight in Minnesota?" "Oh, no," said he contemptuously; "go at them with a club, or a heavy whip-stock, knock them down, and beat them, as you would a mule." "But I thought the day for that was over, in this country. I should think they would leave you. Why do they not go away, — go to some other man, or out of this region?" "Oh, well, they do go away to the woods for a day or two, sometimes. But what can they do? Their families are here, and they

don't know where to go. Besides, I should n't let 'em go, if I did n't want to. The dogs would soon find 'em." "Then," I said, "I would kill you." At this he laughed sneeringly, and replied, "Mebbe you would, but you ain't a nigger. A nigger's just in his place when he has a white man to drive him, an' they always need knockin' down occasionally." He went on to say that he had found out that only the harsh slaveholders made money in the old times. "An' that's the right way now; work 'em to death, an' git more. There's plenty of 'em." On my expressing my abhorrence, he said, "You would n't be here a year till you would say the same things. All Northern men talk just as you do when they first come down here. I did myself. My father was a red-hot abolitionist; but I tell you a nigger has no affection, no gratitude, no heart. Every one of 'em will steal. They understand nothing but a club."

In Mississippi I found a republican official who hired prisoners from the authorities, and employed them in various kinds of labor. The convicts worked under guard, and occasionally some of them would try to escape. Most of them were negroes. When they ran away, the employer and his guards chased them with dogs, using a pack of hounds to follow by the scent. These will not attack the fugitive, but they are accompanied by a powerful and ferocious "catch-dog," that will tear a man in pieces in a few minutes, if the flying, hunted wretch is unable to ascend a tree before the terrible brute is upon him. Just before I was in that neighborhood a runaway negro convict had played a shrewd trick which enabled him to make good his escape, for that time at least. Hearing the hounds on his trail, he struck across the country for the railroad. When he reached it the dogs were in plain sight across the fields, and were rapidly gaining on him. Half a mile away he saw an express train ap-

proaching. He knew the dogs would follow the scent closely, so he ran to meet the train, which, but a moment after he had stepped from the track, ran over the dogs, killing them all.

I must do the people of that region the justice to say that, although many of them saw nothing shocking in the practice of hunting runaway negroes with dogs, their sympathies were all with the fugitive on this occasion. They were glad that he had outwitted his pursuers, and talked much about "the nigger that was too many for Captain So-and-So." This "captain" is a Northern man, and I thought he felt some degree of shame when I expressed my disgust at what I had heard; but he insisted that my sentimental view of the matter was absurd. "How else am I to catch the niggers, then?" he said. Some time afterward, in talking with a prominent democrat of Cuero, Texas, of this incident in Mississippi, when I remarked that I felt the more indignant because the fellow was a Northern man and a republican, my Texas acquaintance politely remonstrated, saying that my feeling seemed to him mere sentiment, "surprising from a gentleman so intelligent as yourself;" and he added, "How else was he to catch the nigger?" Some Northern ladies, in the region where it happened, told me of their inexpressible horror the first time they saw this man, with his dogs, chasing a negro. It was just at dawn, on a beautiful Sabbath morning. They could not at first believe what was told them about "the hunt."

THE FORGERY OF NEWS.

It was in Mississippi, also, that I was told by a number of Northern men of an account sent to the Northern press during the "Hayes campaign," which located an atrocious political outrage at the place which I was then visiting. These persons seemed reputable, and they all affirmed that nothing of the

kind had ever occurred there. I inquired regarding the author of the dispatch, and, learning that he was still living a few miles away, I went to see him. He laughed when I told him my errand, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and, crossing his feet on the top of the table before him, began talking of the affair in an easy, fluent, indifferent style, which seemed to indicate that he was glad to have somebody to talk with, and would as lief talk of that subject as any other. "Then the dispatch was not really true?" I said. "Well," he replied, "it was true as to the spirit of the South generally at that time." "But why did you say that such and such things happened at a particular place, if they did not?" "Well, now, you know, it would not be worth while to say, at such a time, that there was lots o' devilish feeling in the South. But it rather wakes people up to tell them that something's been done at a place that they've heard of." "Yet it was not true." But he thought the use of a fable or parable was justifiable, under the circumstances, because it was the only way to give point or effectiveness to any account of the condition of the South at that time. "All writers does pretty much the same thing," he urged; "they have to." "Oh, I hope not," I said. "Well, now, if you lived down here a while, you'd find out we have to fight the devil with fire." The Northern men who told me of this performance were earnest republicans, and they were specially indignant about the fabrication, because it alarmed some of their Northern friends who had been preparing to remove to that region, but were frightened from their purpose by this story.

WELCOME TO IMMIGRANTS.

I was not able to find any "feeling against the North," or against Northern people, in the regions which I visited; and, so far as that is concerned, I should have no fear or reluctance in going to

any part of the South which I have seen, if for any reason I wished to emigrate to that portion of our country. But many people are going South with no adequate forethought, or knowledge of the country. There is a side of Southern character and life with which such persons are very likely to become acquainted. There are many men "in business," nearly everywhere in the South, who are of the same type as the author of the following fraternal utterance. I had heard of him as one of the fiercest fighters against us through the whole war, and went to see him. When I announced myself as a "Yankee invader" he shook hands heartily, and replied, "I'm a reconstructed rebel. We fought till the fight was all whipped out of us. I rather like the men that whipped us. Tell all your people to come down here. They're just as welcome as our best friends, and we'll cheat the eye-teeth out of 'em."

In one of the principal Southern States, I saw a young man from the North, well educated and energetic, who had had this experience: A planter, who owned a large tract of unimproved land, decided to "go into sheep." He said to this young man, "I will furnish money, you furnish labor; we will go into partnership and raise sheep, and share the profits." The young man agreed to this, and worked hard for a year and a half, clearing and fencing land, and putting the new plantation in order. Then the proprietor said that there had been a considerable loss on the sheep, but, as he felt a special interest in the young man, he would not require him to make good any part of the money loss, and he would allow him to work for him long enough to pay for the supplies which he had received from the plantation store during the time of the partnership. When I saw the young fellow he had been at work nearly a year, paying for these supplies. Of course he should have had wages from the first, and should

have made a much more definite agreement regarding unfavorable contingencies; but he "did not think of such things," because he "was to share the profits." The planter sold the sheep, and had a fine new plantation for cotton; and he had had more than two years' labor, which had cost him only the young man's board and clothing. Many Southern men have a feverish desire to make money. They need it, and Northern immigrants who bring them opportunity are especially welcome.

There is, indeed, everywhere in the South, the strongest desire for immigration from the North, and there are real inducements for young people of invulnerable digestion, who are willing to work hard and live roughly, and who can resist the unfavorable influences arising from the changed conditions of life. But I saw many young men from the North who were not strong enough in moral equipment for life in "a region where the poorest man can have a harem of his own, of any desired extent, and almost without cost."

CAMPAIGN PLEASANTRIES.

In some places in the South, when a "political campaign" is in progress, some of the rougher class of young men have a fashion of "sending word" to the opposition speakers that they "cannot speak in this town." Usually no attention is paid to such a menace, and nothing serious is apt to result from disregarding it, though the drinking habits of the people sometimes make it easy to have fights and "personal difficulties" at political meetings. There are many men in the South, too, who enjoy taking part in a "disturbance" at such times, though they would not begin one themselves, and who are always ready to shoot at anybody who is running away and cannot defend himself. A wild rush after somebody who is plainly unarmed, with miscellaneous pistol-fir-

ing and a clamorous accompaniment of shouts, oaths, and yells, is a delightful entertainment to many a Southern crowd. Such "affairs" are not usually so murderous in their results as a stranger would expect them to prove; but if a black man happens to be shot, it makes the occasion more interesting to the young fellows, — "the boys that took a hand in the racket," — nearly every one of whom will affirm that he "shot the damn nigger."

Every year there is less of such savagery. Southern white men do not like to be shot at, when there is no good reason for it, any more than other people. I would have willingly undertaken, while there, or at any time since, to make a decided republican speech anywhere in the Southern States of this country; and if I were about to do so, and thought there was a disposition on the part of anybody to interfere with or disturb the meeting, I should be as "bitter and vindictive," to use a politician's phrase, as my conscience would permit. Courage would be far safer than timidity or mildness, under such circumstances, and folly readily leads to trouble everywhere in times of excitement. In passing twice through the entire South, and exploring many of the regions which are accounted the roughest and wildest, I did not see or hear a single altercation. I saw no shooting, except in the case which I have described, of a man's firing his revolver so often from the platform of the car in which I was riding. In all the journey I did not carry a weapon of any kind; nor did I, at any time, feel the slightest apprehension of danger or personal injury.

LEFT IN THE WOODS.

I met with much rough traveling, on account of excessive rains and floods. Once, in the Bayou Pierre country, in Mississippi, as I was crossing from one railroad to another, with a good team, and no load but the driver and myself

and a small trunk, the road was so bad that we were obliged to walk most of the way; and at last we came to a place where a land-slip from the side of a hill had carried the whole breadth of the roadway into the river. The driver said that he had never left a man in the woods; but I told him he had done his best, and must go back. He wished me to return with him, but I thought one passage over such a road enough for me. We put the trunk on a large log; the young fellow sorrowfully said good-by, and wished me luck in getting out; and I walked on through the woods two or three miles, to the nearest settlement. Three men went back with me, and we carried the trunk through. The whole population of the little hamlet, about a hundred persons, came out to meet me, and escorted me to my lodging place, as if I were another Livingstone returning from Central Africa. I rode many hundreds of miles on freight trains, and greatly enjoyed living with the train hands.

The greatest swindle I encountered in the South was the railway eating-house business. It was said to be everywhere under the control of a great corporation. Prices were extravagant, considering the quantity and quality of the food supplied. There appeared to be no effort, usually, to provide food that could be eaten. It was ill cooked, the tables and rooms were hideously dirty, and the men in charge were the most uncivil people I met in all my journey. When travelers would ask the waiters to pass some dish which was beyond reach, the answer was frequently, "It's on the table; git it, ef ye want it."

A PECULIAR NEW ENGLANDER.

One morning, near the completion of my journey in the South, I left a seaport town for a ride by rail of eighty or one hundred miles into the interior of the State. For most of this distance the railroad runs through a pine-woods

region, which is but sparsely settled, and but a small portion of the land is cultivated. The car was full, and before we had fairly cleared the suburbs of the town from which we started general attention was attracted to one man among the passengers. I happened to be near him, but he spoke so loudly that everybody in the car was obliged to hear what he had to say. He at once began to ridicule whatever he saw along the road, — the soil, the houses of the people, their vehicles, clothing, and manners, — and kept up a sarcastic running comment upon such topics during most of the journey. He informed the company that he was "from the North;" that he was the editor of a newspaper in a prominent New England city, which he mentioned; and that he had "never been in the South before." He went on to say that he was very glad that he had "come South," to see for himself what a miserable, God-forsaken country it was; and in loud tones he denounced the Southern people, and everything Southern, as degraded beyond anything that he could ever have imagined, if he had not seen it all for himself. His usual climax, or conclusion, repeated again and again, was, "I would n't give a cuss for the whole thing." He was insolent even to men from whom he asked information regarding the country, and his manners were so rude and his talk so violent that most of the women near him sought places elsewhere.

He said that he should write a series of articles about the South for his paper, and that he should tell his readers "fully about the whole thing." He appeared to think that this short excursion through the pine woods gave him thorough knowledge of the condition and history of the entire South, and of the character of the Southern people, which he found much worse than he had ever suspected. I have never seen the complete exposition of Southern affairs

which this gentleman assured us he should print for the enlightenment of the people of New England. It would probably have told me of some things which I had not observed in months of Southern travel. Everybody answered this man politely. No one contradicted him, or tried to argue with him. After he had talked for some time, the men about him evidently wished to avoid conversation with him; but he still addressed them, now and then, as if he were giving orders to menials.

THE WAR NOT MARKED BY SAVAGE
PASSIONS.

I had known before I went to the South that there are two sides to most things about which people dispute seriously, or fight each other. I see no reason why we should not now regard everything connected with our great civil war with the true historic temper. Of course this was not possible while we were fighting, nor for some time afterward. However wrong the South was in that contest, the mass of the Southern people must have sincerely believed theirs a good and righteous cause, or they could not have fought us as they did, or have made such sacrifices to continue the struggle. The soldiers of the Union crushed the wrong which the South upheld, but the men who have made themselves conspicuous within a very few years, by "waving the bloody shirt," were not distinguished for bravery during the war. Denunciations of the South, it has always seemed to me, come with ill grace from the politicians, whose sanguinary spirit has uniformly been exhibited in times of peace, and who, when there was a chance to fight, and to punish the South for the wickedness of secession, were careful to keep at a safe distance from the scene of conflict.

A few such men continued, however, until very recently, to exercise considerable influence in some portions of the

North, by means of the pretense that the country was still in danger from "rebel designs," and that the results of the war were not yet secure. It is well to note that the state of things in the South has not greatly changed since these men were filling the air with the clamor of their warnings against the evils that would follow the "withdrawal of the troops" from the Southern States. That seems far back in the past, because we have had so much to think of since then, but it was really only a little while ago. Of course the South is improving in most respects. Perhaps it has improved as rapidly as we could have expected, if we had fully understood the difficulties which were, under the circumstances, inevitable after the war. But the evils which actually existed in the South during several years of political agitation and excitement in the North over accounts of rebel and Bourbon misbehavior exist there to-day, in proportions but slightly changed; and there is about as much need of "troops" in that portion of our country now as there was for some years before they were finally withdrawn. The politicians who were then denouncing traitors with such bitterness did not themselves scruple to imperil the interests of the country by endeavoring to create and perpetuate sectional hostilities and prejudices, for their own personal and partisan aggrandizement. These facts belong to the history of the time.

Of course there was bitter, hostile feeling on both sides, after the war. That could not have been otherwise. I remember that at the time of General Wade Hampton's injury, a few years ago, by an accident which rendered an amputation necessary, I was a guest at a breakfast party in one of our principal Northern cities, where a number of cultivated gentlemen and ladies were assembled. While we were still around the table the daily journal was brought in, and by and by some one read to the

company the news of chief interest. One of the items was a report of General Hampton's condition after the surgical operation had been performed, and it was announced that there was hope of his recovery. Upon this, our hostess expressed, with much emphasis, her regret that the surgeons did not *allow him to bleed to death*, while he was under their hands. There were some clergymen present, but nobody expressed a different sentiment, until I exclaimed that such a deed would have been horrible in the extreme; and then no one appeared to share my feeling, while the lady's view found vehement advocacy. Let us suppose the circumstances to have been reversed, and the same conversation to have occurred in a Southern city regarding some prominent Northern republican politician, who had suffered a similar misfortune. A thousand platforms would have rung with the indignant recital of the story, and it would have had a perceptible effect in a presidential campaign.

It was common, during the struggle, and afterward, to talk of the peculiar horrors and atrocities of civil, fratricidal war. I have given this subject much attention, and I believe that history has not preserved the record of any other great war in which there were so few excesses or barbarities of any kind on either side. I believe that the commanders and the soldiery on both sides were restrained and controlled, in very great measure, throughout the contest, by the reflection that it was a war between brethren. Both parties to the conflict were saddened and solemnized by thoughts of our common history, by memories of the toils and sacrifices that North and South had endured together in the endeavor to lay deep and strong the foundations of a mighty nation; and there was never a great war with so little of vile, malignant passion, of mere devilish hatred or savage cruelty, — so little for anybody to be ashamed of at

the end of the fight. The valor of the soldiers on both sides is a national inheritance of which we and our children may well be forever proud.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

I found that the South had its stories, as well as the North, regarding severities to prisoners, and I remembered that when I once asked an officer of our army, who had been on duty at the camp near Chicago, where rebel prisoners were confined, regarding the treatment of Southern soldiers there, he laughed, and replied, "Well, you would n't expect we'd pet 'em much, would you?" A Massachusetts officer of the highest character said to me, just after the close of the war, "We are going to hang Captain Wirz, because the poor devil has no friends who can do him any good. The probability is that he simply did his duty, as a soldier should." Another New England officer, who for some time had charge of a large portion of the Union prisoners at Andersonville, under Wirz's authority, has often said in my hearing that he saw nothing bad about the rebel officer as to his personal qualities, and that he appeared to him to be kind-hearted, and to feel deep sadness on account of the terrible suffering of the prisoners in his keeping. I asked several men, in different parts of the South, who occupied important positions in various departments of the Confederate government, what the South had to say regarding the charges of cruelty to Union prisoners. They uniformly replied that it was true that Northern men starved in their prisons, but affirmed that the prisoners had always the same rations as Southern soldiers in the field. "Our men could live on such fare, but yours could not; they could not eat it. The climate, confinement, and homesickness caused the terrible mortality. We could not prevent it. During the last year and a half of the war we could not take care of our own men.

They came near starving, too, sometimes." A friend of mine, who was an officer in General Sherman's command during the famous march to the sea, and who burned many fine houses, said that while most of his men engaged in the work of destruction with a grim quietness of manner, and some spoke of it as "sickening business," there were some who liked to break up costly furniture, and to "smash everything" before the houses were fired; and a young farmer in the West told me, a few years after the war, that he and a comrade were accustomed to open the piano-fortes and dance on the keys, with their heavy army shoes, while "some of the other

boys" beat the clocks and mirrors to pieces with the butts of their guns.

I do not speak of these things to revive the accusations or bitter feelings of the past, but to illustrate the view that, while war necessarily involves much that is terrible and cruel, neither party in our great struggle had real reason, probably, for charging the other with special or disgraceful barbarism, or atrocious and unnecessary cruelty, and that in such matters there may have been little difference between them. We should be able, already, to write of the war, and everything connected with it, without heat or bitterness, and without partiality or unfairness.

WILD HONEY.

I.

WHERE hints of racy sap and gum
Out of the old dark forest come;

Where birds their beaks like hammers wield,
And pith is pierced and bark is peeled;

Where the green walnut's outer rind
Gives precious bitterness to the wind,

There lurks the sweet creative power,
As lurks the honey in the flower.

II.

In winter's bud that bursts in spring,
In nut of autumn's ripening,

In acrid bulb beneath the mould,
Sleeps the elixir, strong and old,

That Rosicrucians sought in vain,—
Life that renews itself again!

III.

What bottled perfume is so good
As fragrance of split tulip wood?

What fabled drink of god or muse
Was rich as purple mulberry juice?

And what school-polished gem of thought
Is like the rune from Nature caught?

IV.

He is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;

And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,

And a gold burden on his thighs, —
The pollen-dust of centuries!

Maurice Thompson.

"A STRANGER, YET AT HOME."

PRUDENCE WARNER stood twisting her brown hair into an irreproachable knot at the back of her head. She looked at herself in the glass, with gray, honest eyes beaming softly under straight pretty brows. Her mouth was sweet but homely, and her nose was delicate. She was thirty-five and a spinster, — a very contented one; but it may have been that her contentment under the limited conditions of her life arose from a somewhat limited nature. She was habitually diligent in the Sunday-school, and devoted to the temperance society. She liked to sew on her gowns, and sometimes found pleasure in very harmless gossip. This last idiosyncrasy was fiercely denounced by her mother, Mrs. Arvilla Warner.

"The idee," said that matron once, "of pesterin' yourself to find out what stuff Mrs. Coggeshall's a-goin' to cover her furniture with, when there's Emerson — blessed man! — a-layin' on that table, in a figerative sense, jest waitin' to let you get acquainted with *him*."

"But, mother," Prudence faintly answered, gazing deprecatingly at the blue

and gold volume indicated, "I can't understand Emerson very well, and what I do understand don't seem quite orthodox to me."

"And what call have you to be orthodox?" retorted Mrs. Warner, who, being herself a staunch Unitarian, felt much aggrieved because her husband had remained a Baptist during all the years of their married life, and Prudence in early girlhood had experienced religion, and been baptized into her father's faith.

"It was all that Lorenzo Haynes's doin'," thought the indignant mother, — "foolin' round her with his soft speeches."

She was about right. Young Haynes, a big-eyed divinity student, had been the hero of Prudence's one love dream; a dream that had vanished many years before Prue, at thirty-five, stood brushing her soft hair in the virginal solitude of her pretty room.

One of the peculiarities of Miss Warner's situation in life was that the members of her family did not really bear to her the relation they nominally did.

Mr. Warner was not her father, but her uncle, and only by marriage at that. His first wife had been the sister of Prudence's mother, and had taken the baby when that mother died. She, also, soon followed the world-accustomed pilgrimage, and passed out of the sight of eager eyes. Then Mr. Warner married Arvilla Gould, who had tenderly cared for the adopted child. All her life, Prue had been well beloved, but tamely, except for the brief period during which her clerical lover had been both true and ardent. On the whole, Prue had nearly succeeded in teaching herself that the moderate certainty of her home affections was worth more than that flickering flame had been, and there was no real trouble now in the eyes that were reflected at her in the mirror.

Her own father, Stanton Dudley, had married a second time, been widowed, and wedded again, and after this three-fold experience had himself died, leaving a widow, Prue's unknown step-mother. Somewhere among these marital changes another daughter had been born to him, a fair, slight girl, with cheeks that bore the fatal New England flush. When very young, she had married a man somewhat older than herself. Under his loving eyes, her wild-rose bloom grew into a deeper hectic, then faded and paled in death. Darius Kingman left the country at once, and settled in business in China. Once in a while he acknowledged his connection with Prudence by sending her gifts, which she displayed to her village friends with some pride.

"From my brother," she would say, gently lingering on the words.

"Oh, he's only a half brother-in-law, at best!" cried Maggie Stafford, on one such occasion; "and yet he's the only real relative you have in the world."

"I'm sure," broke in Mrs. Warner, sharply, "Prue's folks think just as much of her as anybody's else's folks do of them."

Maggie was a young married beauty, struggling for an assured position among the good-natured village aristocracy, who were easily induced to open their doors part way for her. They criticised her a good deal, but tolerated and even rather liked her, both women and men feeling the charm of her unusual beauty.

On this afternoon of which we have spoken, when Prudence had at last finished arraying herself, she went downstairs, and met Mr. Warner bustling into the sitting-room.

"Where's mother?" asked he.

"There she comes, up the street," answered Janet, the pretty handmaid, flinging open the porch door. Prue stepped to the threshold, and saw her mother approaching. She was an elderly woman, tall and spare, with thin, high features, which were shaded by a silk sun-bonnet and a green veil tied over her forehead. Spectacles, also green, garnished her nose. She wore a black silk gown, and with her gloveless hands pushed forward a doll baby-carriage, in which were laid several bundles.

"There!" cried Mrs. Warner, as she came up the steps, a moment later. "Janet never told me till just now we was out of lump sugar, and I up an' bundled off after it; and I thought I might as well lay in some rice and tapioca the same time. I knew, with all my years, I could get it quicker 'n Janet, not being so much interested in the young man in the store. That's where my years are a real help to me."

Prue, stooping, shook some dust from the black skirt.

"Marm's all ready in the parlor," said she. "Come and see how nice she looks. But, oh, mother, don't forget that Janet will take the teacups from you to pass!"

"I won't let her forget," pertly quoth the maid.

"Come, come," commented Mr. Warner; "you talk as if mother was a child."

Several ladies were now seen coming to the front door, and the family went into the parlor to receive them. They clustered around "Marm," Mrs. Warner's aged mother, who sat with calmly folded hands.

"Ninety-five to-day," said her son-in-law, "and she don't look a bit over eighty."

"Oh," quavered the old lady, "but I don't feel nigh so spry as when I was on'y ninety. I did n't think I'd live to see this day."

"That 's so," said her daughter. "Mother's just been bent on dyin' all this spring. Did n't want me to make up this dress for her, for fear she would n't wear it. But I was bound she should have it, anyhow."

"It 'll do beautiful to be laid out in," said Marm, smoothing its shining folds. "Dear, dear me, Arvilly, what a time it is sence I was to a funeral!"

The ladies drew out their fancy work. Maggie Stafford sat down by the last gift Darius Kingman had sent, a lovely cabinet, that Prue had transformed into a writing-desk; not that she wrote much, but it had pleased her fancy to make the pretty, curious structure serve as a sort of shrine for the unused literary implements belonging to the family.

"This is very nice, I'm sure," said Maggie, passing her fingers over the in-laid surface. "It must be very convenient. I suppose, Mrs. Warner, you're such an intellectual person, you write and compose a great deal."

"Not I," said the matron, with a toss of her head. "I thank the Lord I can use my measuring tape on myself as true as on anybody else, and I know too much to waste my time a-writing things I would n't take the minutes to read if somebody else had written them."

"How Maggie always does rub mother the wrong way!" mused Prue, with a quiet smile; and then, on some pretext, she stepped to the door and looked out across the road. The level sunbeams

shone into her eyes, under the flower-laden boughs of apple-trees. A tiny bird, all brown and yellow, swayed on some frail support among the grasses. The grass itself shimmered in the warm, low light, and pink apple-buds seemed to pale visibly into white blossoms, their blushes dying as they grew used to the kisses of the sun.

How lovely it all was! Prudence turned her eyes, and saw a man walking up the road beside the orchard wall. She gave an amazed little cry, started eagerly forward, checked herself, stood a moment irresolute, then advanced slowly to the gate, and when the stranger came up she put out her hand, and he took it, before either spoke.

"You must be Prudence," he said at last. "Do you know me?"

"Yes, Darius."

They went into the house together.

"Good land!" cried Mrs. Warner. "You don't mean it! Darius Kingman, as I live!"

"Come here, come here," said Marm, in a high tone. "I'm 'most blind, an' I want to see if it's really him."

Everybody talked, and laughed, and exclaimed, while Kingman stood looking down at the aged woman, — everybody but Prue, who kept very silent, watching Darius with shy, glad eyes.

Kingman spoke very deferentially to the old lady. He might well have smiled to see her. Around her withered throat she wore a black ribbon, on her head a cap made of cheap laces, both black and white, mixed with lavender ribbon, and round her head was tied, with long ends, a bright green string, which held on her spectacles. Down each of her temples were laid six little locks of gray hair, shaped like button-hooks. After Darius and Prue became intimate, she confided to him the information that those gray locks were cut from Marm's dead husband's brow, more than twenty years before, made up into their present ornamental shape,

and were now bound on to the widow's forehead under her cap.

The husbands of Mrs. Warner's guests arrived a few minutes after Kingman, and then all the questions and welcoming uproar began again, till it became known to everybody that one of the gentlemen, Mr. Coggeshall, who was a cousin of Darius, had had some communication with him, and knew of his intended return. It did not transpire that evening, but in the course of a few days the whole village learned that the traveler had come to help Mr. Coggeshall in the management of a new factory.

Amid the hubbub around Marm's chair, Janet's clear voice was heard saying that supper was ready; and I regret to be obliged to chronicle the fact that, during the progress of that meal, Mrs. Warner became so absorbed in telling Maggie Stafford, what every one else at the table knew, about the china that came into her own family when one of her uncles married "a real, foreign-born French woman," that she forgot to give the cups of tea to Janet, and started them herself on uncertain journeys from hand to hand around the table. The maid pursed up her lips and unpursed them, balanced her waiter irresolutely for a moment, then tapped her mistress on the shoulder, whispered fiercely, "Give it to me, ma'am," and seized a cup from the absent-minded matron, which she bore triumphantly to Mr. Kingman; while Mrs. Coggeshall made some remark about the Russian tea she had drank in Europe, and Maggie Stafford silently wished that she also were a connoisseur in teas.

A few evenings later, as Prudence was weeding her flower bed, Darius came into the garden, and strolled up to her. She flushed slightly, holding out her soiled hands with an apologetic gesture of exhibition.

"Never mind," said he. "I saw a pump in the field as I came through. I

am sure you can find water enough to make them clean."

"Oh, yes," she answered, feeling a little confused,—"in the meadow. That's where they water the cows."

He laughed, threw himself on the grass, and stared up at the apple blossoms.

"How unlike China!" he said at last.

"It must all seem strange to you," she ventured, rather timidly.

"Strange," he echoed, "yet so familiar. It's coming back to first principles with a vengeance, to take up life in a New England village, after going round the globe in search of a destiny."

She did not half understand him, but she smiled, and he felt encouraged to go on.

"I feel the spell of old associations already. I am sure I have made my circuit. I have traveled far, but all my paths lead me back to the starting place."

He plucked the blades of grass under his idle fingers, and played with them for some moments; then broke the silence suddenly:—

"Prudence, will you go with me to the Quaker meeting on Sunday?—First day, I suppose I should say."

She glanced up, surprised. "Yes," he continued dreamily, "the old faith knocks within my heart, where it has always lain hidden, and demands to come out and rule my life again."

She was really a little frightened, as well as much puzzled, at the turn Darius' remarks had taken; but as she knelt there by her flowers, with raised face and perplexed eyes, something in her sympathetic though uncomprehending womanhood stimulated him to reveal his thought more fully to her.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I was born and bred a Friend, but was disowned when I married your sister?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I had forgotten it."

"I was in love," he went on, "and what I did I would do again under the same circumstances; but those can never be. And so it has come to pass that I feel the longing of a homesick child to be again received into membership."

"You do not look like a Quaker," said she.

"Perhaps not; nor do I talk like one," he added, with a smile. "Old-fashioned Quakers never discuss religious matters. May be I shall feel no need of speech when I sit among them again."

"It seems odd," murmured the bewildered Prue.

"I suppose it does," he admitted. "But truly, Prue, you can never know how deep the dye of Quakerism is to those whose souls are steeped in it, as an hereditary religion. It is only a veneer of the world I wear upon me. My garments are un-Quakerish in cut, but my thoughts are shaped after the old pattern."

"And will you wear a drab coat?"

He sprang to his feet with a hearty laugh. "I don't know whether the inward impulse will extend so far outward."

He started towards the house, and she followed. The path was more familiar to her, and yet it seemed as if he were guiding her, under the cherry-trees and apple blossoms, to the door of her home.

It chanced that two or three weeks elapsed before Prudence was able to accompany her brother-in-law to the Quaker meeting. Meanwhile, Darius was very busy, thinking and doing. His business arrangements proceeded rapidly towards completion. He plunged headlong into details, of which some bewildered and some surprised him. In his character, practical energy was united with dreamy speculativeness. He possessed good abilities as a business man, joined to the mental furnishing for a religious enthusiast. Remarkable

in neither department of his mind, his thinking was still of an honest, truthful sort, and through all his life he had kept sight of a horizon line beyond the sordid cares or tempting passions of every-day existence. During the years spent in China, his longing for an ideal life had become intensified into what was almost a passion for a religious life. A homesick feeling mingled with the sentiment, and, uniting itself to the ineradicable impulse that a Quaker breeding gives to the soul, turned his thoughts towards the renewal of his fellowship with the church of his forefathers. Across the drift of this current came the circumstance of his entrance into a manufacturing business, involving, as it seemed to him, some complexity in his relations with many of his fellow-beings.

Darius Kingman, sickening with disgust at Asiatic life, whose conditions tried his faith in the unity of the human race, had idealized his own country, and he therefore found many things to perplex him, when he came suddenly into contact with American industrial forces, and with laborers on American soil. At first he was delighted; then shocked by some occurrences which left him uncertain whether these painful phenomena were normal or exceptional.

It was a perfect June morning on which Darius drove with Prudence through the sleepy heat to the old Quaker meeting-house. The roads were lined with blackberry and barberry bushes. Locust-trees grew by the stone walls on either side, and were in full bloom, making the air heavy with their sweetness. Wild-grape vines clasped trees, stones, and shrubbery in an abandoned embrace.

Prudence sat erect by Kingman's side, and looked about her with an unwonted brightness in her eyes. He drove on in dreamy silence. The languid air, the wild fragrance, stole into his soul, exciting there a sort of sensuous fervor

of religious emotion. When they reached their destination, he lifted Prue out before the worn old meeting-house, and idly suffered his eyes to rest upon her figure as she mounted the steps. She did not look unfit to take her place among Quaker women. Her bonnet was simple, and she was clad in a muslin whose prevailing tint was gray. He fastened his horse in the shed, whose yawning alcoves had sheltered the teams of more than one sober generation of meeting-goers, and then made his way into the little assembly. The memories of his boyhood came over him, as he took his seat apart from Prue, on the "men's side" of the room. He fixed his eyes on the elders, sitting on the "facing seats." Softly came the sound of summer noises through the windows. The moments went by like solemn heart-beats. The faces of the congregation were settled into stolid calm, but Darius felt as if he were waiting for something to happen. A woman rose, at last, and laid her bonnet on the bench beside her. She began to speak in a low voice, which soon soared into the well-known Quaker chant. Her sentences were disconnected, ungrammatical, and uncertain of significance; but Darius could not judge this utterance as he would have judged it if delivered in another tone and place. Religious feeling and truth were linked too closely with such sounds, through all the experience of early life.

A small, sharp-featured man arose next. Plain as his face was, it had a look of tenderness, and his homely eyes were very earnest. His words, uttered simply, and with but little intonation, were direct. He spoke of God as if he were sure of him. "Men are slow," he said, "really to believe there is a God in this world. They believe in many other powers, but not in his. They are slow to think he is working right here. Yet he made men so that they need him. Man is higher than all the other creatures God has made, but he needs God more

than these lower ones do. If we are not in unity with God, we cannot live right lives, so it behooves us all to watch carefully what passes within us, to see that we be in unity with him. For thus much he has left it to us to do, that we should not be mere puppets; we must try to put ourselves into communion with him, if we want his help. If there be any who say they cannot see God, or understand him, amid the sore provings of trouble and sorrow and pain that are laid upon them, verily, it is because they have themselves closed their eyes and darkened their minds to perceive him not."

Thus spoke the old man, in an everyday accent of voice, and it seemed to Darius that this was what he had waited for,—the speech of a man who really believed in God.

Some days after this Sunday, Darius, walking home in the late afternoon, saw Prue coming out of one of the factory tenements, where he knew some consumptive invalids lived. She carried a little covered basket on her arm, and wore her gray muslin.

"You have been to see poor Andrews," he said, joining her. "He tells me you have been there before."

"Oh, yes."

"You look like a sister of charity."

"Do I? But I do not make a business of doing good."

"Perhaps you are good enough without making a business of it. Some of us have to treat it as a very serious occupation indeed, in order to succeed much in it," he said, slowly, as they walked, treading the flickering shadows of the willow boughs that drooped above their heads.

"How came you to take up visiting the poor?" he added.

"I did n't take it up," she said, somewhat confusedly. "I never knew anything about such people, till Mr. Coggeshall built these houses by the river; and then we had a washer-woman from

one of the families, and I went there once when the cellar was flooded; and so I kept on going, they were so near."

"These people were your neighbors, in short," said he, looking at her gently, "and so you treated them with neighborly kindness. Well, my dear, I am not sure that searching through all the universe will find me a better gospel than that of neighborliness, — if we do not narrow our neighborhood too closely."

He fell to wondering what would be the efficacy of the Golden Rule as an economic principle; but she, still walking by his side, scarcely heard the happy chirping of the birds above them, her heart was throbbing so because he had called her his dear.

Maggie Stafford met them thus, and glanced curiously at their faces.

"At her age!" thought the young married beauty.

A few minutes later, she was sitting on Mrs. Coggeshall's portico, saying, "Upon my word, I do think the English way is better. Then a girl in Prudence's position would know at once there could be no love-making between her and her brother-in-law, and so would n't get her mind set in that direction."

Mrs. Coggeshall looked blandly at her visitor. "Oh, indeed," she said. "Have you leanings towards the English church? Well, I always did like the service very much, and I have read a good deal about the Anglican division from Rome with great interest. If you are thinking about these things, I should be delighted to lend you several theological works which I possess. Mr. Coggeshall always laughs at what he calls my 'pious library.' I confess, however, I never could quite make up my mind to turn Episcopalian. It was the fault of the English people. They are responsible themselves for my remaining outside their communion. I always doted on everything English till the war came, and then they were so

nasty, as they say, I never could abide them afterwards. Do you remember much about the war?"

"Yes, though I was quite young then," said Maggie; and bent on returning to the charge, she added, "I think it very odd Mr. Kingman did not come back from China to go into the army."

"Brought up a Quaker, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Coggeshall, thoroughly aware of Maggie's purpose, and equally resolved to frustrate it. "You know Quakers don't fight; and though many of the young men in the Society did go into the army, they were those who were in the very heat of the martial spirit of the North, and caught the war fever without stopping to think of the principles of their religion. But Darius was way off in China, and only echoes reached his ear; positively, only echoes of the strife. It was n't exactly 'distance lending enchantment to the view,' but something analogous to; The excitement did not overcome the effect of a lifelong training. He sympathized, and all that, but could not take the bloody sword in hand. Oh, I respect his devotion to principle just as much as I honor the courage of our soldiers! I knew several of those Quaker officers from Philadelphia. Splendid fellows! Come into the house, Maggie, and let me show you a photograph of one of them. Such a gentleman and soldier as he was! And to think he is dead! Yet I've got to that age that sometimes it seems to me as if half the world were dead, and it was n't natural for me to have any friends alive."

So she talked the young woman's gossip down, but she understood it very well, and began herself to fear that Prue might be laying up trouble for her poor little heart.

Maggie, meanwhile, rushed into the game, and began to invite Darius to visit her. She had no special desire to assume the rôle of married flirt. Her ambition was to have a popular house,

and to move about in it with impartial smiles. Darius took Prudence there a few times. She sat in the corner, very composed and very quiet. He did not quite like the style of society they met there, and it relieved an occasional feeling of annoyance for him to see Prue on her low seat by the window.

"Am I not glad that is over!" he said one night, as they started for home. "I would not go there so much if Mrs. Stafford did n't manage it so that I seem obliged to. I don't think it is consistent with my Quaker principles to frequent such gay assemblies."

"I can't quite make out," said Prue, "how much in earnest you are about your Quakerism."

"I am very much in earnest," answered he. "Do you not think a simple style of living, on the part of the rich, might have a tendency to bring about a keener sense of the brotherhood of men?"

There was no reply to this remark, because just then a turn in the road brought them out of the dense shadow of trees, and there, displayed before them, was the sky all in a pallid flame with dancing Northern Lights.

After this evening, Darius generally succeeded in escaping or refusing Maggie's invitations. That pretty lady pouted, pretended to be grieved, and finally gave a little revengeful thrust:—

"I suppose a poor married woman like me must give up your friendship, now you are so much interested in another quarter. Oh, I know: I ought to retire to my kitchen, and leave the parlor for the 'young folks,' or only come there to sit by the wall and watch them enjoy themselves. But I don't like to do that very well," she added, demurely folding her hands and dropping her lovely eyes, "when the only reason I am not one of the 'young folks' myself is that I am married, not that I am old. I am really not near so old as some people I know. And truly, I

don't see why I can't like fun and my friends just as well as if I did n't—like somebody ever so much better, and belong to him,—in a general way. And why can't you, Mr. Kingman? Is she jealous?"

"I don't know what you mean," said he stoutly.

"Oh, but she does," retorted Maggie, looking prettier than ever, for audacity was becoming to her. "Or is it only a case of somebody liking you best? Then surely you might come to my little parties. Oh, there's my good man! Tom, dear, don't you see me? Here I am, quarreling with Mr. Kingman. Come over and walk home with me, for, truly, he won't."

That evening there was a temperance meeting in the village, and all the aristocracy of the place were there, by way of setting a good example to the lower classes. Mrs. Coggeshall, looking across the aisle, saw Prue's eyes resting f— an instant on Darius.

"Ah," thought the matron, "Providence evidently intends this to be a case for me. Prudence has no flesh-and-blood mother, and the best make-believe one don't thrill through every nerve on behalf of a child, as a real one does. I have n't an idea Mrs. Warner sees a thing of what's going on under her respectably spectacled nose. To be sure, Prue is old enough to take care of herself; only women, unless they are married, will be women to the end of the chapter, poor creatures! Gracious, how time goes! It must be full fifteen years since Prue followed that Lorenzo somebody down to the river. She thought she was doing it to please the Lord, but I guess the Lord knew very well it was done to please Lorenzo. And now she's on the road to another trouble!"

That night Darius Kingman sat, for an hour, alone on his boarding-house piazza. The moon shone solemnly down out of a clear, dark sky. There

seemed to be no barrier between the man's soul and heaven, — only immeasurable distance. All the passions of his life passed in review before him, like a great host marshaled under that awful sky. Events were of little moment to him compared with emotions. It seemed to him of no account what special circumstance had fired the train of feeling laid ready in his heart, or had turned his thoughts along a pathway already open before him. If it had not been one incident, it would have been another. Only one thing in all his life appeared now to have been of itself of controlling import, — his early love and loss. Apart from this single monumental experience, all his story was the story of a man's longing after God, and all that longing had brought him back to the faith of his youth. Amid the fluctuations of modern thought, with its materialistic tendency, this alone offered a solid assurance to his mind, — the dear old Quaker doctrine, that in the soul of every man that cometh into the world is a light that lighteth all his footsteps. A thousand lesser impulses, also, drew him back to his old religion. For the sake of his love he had once defied the Quaker discipline, which forbade marriage with an outsider; but did he wish to do that again? Prudence, sweet as she was to him, aroused no such passionate love as had been given to her sister. He knew very well that old customs had so far relaxed among the Friends in that section of the country that he could be admitted to fellowship with them, though it were known that he purposed marrying one of the women of the world a week later. He had no principle himself against such marriages, and yet, whether from the effect of early training or hereditary prejudice, he shrank in some undefined way from entertaining at the same time the project of joining the Society and of making such a marriage as the Society had deliberately condemned as "disorderly."

It also touched what small share of humor this serious-minded man possessed to find himself, in this religious crisis of his life, tempted to commit again the very same offense which had made him a religious outlaw, so many years before. But when he had reached this stage of his meditations, he told himself that he was not at all tempted to marry Prue. Why, then, was he thinking about it? Why did her face rise before him in the moonlight, beside the radiant image of that dead girl, whose remembered beauty even made the living Prudence seem the ghost to him?

The truth was, Maggie Stafford's hints had rankled in Darius' mind, and, moreover, Mrs. Coggeshall had claimed his escort on the way home that evening, and had plainly told him that if he did not mean to marry Prue he would do well not to dangle around her any more. Mrs. Coggeshall could be very direct of speech when she chose, and she had left no doubt as to her meaning in his mind.

"I do not believe it," he soliloquized. "Prue is not the girl to fall in love with any man; nor am I exactly a charming creature. I will not go there to make talk, but there is surely no need for me to think of marrying her on her own account! What an idea! As for myself, I like her. I really do not know why I like her so much. Sometimes, I wonder if she has any intellect, or only that sweet, sympathetic smile, which always leads me on to talk. She never says a noticeable thing, yet I always want to tell her all I think. But I surely do not love her, or I could not analyze her thus."

It did not occur to the man that he was not analyzing her very successfully just then, — that he was simply confessing there was some quality in her which defied his analysis; so he went bravely on to his resolve, that he would shield her from gossip, and visit her only when compelled to do so. He rose at last to leave the silent porch. Pausing at the

house door, he looked up at the moon, which now rode majestic in the mid-heavens. Back over his soul came a religious feeling, like the swelling of a great tide.

"O God, my God," he murmured, "in all this aching, groaning world, in all this living, loving world, there is no room for any passion but the desire of thee!"

So evening after evening passed, and Darius did not come to Prue's sitting-room. At first she wondered openly at his absence, playfully making little vexed speeches about it to her father and mother. Then she ceased to refer to her brother-in-law, and drooped a little in her manner; but there was nobody to notice that.

One afternoon she sat at the window, and saw Darius go by, on the other side of the road, with Maggie Stafford and her younger sister, Tessy, — a girl more golden-haired, more beautifully blonde even, than Maggie. Tessy was laughing as they passed. The laugh sounded like the note of a bobolink, Prue thought; and, thinking this, saw Darius smile kindly in answer. How well she knew that kind smile!

She rose at once, and went to her room. She saw herself in her mirror, as the door closed behind her, and seated herself mechanically in a low chair. How old and pale she looked!

"Old!" she said to herself mockingly. "I feel as if I were dead!"

For a full half hour she sat there, scarcely moving; then she went calmly down the stairs, took up her sewing, and listened, without understanding, while her mother read something from Darwin aloud to her.

That same evening, Darius stood once more on Maggie's piazza, while the music of young voices floated gayly through the open windows; and she herself, a white, graceful figure, came to him, laying a hand lightly on his arm.

"It is lovely to have you back," said she; "and I knew you would like Tessy."

"She is charming," said the man. "But I do not feel in my element among these bright young girls. I fancy I lived too long in China to be at home in this sort of society. I spoke pigeon English too many years to find my tongue apt at compliments now. You are very kind to want to introduce me to your girl friends, but it is too late for me to make myself their comrade."

After this, he did manage very nearly to seclude himself and, being very much occupied by his business during the fall months, Prue was not the only one of his friends who missed the sight of him.

Of course he was obliged to call occasionally at Mr. Warner's, but it was at least three weeks after that evening at Maggie's when Prue met him first. She came into the house from a botanizing walk, carrying in her hand a spray of early red leaves. On her way home she had been thinking of him. She was always thinking of him at this time. She never left the house without the thought that she might see him. She never came back without the hope that he had entered her home in her absence. She never approached a window without wondering if she might not catch a glimpse of him through the revealing glass, that seemed a loop-hole in her prison walls. She never saw a figure coming towards her from the distance without the prayer that it might be his. It was not a sharp pain she felt, but a deadly suspense of the mind, a slow-creeping faintness of the heart, like the on-coming of disease or of old age.

In this mood with his name trembling on her unconscious lips, she came into the room on that September afternoon, and saw him standing beside her grandmother, — her grandmother only by adoption, like all her other relatives, poor Prue!

He was saying gentle parting words to the old lady, who peered up at him, nodding her head, till the little false curls bobbed in a manner quite unbecoming their melancholy origin.

"Yes, yes, Darius Kingman," said the shrill voice; "we old folks expect you young ones to forget us. I ain't ben a mite surprised you did n't come, but it did seem rather more lonesomer. I set here an' think an' think, an' your Mary's pretty face rises right up afore me like a picter! She come here a-visitin' oncet or twicet, when she was a tiny tot; an' I declare for 't, though Prue was a better gal, I did like your Mary best. I set a sight by Prue, but my heart kinder hankered after Mary. She was like my little gal that died; an' when you come it brings the thought of them both to me, — pretty little gals, your Mary, as has been dead only thirteen year, an' my Arabella, as died sixty year ago. Wal, wal, I allus see 'em together now, an' pretty soon I'm goin' where they be. I think I can find 'em somewheres, — I *think* I can."

As the old lady's voice died away in an unearthly whisper, Darius turned, and saw Prue, very pale, standing before him, holding the spray of red leaves against her gray gown. He felt a sort of nervous shock, but he only bowed, touched her fingers, stooped again over Marm's withered hand, murmured a few incoherent words, and left the house.

A few days later, the grandmother died, and Darius came again frequently to the Warners'. He was kind and helpful, but he kept out of Prue's way, and when the necessity for visiting there passed he came no more.

The Warners did not put on mourning. "It's a sinful waste of time an' money," said Mrs. Arvilla. "It makes the world dismaler than it need be, an' there's nothin' Christian in doin' that. The sorrow that has to be coddled to keep it alive had better die. If anybody thinks I ain't sorry my mother's

dead, let 'em come an' ask me! That's all."

So Prue still wore her soft grays and browns; but when she selected her modest winter wardrobe, that year, she chose even plainer shapes and duller tints than ever before; feeling that thus she did some slight honor to the aged woman's memory, but further impelled by a sense that in this way it behooved one to dress whose girlhood had passed. She did not want to be old, but she had felt that she was old ever since the afternoon when she had heard that clear laugh of Tessy Martin's ring out for girlish joy at being in Darius Kingman's company. A man's fate, thought Prue, was different from a woman's. He was her own senior by several years, but he was not old in the sense that she was. He was still a welcome associate for young and beautiful maidens, while she! — alas, what handsome boy of eighteen would laugh like *that* because Prudence Warner smiled on him? She had missed not only Darius Kingman's love, but all the blessed chances of youth. She bade herself accept her lot quietly, nor trick herself out in unbefitting clothes, but to look what she was, — a middle-aged single woman, who had been passed by.

The first time she wore her new garments to church, Maggie came up to her after the service, laughing. "Really, Prudence, you look just like a Quaker. Have you caught Darius Kingman's craze?"

Prue flushed, and turned angrily away.

"Oh, I did n't mean anything," called out Maggie; but the other would not answer, and walked rapidly homeward.

Prue was tempted, after this, to crown her bonnet with gay flowers, but she would not show Maggie that she felt the sting of what had been said.

Towards spring, the hands in Mr. Coggeshall's mill struck. They paraded and held meetings. There was much gathering of people on the streets. All

sorts of stories were told about everybody concerned in the business. Mr. Coggeshall, irritated by many false reports, shut himself in his house in sullen silence. Deputations of spinners and weavers besieged his door in vain. He would see none of them. Mrs. Coggeshall rattled on good-humoredly about the whole affair, and rallied her husband unceasingly at what she termed the constantly increasing evidences of his popularity with the people he employed. She treated it all as a joke, but he took the strike as a personal offense.

It was a new experience to Kingman, and impressed him deeply. He talked with everybody on all sides. By turns he grew indignant in behalf of both parties. Sometimes he was heart-sick and dismayed by the difficulties in this and many kindred situations which he investigated; but whatever financial theories he adopted or dropped, more and more his sympathies went out to those men, women, and children to whom "labor troubles" meant something worse than the pecuniary embarrassment which threatened their employers.

Prudence saw him now frequently, as business consultations were often held with Mr. Warner at their house.

She did not understand political economy, and perhaps would not have been much impressed by the talk that constantly went on between her father and Mr. Coggeshall about "competition" if she had understood it; but she noted Darius' serious aspect, felt that he was not quite in sympathy with the others, and her heart yearned over him.

"He seems to mind people's troubles as if they were his own," she thought. "I suppose we all ought to," she added, with the simple comment of a conscience unversed in the *laissez-faire* doctrines of trade.

One Sunday in March, Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall came to Mr. Warner's, soon after the dinner which it was the village Sabbath custom to have in the middle

of the afternoon. The talk turned on Kingman's character.

"Now," said Mrs. Coggeshall, "you may say what you will, but I say there's something very fine about that man. With all his Quaker stiffness, if I wanted to draw an ideal picture of a gentleman, I'd just make his portrait."

"A good fellow, a good fellow," commented her husband sagely, "but very erratic, very erratic;" and he puckered his lips, as if he did not like the taste of that word.

"Yes," said she undauntedly, "awfully so; that's one thing I like about him."

"I don't see," spoke up Mrs. Warner, "as the thing you call so erratic in Darius is anything but the New Testament fanaticism put in action; an' for my part, I don't think it's respectful to the Lord, the way Mr. Coggeshall and Mr. Warner are always talkin', as if the Almighty did n't know nothin' about business, when he settled his system of morality."

"My dear, my dear," softly interposed Mr. Warner, "you be a woman, and don't understand business."

"The Lord an' I together!" ejaculated Mrs. Arvilla.

At that moment came a low tap at the back door, and Prudence softly glided out of the room. She soon came back, and spoke with some nervousness:

"Father, Darius wants to know if he may borrow the horse and buggy to drive to Lexville. His horse is lame. He's got a sudden call to go, and as he may be detained he's asked me to go with him, so I can bring the horse back."

"Oh, to be sure, to be sure," bustled Mr. Warner, rising. "I'll go and see to the harnessing."

"No, you need n't," said she hastily. "I guess Darius understands a horse as well as you do, — the times he's harnessed Spin! Sit still, do! You know you've got a lame back, and, besides,

Mr. Coggeshall wants to talk business with you."

"That's so," said the manufacturer, as Prue, despite herself, turned an appealing look to him. "Sit down, Jacob. I guess Darius is equal to the occasion."

But Mrs. Coggeshall noticed Prue's excited manner, and felt a great disapproval of the proposed drive. She wanted to go straight out to the barn, and talk to Kingman again about his sister-in-law's affections. She ached to tell Mrs. Warner how stupidly blind she was. But as she could do neither of these things, she tried to content herself by attacking Prudence's unsuspicious mother on a point of theology.

When Prue, all bonneted and cloaked, went out to the barn, she found Darius standing beside the mare, his face very white and his lips compressed.

"I'll harness her," said she, "and I've made it all right in the house."

"Poor little Prue," said he. "What a diplomat you must be, and I should never have suspected it of you!"

She put the mare in the traces, backed the buggy out of the barn, and even helped Darius in. He submitted with a protest, but when both were seated he gathered up the reins with his left hand.

"You'd better let me drive," said she.

"Not till we have passed the house," he answered.

They leaned forward and bowed as they went by the sitting-room windows, and then Darius laughed a little, as Mrs. Coggeshall darted at him a wrathful look, the purport of which he suspected.

When they were on the road Prue firmly took possession of the reins, saying, "Now tell me all about it."

"I have told you all there is, — just a row with Tom Murphy and Peter McNamara, as I came across the fields, looking for trailing arbutus. It was

nothing. They would n't have touched me, but they were drunk, and took it into their muddled heads to class me among their oppressors. There's no real ill-blood among the strikers. They've behaved very well, I think," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "considering they've had to do without the refining influences of higher education."

"Oh, but are you hurt very much?"

"Not seriously; only, as I said, my arm must be broken. I think Peter did it with that big club. It did look so big, coming down on me, and I put up my arm. But I got off in decently honorable shape, I flatter myself, — Quaker as I am. I want to get to Lexville without any one hearing of it. I would n't have Mr. Coggeshall know it to-night for the world, because — it can do no harm to tell you — he has agreed to give notice to-morrow that he will accede to some of the demands of the strikers. It is right he should do so; but if he were to hear of this affair first, he would certainly misinterpret it, and jump to the conclusion that it was an act of deliberate hostility, and I am afraid he would refuse to do what he has promised to do."

Kingman spoke slowly, and leaned heavily against the side of the buggy, looking faint. Prudence drove steadily, keeping her eyes fixed on the mare. The sky was darkly overcast, except around the horizon, where bits of blue showed between fleecy drifts, and in the west a glory of many colors, soft yet bright, spread itself above the distant hills. Here and there the sun behind the clouds poured its rays down, straight and luminous, across this western belt of opaline tints, causing gold to melt into a dream of rose-color, and lower still dissolving all elements into an enchanting haze, that lay upon those wonderful hills of mysterious blue.

Prue drove directly to Dr. Salisbury's house, when they reached Lexville. The doctor received them in his office.

He knew Prue slightly, and held out to her a thin brown hand, working his features very much, while he made a speech of formal welcome. She briefly explained her presence, and he cried out delightedly, —

"And you want to make a conspirator of me, and let me secrete Kingman for twenty-four hours, till the affair has blown over! I see, I see. He shall stay here. I'll keep him in my own house, and doctor him privately. I like it! It carries me back to my youth, and reminds me of the fugitive slaves my father hid in his cellar."

While he talked and ogled, the doctor placed his patient on the sofa, and prepared to examine his injuries. Then said Prudence, still standing in the middle of the floor, —

"Now I will leave you, Darius."

Kingman feebly smiled, holding up to her his left hand. As she took it she saw her sister's wedding ring on his finger.

"You have been very good," he said. "Some day, I'll try to thank you."

She made him no answer, but bade the doctor good-by, and went out.

"She's a woman, now," said the surgeon, as he threw a puckered glance after her. Darius raised himself slightly, stared at the doctor, but uttered no word.

The secret was kept till Mr. Coggeshall was too deeply pledged to conciliation to permit of his drawing back. When the story did leak out it enhanced Kingman's popularity very considerably. Murphy disappeared from town, but McNamara made a pilgrimage to Lexville, procured an interview with Darius, and behaved after such a fashion of sincere regret that the wounded man became the young fellow's staunch friend.

Kingman was, however, quite ill for several days. Dr. Salisbury consequently formed a habit of going to Mr. Warner's to report the daily fluctuations in

the condition of his "sequestered hero," as he called the patient.

"He'd be to'ably good-looking," said Mrs. Warner one day, as she watched the physician carefully tying his horse at the gate, "if he'd only let his face alone, an' not try to keep his features promenading round his countenance. He ain't so very old, neither. They say his hair turned white when his wife died. I don't believe he's a day over fifty. I say, Prue," with a prolonged but feminine whisper, "*that's* why he's so fond of comin' here."

"What's why?" asked Prue, incoherently; but her mother only snorted out a laugh, and retreated to the kitchen, unkindly leaving Prue alone to receive the doctor. The matron sat down by the stove, and tittered over the boiling cabbage and corned beef.

"To think," murmured she, "of anybody's wantin' our Prue!"

Prudence met the doctor with flaming cheeks, which made her almost handsome, so that his ardor was fired; and although he did not actually make love to her, something in his manner left her convinced, when he finally bowed himself out, that under all the play of his hands, and the twisting and screwing of his eyes and mouth, lurked a definite intention towards herself.

When alone, she laughed, like her mother, and echoed her thought, saying, "The idea of his wanting me! Why, it's ten years since any one wanted me. He's a smart man, too, and the last one was such a fool."

But after she had stood still a minute, laughing in a helpless, hysterical fashion, she suddenly fled to her room, as she had done the afternoon she had seen Darius walking with Maggie and Tessa. This time she threw herself on the floor, and cried, and cried.

Nevertheless, the knowledge that she had or could have a suitor proved in many ways a balm to Prue's heart; and finally, rising from the floor, she took

out a spring hat, and deliberately garnished it with a modest spray of flowers, which she had laid aside, in her self-crucifying mood, the season before. She had no idea of trying to be a girl again, or of marrying any man, but she did not feel half so much like an irredeemable old maid as she had for many months.

Dr. Salisbury reported to his patient the visits he made to the Warners, and Darius responded that he was glad to hear they were well.

He grew very restless in his confinement, and made attempts to vary the monotony of his life in ways that retarded his recovery. The doctor fretted at him.

"I told Mrs. Warner, this morning, that you were worse than a whole circus to manage."

"How do you know? Did you ever try to manage a circus?"

"Kingman, why don't you say *thee* to me?"

"I don't want to."

The doctor laughed at Darius' slight irritation. "I guess I'll have you all right soon," he said; "but you must be patient, and not do such abominably rash things. Have prudence, Kingman,—have prudence."

Darius rose to his feet, and looked at the physician a moment, before he said quietly, "I have been a fool, doctor, and I *will* have prudence."

The buds upon the trees were just enough swollen to blue the outline of the branches against the sky, and the air felt warm to Kingman's cheek, as he made his way to the side door of Mr. Warner's house, when he went there for his first call after his accident. The grass was pushing up its elf-like blades, sheathed in green, and the voices of children came calling through the distance with a shrill sweetness. The world looked happy, and Darius felt so as Prudence came through the yard to meet him, with welcoming eyes. She

had been feeding some pet pigeons, and a dove was perched upon her shoulder,—a young bird, pure white and exquisitely slender. It looked not like a creature, but like the soul of some being.

Darius bent over the woman's hand, and the dove took flight, its wings whirling close above his head. When he raised his eyes he saw Dr. Salisbury standing in a familiar attitude in the doorway. It seemed to Darius that a shadow had fallen across the sky.

They all went round to the front porch, where they seated themselves, and chatted lightly about the wonderful warmth of the afternoon. The doctor was fluent. Kingman grew silent. Prudence sat quietly between the two men.

"I'm like Gertrude," she thought: "after getting one sweetheart, *they* swarm."

But she did not really think that Darius had come a-wooing. She only felt very glad to see him, and very content, also, that her womanly attractions should be vindicated in his presence by the doctor's attentive manner.

"I want a glass of water!" cried Kingman, at last, springing to his feet in helpless impatience.

Prudence rose. "No," said he, "I am going to the well."

"You can't draw the bucket."

"I'll help you," said the doctor.

"I can do it myself," retorted he. They followed him, nevertheless, and the doctor applied himself to the well-rope, while Darius stood by, fuming. Prue went into the house for a glass. As she came out again, the white dove flew down and hovered about her. The doctor was hauling up the bucket. Darius went forward and met Prue. He looked her straight in the eyes, and said in a low tone,—

"Choose between that man and me."

"Where's your tumbler?" cried the doctor, as he landed the dripping bucket. Prue filled the glass, and handed it to

Darius. The doctor stood only a yard away, whisking some drops of water off his clothes, but his back was turned.

"Which is it?" asked Kingman, over the glass.

"Why, you, Darius, of course," said she.

Moreover, in due time he also joined the Society of Friends.

L. C. Wyman.

CHANCE DAYS IN OREGON.

THE best things in life seem always snatched on chances. The longer one lives and looks back, the more he realizes this, and the harder he finds it to "make option which of two," in the perpetually recurring cases when "there's not enough for this and that," and he must choose which he will do or take. Chancing right in a decision, and seeing clearly what a blunder any other decision would have been, only makes the next such decision harder, and contributes to increased vacillation of purpose and infirmity of will; until one comes to have serious doubts whether there be not a truer philosophy in the "toss up" test than in any other method. "Heads we go, tails we stay," will prove right as many times out of ten as the most painstaking pros and cons, weighing, consulting, and slow deciding.

It was not exactly by "heads and tails" that we won our glimpse of Oregon; but it came so nearly to the same thing that our recollections of the journey are still mingled with that sort of exultant sense of delight with which the human mind always regards a purely fortuitous possession.

Three days and two nights on the Pacific Ocean is a round price to pay for a thing, even for Oregon, with the Columbia River thrown in. There is not so misnamed a piece of water on the globe as the Pacific Ocean, nor so unexplainable a delusion as the almost universal impression that it is smooth sailing there. It is British Channel and

North Sea and off the Hebrides combined,—as many different twists and chops and swells as there are waves. People who have crossed the Atlantic again and again without so much as a qualm are desperately ill between San Francisco and Portland. There is but one comparison for the motion: it is as if one's stomach were being treated as double teeth are handled, when country doctors are forced to officiate as dentists, and know no better way to get a four-pronged tooth out of its socket than to turn it round and round till it is torn loose.

Three days and two nights! I spent no inconsiderable portion of the time in speculations as to Monsieur Antoine Crozat's probable reasons for giving back to King Louis his magnificent grant of Pacific coast country. He kept it five years, I believe. In that time he probably voyaged up and down its shores thoroughly. Having been an adventurous trader in the Indies, he must have been well wonted to seas; and being worth forty millions of livres, he could afford to make himself as comfortable in the matter of a ship as was possible a century and a half ago. His grant was a princely domain: an empire five times larger than France itself. What could he have been thinking of, to hand it back to King Louis like a worthless bauble of which he had grown tired? Nothing but the terrors of sea-sickness can explain it. If he could have foreseen the steam-engine, and have had a vision of it fly-

ing on iron roads across continents and mountains, how differently would he have conducted! The heirs of Monsieur Autoine, if any such there be to-day, must chafe when they read the terms of our Louisiana Purchase.

Three days and two nights—from Thursday morning till Saturday afternoon—between San Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia, and then we had to lie at Astoria the greater part of Sunday night before the tide would let us go on up the river. It was not waste time, however. Astoria is a place curious to behold. Seen from the water, it seems a tidy little white town nestled on the shore, and well topped off by wooded hills. Landing, one finds that it must be ranked as amphibious, being literally half on land and half on water. From Astoria proper, the old Astoria, which Mr. Astor founded, and Washington Irving described, up to the new town, or upper Astoria, is a mile and a half, two thirds bridges and piers. Long wooden wharves, more streets than wharves, resting on hundreds of piles, are built out to deep water. They fairly fringe the shore; and the street nearest the water is little more than a succession of bridges from wharf to wharf. Frequent bays and inlets make up, leaving unsightly muddy wastes when the tide goes out. To see family washing hung out on lines over these tidal flats, and the family infants drawing their go-carts in the mud below, was a droll sight. At least every other building on these strange wharf streets is a salmon cannery, and acres of the wharf surfaces were covered with salmon nets spread out to dry. The streets were crowded with wild-looking men, sailor-like, and yet not sailor-like, all wearing india-rubber boots reaching far above the knee, with queer wing-like flaps projecting all around at top. These were the fishers of salmon, two thousand of them, Russians, Finns, Germans, Italians,—“every kind on the

earth,” an old restaurant keeper, said in speaking of them; “every kind on the earth, they pour in here, for four months, from May to September. They’re a wild set; clear out with the salmon, ‘n’ don’t mind any more ‘n the fish do what they leave behind ‘em.”

All day long they kill time in the saloons. The nights they spend on the water, flinging and trolling and drawing in their nets, which often burst with the weight of the captured salmon. It is a strange life, and one sure to foster a man’s worst traits rather than his best ones. The fishermen who have homes and families, and are loyal to them, industrious and thrifty, are the exception.

The site of Mr. Astor’s original fort is now the terraced yard of a spruce new house on the corner of one of the pleasantest streets in the old town. These streets are little more than narrow terraces, rising one above the other on jutting and jagged levels of the river bank. They command superb off-looks across and up and down the majestic river, which is here far more a bay than a river. The Astoria people must be strangely indifferent to these views, for the majority of the finest houses face away from the water, looking straight into the rough, wooded hillside.

Uncouth and quaint vehicles are perpetually plying between the old and the new towns; they jolt along fast over the narrow wooden roads, and the foot passengers, who have no other place to walk, are perpetually scrambling from under the horses’ heels. It is a unique highway: pebbly beaches, marshes, and salt ponds, alder-grown cliffs, hemlock and spruce copses on its inland side; on the water-side, bustling wharves, canneries, fishermen’s boarding-houses, great spaces filled in with bare piles waiting to be floored; at every turn shore and sea seem to change sides, and clumps of brakes, fresh-hewn stumps, maple and madrone trees, shift places with canneries and wharves; the sea swashes un-

der the planks of the road at one minute, and the next is an eighth of a mile away, at the end of a close-built lane. Even in the thickest settled business part of the town, blocks of water alternate with blocks of brick and stone.

The statistics of the salmon-canning business almost pass belief. In 1881, six hundred thousand cases of canned salmon were shipped from Astoria. We ourselves saw seventy-five hundred cases put on board one steamer. There were forty eight-pound cans in each case; it took five hours' steady work, of forty "long-shore men," to load them. These long-shore men are another shifting and turbulent element in the populations of the river towns. They work day and night, get big wages, go from place to place, and spend money recklessly; a sort of commercial Bohemian, difficult to handle and often dangerous. They sometimes elect to take fifty cents an hour and all the beer they can drink, rather than a dollar an hour and no beer. At the time we saw them, they were on beer wages. The foaming beer casks stood at short intervals along the wharf, — a pitcher, pail, and mug at each cask. The scene was a lively one: four cases loaded at a time on each truck, run swiftly to the wharf edge, and slid down the hold; trucks rattling, turning sharp corners; men laughing, wheeling to right and left of each other, tossing off mugs of beer, wiping their mouths with their hands, and flinging the drops in the air with jests, — one half forgave them for taking part wages in the beer, it made it so much merrier.

On Sunday morning we waked up to find ourselves at sea in the Columbia River. A good part of Oregon and Washington Territory seemed also to be at sea there. When a river of the size of the Columbia gets thirty feet above low-water mark, towns and townships go to sea unexpectedly. All the way up the Columbia to the Willamette, and down the Willamette to Portland,

we sailed in and on a freshet, and saw at once more and less of the country than could be seen at any other time. At the town of Kalama, facetiously announced as "the water terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad," the hotel, the railroad station, and its warehouses were entirely surrounded by water, and we sailed, in seemingly deep water, directly over the wharf where landings were usually made. At other towns on the way we ran well up into the fields, and landed passengers or freight on stray sand spits, or hillocks, from which they could get off again on the other side by small boats. We passed scores of deserted houses, their windows open, the water swashing over their door-sills; gardens, with only tops of bushes in sight, one with red roses swaying back and forth, limp and helpless on the tide. It seemed strange that men would build houses and make farms in a place where they are each year liable to be driven out by such freshets. When I expressed this wonder, an Oregonian replied lightly, "Oh, the river always gives them plenty of time. They've all got boats, and they wait till the last minute always, hoping the water 'll go down." "But it must be unwholesome to the last degree to live on such overflowed lands. When the water recedes, they must get fevers." "Oh, they get used to it. After they've taken about a barrel of quinine, they're pretty well acclimated."

Other inhabitants of the country asserted roundly that no fevers followed these freshets; that the trade-winds swept away all malarial influences; that the water did no injury whatever to the farms, — on the contrary, made the crops better; and that these farmers along the river bottoms "could n't be hired to live anywhere else in Oregon."

The higher shore lines were wooded almost without a break; only at long intervals an oasis of clearing, high up, an emerald spot of barley or wheat, and

a tiny farm-house. These were said to be usually lumbermen's homes; it was warmer up there than in the bottom, and crops thrived. In the not far-off day when these kingdoms of forests are overthrown, and the Columbia runs unshaded to the sea, these hill shores will be one vast granary.

The city of Portland is on the Willamette River, fourteen miles south of the junction of that river with the Columbia. Seen from its water approach, Portland is a picturesque city, with a near surrounding of hills, wooded with pines and firs, that make a superb skyline setting to the town, and to the five grand snow peaks, of which clear days give a sight. These dark forests and spear-top fringes are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Portland's site than even its fine waters and islands. It is to be hoped that the Portland people will appreciate their value, and never let their near hills be shorn of trees. Not one tree more should be cut. Already there are breaks in the forest horizons, which mar the picture greatly, and it would take but a few days of ruthless woodchoppers' work to rob the city forever of its backgrounds, turning them into unsightly barrens. The city is on both sides of the river, and is called East and West Portland. With the usual perversity in such cases, the higher ground and the sunny eastern frontage belong to the less popular part of the city, the west town having most of the business and all of the fine houses. Yet in times of freshet, its lower streets are always under water; and the setting-up of back-water into drains, cellars, and empty lots is a yearly source of much illness. When we arrived, two of the principal hotels were surrounded by water; from one of them there was no going out or coming in, except by planks laid on trestle-work in the piazzas, and the air in the lower part of the town was foul with bad smells from the stagnant water.

Portland is only thirty years old, and its population is not over twenty-five thousand. Yet it is said to have more wealth per head than any other city in the United States, except New Haven. Wheat and lumber and salmon have made it rich. Oregon wheat brings such prices in England that ships can afford to cross the ocean to get it, and last year a hundred and thirty-four vessels sailed out of Portland harbor, loaded solely with wheat or flour.

The city reminds one strongly of some of the rural towns in New England. The houses are unpretentious, wooden, either white or of light colors, and uniformly surrounded by pleasant grounds, in which trees, shrubs, and flowers grow freely, without any attempt at formal or decorative culture. One of the most delightful things about the town is its surrounding of wild and wooded country. In an hour, driving up on the hills to the west, one finds himself in wildernesses of woods: spruce, maple, cedar, and pine; dogwood, wild syringa, honeysuckle, ferns and brakes fitting in for undergrowth, and below all white clover matting the ground. By the roadsides are linnea, red clover, yarrow, may-weed, and dandelion, looking to New England eyes strangely familiar and unfamiliar at once. Never in New England woods and roadsides do they have such a luxurious diet of water and rich soil, and such comfortable warm winters. The white clover especially has an air of spendthrift indulgence about it, which is delicious. It riots through the woods, even in their densest, darkest depths, making luxuriant pasturage where one would least look for it. On these wooded heights are scores of dairy farms, which have no clearings except of the space needful for the house and outbuildings. The cows, each with a bell at her neck, go roaming and browsing all day in the forests. Out of thickets scarcely penetrable to the eye come everywhere

along the road the contented notes of these bells' slow tinkling at the cows' leisure. The milk, cream, and butter from these dairy farms are of the excellent quality to be expected, and we wondered at not seeing "white clover butter" advertised as well as "white clover honey." Land in these wooded wilds brings from forty to eighty dollars an acre; cleared, it is admirable farm land. Here and there we saw orchards of cherry and apple trees, which were loaded with fruit; the cherry-trees so full that they showed red at a distance.

The alternation of these farms with long tracts of forest, where spruces and pines stand a hundred and fifty feet high, and myriads of wild things have grown in generations of tangle, gives to the country around Portland a charm and flavor peculiarly its own; even into the city itself extends something of the same charm of contrast and antithesis; meandering footpaths, or narrow plank sidewalks with grassy rims, running within stone's throw of solid brick blocks and business thoroughfares. One of the most interesting places in the town is the Bureau of Immigration of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In the centre of the room stands a tall case, made of the native Oregon woods. It journeyed to the Paris and the Philadelphia Expositions, but nowhere can it have given eloquent mute answer to so many questions as it does in its present place. It now holds jars of all the grains raised in Oregon and Washington Territory; also sheaves of superb stalks of the same grains, arranged in circles, — wheat six feet high, oats ten, red clover over six, and timothy grass eight. To see Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Irish, come in, stand wonderingly before this case, and then begin to ask their jargon of questions, was an experience which did more in an hour to make one realize what the present tide of immigration to the New Northwest really is than reading of statistics could do in a year.

These immigrants are pouring in, it is estimated, at the rate of at least a hundred and fifty a day: one hundred by way of San Francisco and Portland; twenty-five by the Puget Sound ports; and another twenty-five overland by wagons. No two with the same aim; no two alike in quality or capacity. To listen to their inquiries, their narratives, to give them advice and help, requires almost preternatural patience and sagacity. It might be doubted, perhaps, whether this requisite combination could be found in an American; certainly no one of any nationality could fill the office better than it is filled by the tireless Norwegian who occupies the post at present. It was touching to see the brightened faces of his countrymen, as their broken English was answered by him in the familiar words of their own tongue. He could tell well which parts of the new country would best suit the Hardanger men, and the men from Eide. It must have been hard for them to believe his statements, even when indorsed by the home speech. To the ordinary Scandinavian peasant, accustomed to measuring cultivable ground by hand-breadths, and making gardens in pockets in rocks, tales of hundreds of unbroken miles of wheat country, where crops average from thirty-five to forty-five bushels an acre, must sound incredible; and spite of their faith in their countryman, they are no doubt surprised when their first harvest in the Willamette or Umpqua valley proves that his statements were under, rather than over, the truth.

The Columbia River steamers set off from Portland at dawn, or thereabouts. Wise travelers go on board the night before, and their first morning consciousness is a wonder at finding themselves afloat, — afloat on a sea; for it hardly seems like river voyaging when shores are miles apart, and, in many broad vistas, water is all that can be seen. These vistas, in times of high water, when the

Columbia may be said to be fairly "seas over," are grand. They shine and flicker for miles, right and left, with green feathery fringes of tree-tops, and queer brown stippled points and ridges, which are house gables and roof-trees, not quite gone under. One almost forgets, in the interest of the spectacle, what misery it means to the owners of the gables and roof-trees.

At Washougal Landing, on the morning when we went up the river, all that was to be seen of the warehouse on the wharf at which we should have made landing was the narrow ridge line of its roof; and this was at least a third of a mile out from shore. The boat stopped, and the passengers were rowed out in boats and canoes, steering around among tree-tops and houses as best they might.

The true shore line of the river we never once saw, but it cannot be so beautiful as was the freshet's shore of upper banks and terraces: dark forests at top, shifting shades of blue in every rift between the hills, iridescent rainbow colors on the slopes, and gray clouds, white edged, piled up in masses above them, all floating apace with us, and changing tone and tint oftener than we changed course.

As we approached the Cascade Mountains, the scenery grew grander with every mile. The river cuts through this range in a winding cañon, whose sides for a space of four or five miles are from three to four thousand feet high. But the charm of this pass is not so much in the height and grandeur as in the beauty of its walls. They vary in color and angle, and light and shadow, each second: perpendicular rock fronts, mossy brown; shelves of velvety greenness and ledges of glistening red or black stone thrown across; great basaltic columns fluted as by a chisel; jutting tables of rock carpeted with yellow and brown lichen; turrets standing out with firs growing on them; bosky points

of cottonwood-trees; yellow and white blossoms and curtains of ferns, waving out, hanging over; and towering above all these, peaks and summits wrapped in fleecy clouds. Looking ahead, we could see sometimes only castellated mountain lines, meeting across the river, like walls; as we advanced they retreated, and opened, with new vistas at each opening. Shining threads of water spun down in the highest places, sometimes falling sheer to the river, sometimes sinking out of sight in forest depths midway down, like the famed fosses of the Norway fjords. Long sky-lines of pines and firs, which we knew to be from one hundred to three hundred feet tall, looked in the aerial perspective no more than a mossy border along the wall. A little girl, looking up at them, gave by one artless exclamation a true idea of this effect. "Oh," she cried, "they look just as if you could pick a little bunch of them!" At intervals along the right-hand shore were to be seen the white-tented encampments of the Chinese laborers on the road which the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is building to link Saint Paul with Puget Sound. A force of three thousand Chinamen and two thousand whites is at work on this river division, and the road is being pushed forward with great rapidity. The track looked in places as if it were not one inch out of the water, though it was twenty feet; and tunnels which were a hundred and thirty feet high looked only like oven mouths. It has been a hard road to build, costing in some parts sixty-five thousand dollars a mile. One spot was pointed out to us where twenty tons of powder had been put in, in seven drifts, and one hundred and forty cubic yards of rock and soil blown at one blast into the river. It is an odd thing that huge blasts like this make little noise, only a slight puff; whereas small blasts make the hills ring and echo with their racket.

Between the lower cascades and the

upper cascades is a portage of six miles, past fierce waters, in which a boat could scarcely live. Here we took cars; they were over-full, and we felt ourselves much aggrieved at being obliged to make the short journey standing on one of the crowded platforms. It proved to be only another instance of the good things caught on chances. Next we stood an old couple, the man's neck so burnt and wrinkled it looked like fiery red alligator's skin; his clothes, evidently his best, donned for a journey, were of a fashion so long gone by that they had a quaint dignity. The woman wore a checked calico sun-bonnet, and a green merino gown of as quaint a fashion as her husband's coat. With them was a veritable Leather Stocking: an old farmer, whose flannel shirt, tied loosely at the throat with a bit of twine, fell open, and showed a broad hairy breast of which a gladiator might have been proud.

The cars jolted heavily, making it hard to keep one's footing; and the old man came near being shaken off the step. Recovering himself, he said, laughing, to his friend, —

"Anyhow, it's easier 'n a buckin' Cayuse horse."

"Yes," assented the other. "'T ain't much like '49, is it?"

"Were you here in '49?" I asked eagerly.

"'49!" he repeated scornfully. "I was here in '47. I was seven months comin' across from Iowa to Oregon City in an ox team; an' we're livin' on that same section we took up then; an' I reckon there hain't nobody got a lien on to it yet. We've raised nine children, an' the youngest on em's twenty-one. My woman's been sick for two or three years; this is the first time I've got her out. Thought we'd go down to Columbus, an' get a little pleasure, if we can. We used to come up to this portage in boats, an' then pack everything on horses an' ride across."

"We wore buckskin clo'es in those

days," interrupted Leather Stocking, "and spurs with bells; need n't do more 'n jingle the bells, 'n the horse 'd start. I'd like to see them times back agen, too. I vow I'm put to 't now to know where to go. This civilization," with an indescribably sarcastic emphasis on the third syllable, "is too much for me. I don't want to live where I can't go out 'n kill a deer before breakfast any mornin' I take a notion to."

"Were there many Indians here in those days?" I asked.

"Many Injuns?" he retorted; "why, 't was all Injuns. All this country long here was jest full on 'em."

"How did you find them?"

"Jest 's civil 's any people 'n the world; never had no trouble with 'em. Nobody never did have any thet treated 'em fair. I tell ye, it's jest with them 's 't is with cattle. Now there 'll be one man raise cattle, an' be real mean with 'em; an' they 'll all hook, an' kick, an' break fences, an' run away. An' there 'll be another, an' his cattle 'll all be kind, an' come ter yer when you call 'em. I don't never want to know anythin' more about a man than the way his stock acts. I hain't got a critter that won't come up by its name an' lick my hand. An' it 's jest so with folks. Ef a man 's mean to you, yer goin' to be mean to him, every time. The great thing with Injuns is, never to tell 'em a yarn. If yer deceive 'em once, they won't ever trust yer again, 's long 's yer live, an' you can't trust them either. Oh, I know Injuns, I tell you. I've been among 'em here more 'n thirty year, an' I never had the first trouble yet. There's been troubles, but I wa'n't in 'em. It's been the white people's fault every time."

"Did you ever know Chief Joseph?" I asked.

"What, old Jo! You bet I knew him. He 's an A. No. 1 Injun, he is. He 's real honorable. Why, I got lost once, an' I came right on his camp be-

fore I knowed it, an' the Injuns they grabbed me; 't was night, 'n' I was kind o' creepin' along cautious, an' the first thing I knew there was an Injun had me on each side, an' they jest marched me up to Jo's tent, to know what they should do with me. I wa'n't a mite afraid; I jest looked him right square in the eye. That's another thing with Injuns; you've got to look 'em in the eye, or they won't trust ye. Well, Jo, he took up a torch, a pine knot he had burnin', and he held it close't up to my face, and looked me up an' down, an' down an' up; an' I never flinched; I jest looked him up an' down's good's he did me; 'n' then he set the knot down, 'n' told the men it was all right, — I was 'tum tum;' that meant I was good heart; 'n' they gave me all I could eat, 'n' a guide to show me my way, next day, 'n' I could n't make Jo nor any of 'em take one cent. I had a kind o' comforter o' red yarn, I wore round my neck; an' at last I got Jo to take that, jest as a kind o' memento."

The old man was greatly indignant to hear that Chief Joseph was in Indian Territory. He had been out of the State at the time of the Nez Percé war, and had not heard of Joseph's fate.

"Well, that was a dirty mean trick!" he exclaimed, — "a dirty mean trick! I don't care who done it."

Then he told me of another Indian chief he had known well, — "Ercutch" by name. This chief was always a warm friend of the whites; again and again he had warned them of danger from hostile Indians. "Why, when he died, there wa'n't a white woman in all this country that did n't mourn 's if she 'd lost a friend; they felt safe 's long 's he was round. When he knew he was dyin' he jest bade all his friends good-by. Said he, 'Good-by. I'm goin' to the Great Spirit;' an' then he named over each friend he had, Injuns an' whites, each one by name, and said good-by after each name."

It was a strange half hour, rocking and jolting on this crowded car platform: the splendid tossing and foaming river with its rocks and islands on one hand, high cliffs and fir forests on the other; these three weather-beaten, eager, aged faces by my side, with their shrewd old voices telling such reminiscences, and rising shrill above the din of the cars.

From the upper cascades to the Dalles, by boat again; a splendid forty miles run, through the mountain pass, its walls now gradually lowering, and, on the Washington Territory side of the river, terraces and slopes of cleared lands and occasional settlements. Great numbers of drift logs passed us here, coming down apace, from the rush of the Dalles above. Every now and then one would get tangled in the bushes and roots on the shore, swing in, and lodge tight to await the next freshet.

The "log" of one of these driftwood voyages would be interesting; a tree trunk may be ten years getting down to the sea, or it may swirl down in a week. It is one of the businesses along the river to catch them, and pull them in to shore, and much money is made at it. One lucky fisher of logs, on the Snake River Fork, once drew ashore six hundred cords in a single year. Sometimes a whole boom gets loose from its moorings, and comes down stream, without breaking up. This is a godsend to anybody who can head it off and tow it in shore; for by the law of the river he is entitled to one half the value of the logs.

At the Dalles is another short portage of twelve miles, past a portion of the river which, though less grand than its plunge through the Cascade Mountains, is far more unique and wonderful. The waters here are stripped and shred into countless zigzagging torrents, boiling along through labyrinths of black lava rocks and slabs. There is nothing in all nature so gloomy, so weird, as vol-

canic slag, and the piles, ridges, walls, palisades of it thrown up at this point look like the roof-trees, chimneys, turrets of a half-engulfed Pandemonium. Dark slaty and gray tints spread over the whole shore, also; it is all volcanic matter, oozed or boiled over, and hardened into rigid shapes of death and destruction. The place is terrible to see. Fitting in well with the desolateness of the region was a group of half-naked Indians crouching on the rocks, gaunt and wretched, fishing for salmon; the hollows in the rocks about them filled with the bright vermilion-colored salmon spawn, spread out to dry. The twilight was nearly over as we sped by, and the deepening darkness added momentarily to the gloom of the scene.

At Celilo, just above the Dalles, we took boat again for Umatilla, one hundred miles farther up the river.

Next morning we were still among lava beds: on the Washington Territory side, low, rolling shores, or slanting slopes with terraces, and tufty brown surfaces broken by ridges and points of the black slag; on the Oregon side, high brown cliffs mottled with red and yellow lichens, and great beaches and dunes of sand, which had blown into windrows and curving hillock lines as on the sea-shore. This sand is a terrible enemy for a railroad to fight. In a few hours, sometimes, rods of the track are buried by it as deep as by snow in the fiercest winter storms.

The first picture I saw from my state-room windows, this morning, was an Indian standing on a narrow plank shelf that was let down by ropes over a perpendicular rock front, some fifty feet high. There he stood, as composed as if he were on *terra firma*, bending over towards the water, and flinging in his salmon net. On the rocks above him sat the women of his family, spreading the salmon to dry. We were within so short a distance of the banks that friendly smiles could be distinctly seen;

and one of the younger squaws, laughing back at the lookers-on on deck, picked up a salmon, and waving it in her right hand ran swiftly along towards an outjutting point. She was a gay creature, with scarlet fringed leggins, a pale green blanket, and on her head a twisted handkerchief of a fine old Dürer red. As she poised herself, and braced backwards to throw the salmon on deck, she was a superb figure against the sky; she did not throw straight, and the fish fell a few inches short of reaching the boat. As it struck the water she made a petulant little gesture of disappointment, like a child, threw up her hands, turned, and ran back to her work.

At Umatilla, being forced again to "make option which of two," we reluctantly turned back, leaving the beautiful Walla Walla region unvisited, for the sake of seeing Puget Sound. The Walla Walla region is said to be the finest stretch of wheat country in the world. Lava slag, when decomposed, makes the richest of soil, — deep and seemingly of inexhaustible fertility. A failure of harvests is said never to have been known in that country; the average yield of wheat is thirty-five to forty bushels an acre, and oats have yielded a hundred bushels. Apples and peaches thrive, and are of a superior quality. The country is well watered, and has fine rolling plateaus from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet high, giving a climate neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer, and of a bracing quality not found nearer the sea. Hearing all the unquestionable tributes to the beauty and value of this Walla Walla region, I could not but recall some of Chief Joseph's pleas that a small share of it should be left in their possession who once owned it all.

From our pilot, on the way down, I heard an Indian story, too touching to be forgotten, though too long to tell here except in briefest outline. As we were passing a little village, half under

water, he exclaimed, looking earnestly at a small building to whose window-sills the water nearly reached, —

"Well, I declare, Lucy's been driven out of her house this time. I was wondering why I did n't see her handkerchief a-waving. She always waves to me when I go by." Then he told me Lucy's story.

She was a California Indian, probably of the Tulares, and migrated to Oregon with her family thirty years ago. She was then a young girl, and said to be the handsomest squaw ever seen in Oregon. In those days white men in wildernesses thought it small shame, if any, to take Indian women to live with them as wives, and Lucy was much sought and wooed. But she seems to have had uncommon virtue or coldness, for she resisted all such approaches for a long time.

Finally, a man named Pomeroy appeared, and, as Lucy said afterward, as soon as she looked at him, she knew he was her "tum tum man," and she must go with him. He had a small sloop, and Lucy became its mate. They two alone ran it for several years up and down the river. He established a little trading-post, and Lucy always took charge of that when he went to buy goods. When gold was discovered at Ringgold Bar, Lucy went there, worked with a rocker like a man, and washed out hundreds of dollars' worth of gold, all which she gave to Pomeroy. With it he built a fine schooner and enlarged his business, the faithful Lucy working always at his side and bidding. At last, after eight or ten years, he grew weary of her and of the country, and made up his mind to go to California. But he had not the heart to tell Lucy he meant to leave her. The pilot who told me this story was at that time captain of a schooner on the river. Pomeroy came to him one day, and asked him to move Lucy and her effects down to Columbus. He said he had told her

that she must go and live there with her relatives, while he went to California and looked about, and then he would send for her. The poor creature, who had no idea of treachery, came on board cheerfully and willingly, and he set her off at Columbus. This was in the early spring. Week after week, month after month, whenever his schooner stopped there, Lucy was on the shore, asking if he had heard from Pomeroy. For a long time, he said, he could n't bear to tell her. At last he did; but she would not believe him. Winter came on. She had got a few boards together and built herself a sort of hut, near a house where lived an eccentric old bachelor, who finally took compassion on her, and to save her from freezing let her come into his shanty to sleep. He was a mysterious old man, a recluse, with a morbid aversion to women, and at the outset it was a great struggle for him to let even an Indian woman cross his threshold. But little by little Lucy won her way: first she washed the dishes; then she would timidly help at the cooking. Faithful, patient, unassuming, at last she grew to be really the old man's housekeeper, as well as servant. He lost his health, and became blind. Lucy took care of him till he died, and followed him to the grave, his only mourner, the only human being in the country with whom he had any tie. He left her his little house and a few hundred dollars, — all he had; and there she is still, alone, making out to live by doing whatever work she can find in the neighborhood. Everybody respects her; she is known as "Lucy" up and down the river. "I did my best to hire her to come and keep house for my wife, last year," said the pilot. "I'd rather have her for nurse or cook than any white woman in Oregon. But she would n't come. I don't know as she's done looking for Pomeroy to come back yet, and she's going to stay just where he left her. She never misses a

time, waving to me, when she knows what boat I'm on, and there is n't much going on on the river she don't know."

It was dusk when the pilot finished telling Lucy's story. We were shooting along through wild passages of water called Hell Gate, just above the Dalles. In the dim light the basaltic columnar cliffs looked like grooved ebony. One of the pinnacles has a strange resemblance to the figure of an Indian. It is called the Chief, and the semblance is startling: a colossal figure, with a plume-crowned head, turned as if gazing backward over the shoulder; the attitude stately, the drapery graceful, and the whole expression one of profound and dignified sorrow. It seemed a strangely fitting emphasis to the story of the faithful Indian woman.

It was near midnight when we passed the Dalles. Our train was late, and dashed on at its swiftest. Fitful light came from a wisp of a new moon and one star; they seemed tossing in a tumultuous sea of dark clouds. In this glimmering darkness the lava walls and ridges stood up, inky black; the foaming water looked like molten steel, the whole region more ghastly and terrible than before.

There is a village of three thousand inhabitants at the Dalles. The houses are set among lava hillocks and ridges. The fields seem bubbled with lava, their blackened surfaces stippled in with yellow and brown. High up above are wheat fields in clearings, reaching to the sky-line of the hills. Great slopes of crumbling and disintegrating lava rock spread superb purple and slate colors between the greens of forests and wheat fields. It is one of the memorable pictures on the Columbia.

To go both up and down a river is a good deal like spending a summer and a winter in a place, so great difference does it make when right hand and left shift sides, and everything is seen from a new stand-point.

The Columbia River scenery is taken at its best going up, especially the gradual crescendo of the Cascade Mountain region, which is far tamer entered from above. But we had a compensation in the clearer sky and lifted clouds, which gave us the more distant snow peaks in all their glory, and our run down from the Dalles to Portland was the best day of our three on the river. Our steamer was steered by hydraulic pressure, and it was a wonderful thing to sit in the pilot house and see the slight touch of a finger on the shining lever sway the great boat in a second. A baby's hand is strong enough to steer the largest steamboat by this instrument. It could turn the boat, the captain said, in a maelstrom, where four men together could not budge the rudder-wheel.

The history of the Columbia River navigation would make by itself an interesting chapter. It dates back to 1792, when a Boston ship and Boston captain first sailed up the river. A curious bit of history in regard to that ship is to be found in the archives of the old Spanish government in California. Whenever a royal decree was issued in Madrid in regard to the Indies or New Spain, a copy of it was sent to every viceroy in the Spanish Dominions; he communicated it to his next subordinate, who in turn sent it to all the governors, and so on, till the decree reached every corner of the king's provinces. In 1789 there was sent from Madrid, by ship to Mexico, and thence by courier to California, and by Fages, the California governor, to every port in California, the following order:

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington of the American States, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian settlements on the northern coast of the

peninsula, you will cause said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat which you have in your possession."

Two months after this order was promulgated in the Santa Barbara presidio, Captain Gray, of the ship *Washington*, and Captain Kendrick, of the ship *Columbia*, changed ships in Wickmanish harbor. Captain Gray took the *Columbia* to China, and did not sail into San Francisco harbor at all, whereby he escaped being examined with caution and delicacy by the small boat in possession of the San Francisco garrison. Not till the 11th of May, 1792, did he return and sail up the *Columbia* River, then called the *Oregon*. He renamed it for his ship, "*Columbia's River*," but the possessive was soon dropped.

When one looks at the crowded rows of steamboats at the Portland wharves now, it is hard to realize that it is only thirty-two years since the first one was launched there. Two were built and launched in one year, the *Columbia* and the *Lot Whitcomb*. The *Lot Whitcomb* was launched on Christmas Day; there were three days' feasting and dancing, and people gathered from all parts of the Territory to celebrate the occasion.

It is also hard to realize, when standing on the Portland wharves, that it is less than fifty years since there were angry discussions in the United States Congress as to whether or not it were worth while to obtain Oregon as a possession, and in the Eastern States manuals were being freely distributed, bearing such titles as this: "A general circular to all persons of good character wishing to emigrate to the Oregon Territory." Even those statesmen who were most earnest in favor of the securing of Oregon did not perceive the true nature of its value. One of Benton's most enthusiastic predictions was that an "emporium of Asiatic commerce" would be situated at the mouth of the

Columbia, and that "a stream of Asiatic trade would pour into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon." But the future of Oregon and Washington rests not on any transmission of the riches of other countries, however important an element in their prosperity that may ultimately become. Their true riches are their own and inalienable. They are to be among the great feeders of the earth. Gold and silver values are unsteady and capricious; intrigues can overthrow them; markets can be glutted, and mines fail. But bread the nations of the earth must have. The bread yielder controls the situation always. Given a soil which can grow wheat year after year with no apparent fatigue or exhaustion, a climate where rains never fail and seed-time and harvest are uniformly certain, and conditions are created under which the future success and wealth of a country may be predicted just as surely as the movements of the planets in the heavens.

There are three great valleys in Western Oregon, the *Willamette*, the *Umpqua*, and the *Rogue River*. The *Willamette* is the largest, being sixty miles long by one hundred and fifty wide. The *Umpqua* and *Rogue River* together contain over a million of acres. These valleys are natural gardens; fertile to luxuriance, and watered by all the westward drainage of the great Cascade Range, the Andes of North America, a continuation of the *Sierra Nevada*. The *Coast Range Mountains* lie west of these valleys, breaking, but not shutting out, the influence of the sea air and fogs. This valley region between these two ranges contains less than a third of the area of Washington and Oregon. The country east of the Cascade Mountains is no less fertile, but has a drier climate, colder winters, and hotter summers. Its elevation is from two to four thousand feet, — probably the very best elevations for health. A comparison of statistics of

yearly death-rates cannot be made with absolute fairness between old and thick-settled and new and sparsely-settled countries. Allowance must be made for the probably superior health and strength of the men and women who have had the youth and energy to go forward as pioneers. But, making all due allowance for these, there still remains difference enough to startle one between the death-rates in some of the Atlantic States and in these infant empires of the New Northwest. The yearly death-rate in Massachusetts is one out of fifty-seven; in Vermont one out of ninety-seven; in Oregon one out of one hundred and seventy-two; and in Washington Territory one out of two hundred and twenty-eight.

As we glided slowly to anchorage in Portland harbor, five dazzling snow-white peaks were in sight on the horizon: Mount Hood, of peerless shape, strong as if it were a bulwark of the very heavens themselves, yet graceful and sharp-cut as Egypt's pyramids: Saint

Helen's, a little lower, yet looking higher, with the marvelous curves of its slender shining cone, bent on and seemingly into the sky, like an intaglio of ice cut in the blue; miles away, in the farthest north and east horizons, Mounts Tacoma and Adams and Baker, all gleaming white, and all seeming to uphold the skies.

These eternal, unalterable snow peaks will be as eternal and unalterable factors in the history of the country as in its beauty to the eye. Their value will not come under any head of things reckonable by census, statistics, or computation, but it will be none the less real for that; it will be an element in the nature and character of every man and woman born within sight of the radiant splendor, and it will be strange if it does not ultimately develop, in the empire of this New Northwest, a local patriotism and passionate loyalty to soil as strong and lasting as that which has made generations of Swiss mountaineers ready to brave death for a sight of their mountains.

H. H.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON'S STORIES.

THE Björnson who recently visited America, and who has written *Magnhild* and *Dust*, differs from the Björnson whose *Arne* delighted English and American readers sixteen years ago. That was an exquisite pastoral, in which the restlessness of youth was given a poetic form of rare beauty. In *Magnhild*, the latest of the series of volumes¹ which now presents Björnson's tales in uniform English dress, there is a restlessness of thought, which springs not from wondering ignorance of life, as in *Arne*, but from discontent at evils which

have been discovered from long and hard experience of the world.

We find a spiritual chronology in this remarkable series. The earliest stories were the short sketches, *Thron*, *A Dangerous Wooing*, and *The Bear Hunter*, which immediately preceded the publication of *Synnöve Solbakken*. *Thron* is a curious piece of fantastic writing, in which a boy's mind, bred among Northern myths, peers out into the world; everything is seen in a mirage, and the commonest circumstances of life are lifted into the supernatural. A

¹ *Synnöve Solbakken: Arne: A Happy Boy: The Fisher Maiden: The Bridal March, and other Stories: Captain Mansana, and other stories: Magnhild.* By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

Translated by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Seven volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881, 1882.

Dangerous Wooing, more realistic in form, suggests the physical vigor and adventure of youth; while *The Bear Hunter*, with its droll, half-teasing properties, turns the inventions of the braggart boy into the facts of actual observation. So far, these tentative stories were the ventures of a mind in which fancy, imagination, and a childish curiosity were mingled. Then *Synnöve Solbakken* appeared. This, the first of Björnson's longer tales, and the most famous in his own country, is the picture of stormy youth touched and refined by the sunshine of pure love. An English version of the story takes the title of *Love and Life in Norway*, and this may serve as a matter-of-fact statement of the theme, if we are to regard the story as one seeking classification. Mr. Anderson very properly retains Björnson's title, which is that of the heroine; but the English-speaking reader misses the happy significance of *Solbakken*, which may be rendered *Sunny Hill*. The scenes of the story lie chiefly in two farms, — one in the shade, where the hero labors; one in the sunshine of a hill slope, from which the heroine looks across, — and the strength of the story is in the presentation of a noble passion under the conditions of rude peasant life. Upon a smaller scale, and with a different motif, the little sketch called *The Father* depends for its power upon the masterly treatment of a broad human theme within the lines of the very simplest experience.

Arne and *A Happy Boy* are somewhat complementary tales, and in these a new phase of Björnson's genius and his spiritual growth are seen. In *Arne*, as we have intimated, there is disclosed a restlessness which fills the mind of the hero, and makes the burden of his life to be in the lyric which he sings: —

"What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?"

The fullness of a mother's love, expressed in silence, yet deep as life, holds the boy

fast till a finer, stronger chain has bound him to the valley. His restlessness is transmuted into a longing for the completion of his human love, and an exquisite touch makes two other human lives, which have been separated, find a reunion through the fruition of *Arne* and *Eli*. *A Happy Boy* takes up this note of sweet content with which *Arne* ceases, and carries it forward in a light, happy, serene strain. There is no unrest in the book; only the smiles and frowns of a checkered life, which never loses sight of its aim, and does not miss its goal.

A single short story of this period, *The Eagle's Nest*, gives a hint of that daring which appeared in *A Dangerous Wooing*, but by its close reminds one of the failure which awaits adventure; it is antithetical to the earlier story, and prelude of notes to be struck later. One other tale, of full proportions, but limited in compass, belongs to this group, the *Railroad and the Churchyard*, in which the author discovers his strong interest in a struggle between two typical natures. Nevertheless, he appears to stand quite outside of the circle in which the conflict goes on, and to find his pleasure in the noble reconciliation which rounds the tale.

All of the stories which we have enumerated belong to the first period of Björnson's activity. They appeared between the years 1856 and 1860; that is, when the author was from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, and while he was struggling for a position as journalist and manager. Seven or eight years later came another group, of which the most important was *The Fisher Maiden*; and the minor ones were *Blakken*, *Fidelity*, and *A Problem of Life*. Now *The Fisher Maiden* is indicative of transition. The problem which stirs the soul of *Petra* and of *Ødegaard* is that which comes sooner or later to every earnest person, — the problem of vocation. The story continues to be of

peasant and of country life, but the horizon has widened. Ødegaard is a man who was destined for the priesthood, but has found his education in other lands, and has come back to Norway, still searching for his vocation. Petra does not ask herself the questions which Ødegaard is constantly struggling with, but her woman's instinct guides her as unerringly as his man's reason. The priest, with whom Petra makes her home, has had his experience, and thinks continentally within his mountain parish. The reader feels that the book is one of discussion, of question and answer. He perceives that the author, since his last book, has seen the world, has been possessed by it, and comes back to this peasant life as one who looks at it now from the outside. The characters are more firmly outlined than in the previous books, yet, artistically, *The Fisher Maiden* suffers in contrast, for the motif is not from within the story; it must be sought for in the author's mind. He is working at problems, and is less an artist. He has something to do with his book; it is a means, and not an end.

Of the minor pieces, *Blakken* is merely a breezy sketch of a dun-colored horse, which Björnson's father owned, and gives occasion for some lively reminiscences. *Fidelity* is a striking illustration of Norwegian peasant life, and is also a reminiscence. In both of these slight examples, one can see Björnson's free hand and a masculine manner quite different from that earlier shown. He is, in these, quite plainly, a man who has returned to his parish; not one who has never left it. *A Problem of Life* appears to be a study in tragedy; built, very possibly, upon some incident in real life, but having a violent character, which separates it somewhat from the reader's sympathy.

After an interval of three or four years two more stories appeared, *The Bridal March* and *Captain Mansana*; the

latter rather a sketch for a story than a carefully developed novel. *The Bridal March* is more deliberately wrought. It takes a Norse family, over which a fate seemed to hang, and shows by what power of resolute youth the spell was broken. The scenes are still Norwegian, the characters are Norse, but the artist who deals with the material is one who has studied literature, and has observed men and women elsewhere; so that he has, as it were, constructed a *Romeo* and *Juliet* out of Scandinavian material. The passion of the story is powerful; there is a pent-up energy felt through all the earlier part, and when the storm of love bursts the reader is swept along by it. Again we are reminded how far we have strayed from Arne. There was *naïveté* and the artless art. Here is a man's work, vigorous and effective, showing confidence in self, yet touched also by a half-pitying tone, as of one who compassionates the narrow lives of his characters.

Captain *Mansana* was the result of study and travel in Italy. Björnson asserts that the figure is taken directly from life. One may well believe this; but he will also believe that the Italian was a Berserker in disguise, and that Italian passion was translated into Northern might. Andersen came from the North, and wrote *The Improvisatore*. There was a rich flowering forth of a root which was transplanted just in time. Björnson, when he went to Italy, was too solidly formed in his own mind to be irresistibly affected by Italian art and nature.

When Björnson returned from Italy he wrote another Northern story, *Magnhild*, which was not published until 1877, three years later; and if we may trust very common rumor, it closes the author's larger work in the field of fiction. So far as his own professions are to be regarded, we may not look for further Norse tales from him. It does not need his word to show that another

Arne, or Synnöve Solbakken, or A Happy Boy is impossible. In this last important novel, one may readily see how little there is left of the earlier Björnson, — how little, and yet how much. That keen insight which is the eye of truth, that revealing touch which is the hand of a creator, are in Magnhild as in Arne. The landscape, the cold life, which is rather lighted than warmed, the sturdy, repressed natures, the deep stirrings of the soul, — all these reappear in this latest novel, and remind one of the mastery of the author. There is also in each case the marvelous power to make the reader feel the interpretation of a look, a gesture, and to carry him across chasms of incident and conversation, which Björnson has even more finely than Turgenev. But how entirely has the author's attitude toward his subject changed! With what different emotions is he concerned! Into the dull peasant life he shoots a flame from the feverish world outside, and the character whom he chooses to lift out of the surroundings is no longer a wondering boy, but a suffering woman. He portrays the landscape and figures, so far as these are Norwegian, as if he found in these, not the hidden poetry which charmed his early years, but a dull background from which to project life of another sort. He takes a girl who has been saved from physical destruction for some indefinite destiny, and first binds her to a Caliban of a fellow, a beast whom no power can transform into a beautiful young prince; then, when she is fast bound, introduces into her life the opportunity for artistic expression through associations which are perilous to her nature. It is not altogether clear what Mr. Björnson was working out in this tale. His hints and side-glances are sometimes enigmatical, but he permits the reader to see a pure-minded woman, conscious in a dumb way of higher possibilities of life, disappointed, turned back upon herself, and almost in de-

spair, yet all the while unconsciously making herself a touch-stone to all the natures with whom she comes in contact.

The problem of the book, translated into the baldest phrase, may be said to be, What shall such a woman do with her husband? and the answer here apparently is, Leave him. It will not do, however, to dismiss Magnhild as a mere contribution to the question of the subjection of women. We may guess that Björnson the philosopher and philanthropist was perplexed in his mind on this subject, but Björnson the artist was still too potent a force to be set aside. Magnhild has the marks of great power; it has also the signs of a most restless spirit. We venture the conjecture that the fine woman is Norway, mated, but not married, to a royal *régime* in the person of Skarlie; and that Björnson's advice to this woman, longing for the higher air, is to leave her husband, to free herself from debasing conditions. Be this as it may, there is not here the repose of a strong artist, who has overcome, but the searchings, the explorations, the deep discouragements, of a spirit stormy and passionate, moved by noble impulses, but driven from without by forces not yet subdued to its high will.

We have left but one short story, the latest from Björnson's pen, the story of Dust, which is one of the saddest of tales, and indeed is no tale, but a fragment of human life. It is dreary in its portraiture of people who have lost all the clews to life and immortality, and go sobbing through the woods. The two lost children of the pitiful story are no more wandering than the father and mother and maid; and the friend who visits them seems to have no power to set them on the right road. It is the last word of Björnson; no, it is the latest word.

We have been so much interested in the spiritual chronology of these re-

markable books that we find it difficult to come back to other considerations which are suggested. There is much that might be said concerning the relation which this Norse story-telling bears to the old sagas, for Björnson is a legitimate successor of the saga-men. Much, too, might be said of the power with which Norse mountains cast their shadows over, and Norse fjords send their inlets into, this literature. However we may consider these stories, and whatever speculations they may lead us into respecting the author, we cannot escape

from the most impressive fact, — that in this group of stories we have a distinct addition to the world's literature. That the novels of Björnson should have been gathered into one uniform English dress is a slight tribute to his genius. It is of much more importance that every American student of pure literature should study these books as the exponents of a high and noble genius. It is worth while to master the Norse language just to read Björnson's writings; the reader of these translations will be the first to admit this.

ANDREW JACKSON AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

AMONG all the political leaders of modern times who have risen to be the chiefs of great states there is not one so absolutely devoid of every quality proper to a statesman, and at the same time so picturesque and dramatic, as Andrew Jackson. In his own day Jackson was a mighty political force. In history he is a deeply interesting problem, which involves in its solution much that bears on the intellectual and moral character of the society and politics of a great people. Professor Sumner, Jackson's latest biographer,¹ has the misfortune of coming after Mr. Parton, whose *Life of Jackson*, whatever its defects, is on the whole the most brilliant and entertaining of American biographies. Mr. Parton dealt with Jackson, the individual, as a great personal force, which he was. Professor Sumner has treated him as a statesman, which he was not. The questions of state and the political questions of Jackson's administration, although vitally affected in their decision by the president's overshadowing per-

sonality, did not originate with him, were not raised by him, and were not dealt with by him on any settled system of policy. The fact was that Jackson had no policy on any subject. He had violent prejudices, uncurbed and stormy passions, fierce love or hatred for men and women; and he took part in great public questions in accordance with his prejudices, and governed by his feelings towards the individuals who were interested on one side or the other. The result of discussing the political questions of Jackson's administration, as Professor Sumner does, is that we obtain a very good history of these questions, and we see how Jackson, when they came within his ken, swept down upon them like a *deus ex machina*, and hurled them to decision in one direction or another; but as to the man Jackson, and the nature and causes of his influence, we are no wiser than before. In a word, Professor Sumner has given us a careful, thoughtful, and learned history of Jackson's administration, rather than a life of Andrew Jackson himself.

Professor Sumner deserves all praise for his research, his industry, and his

¹ *Andrew Jackson*. By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

thorough and able discussion of the political questions of the Jackson administration, especially those which relate to finance and economy. He has undoubtedly made a valuable and scholarly contribution to our knowledge of that period, but he has not helped us to a much better understanding of Jackson. The hero of New Orleans was preëminently picturesque, but the political issues of his administration, as a rule, were not, except when he was engaged in them. The result of confining his attention to these questions of policy has made Professor Sumner's book dry reading, and this is enhanced by the form and style of the biography. One chapter suffices for the first forty-five years, and two pages for the last eight years, of Jackson's life, while ten chapters are given to the affairs of his administration. This is not the way to treat the life of a man who was an incarnate will and mastering personal force in the events of his day and generation. The defects of style are similar to those of form. Professor Sumner's style is rigidly and conscientiously correct and exact in point of grammar and construction, but the sentences are too uniformly short and abrupt, and, as a whole, it is fatiguing and discouraging to the reader. It gives the sensation of climbing a slippery hill, where you fall back one step for every two you take forward. Professor Sumner, in fact, has made the mistake of treating Jackson, who was a very remarkable man, brimming over with the strongest passions of human nature, and who was the very embodiment of a violent and despotic will, too much as if he were merely a factor in a question of political science, or in a problem of political economy. We are not prepared to say, looking at Jackson solely from the point of view of his absolute effect upon the political events of his time, that this is not a legitimate method of writing his life, or one portion of it, at least. But it is certainly a

limited and rather narrow method, and not the one, in our judgment, which is suited to this collection. Professor Sumner's rather elaborate title is comprehensive enough, but the trouble is that he does not live up to it. This series of biographies, if we apprehend its purpose aright, is intended to present studies of certain public men as individuals, and of their personal influence upon the history of the United States; showing the meaning and extent of that influence, and what the subjects of the various biographies represented to the world they lived in, and represent now to us. For such treatment Andrew Jackson is peculiarly well fitted. There is a sort of barbarian picturesqueness and wild dramatic effect about his character and career, and its many varied incidents, which appeal strongly to the imagination, and are the best material for effective description and analysis. Considered merely as a story, the biographer could ask nothing better than the narrative of Jackson's career. But all this, striking as it is, is overshadowed by the historical problem presented by the popular adoration of "Old Hickory." In all our history, no man, with the exception of Washington, has ever possessed one tithe of the popularity and influence of Jackson. His enormous popularity and the hold which he had upon the people of the United States enabled him to enforce his will, and to practice an amount of personal despotism such as this country has never known before or since. This vast power for good or evil was exercised by a man who, throughout his civil career, may be described, without exaggeration, as an almost unmitigated curse to the politics and the political morality of the United States. He must have been in sympathy with the masses of the people and with the political and social forces of his time, or else he simply blinded and bewitched the nation by the force of his personality. In any event, the gigantic popularity of

Jackson is one of the most interesting facts in our history, and a study of his life should show the sources and causes of his power. The elucidation of this matter would throw a flood of light upon our condition as a people at that time, and, as a necessary consequence, upon our subsequent growth and history. Mr. Parton, with much force and acuteness, has pointed out the problem and its conditions, and Professor Sumner fully appreciates its existence; but neither has solved the riddle, or offered the explanation, which, when it comes, will be a great contribution to the history of the United States.

It is always desirable to be able to teach by example; and if, as we venture to think, Professor Sumner's book does not quite fulfill the purpose of such a series as this, in Mr. Adams's *Randolph*¹ we have a biography which seems to us to meet every condition. If we except Jackson, John Randolph of Roanoke is perhaps the best figure in our history for a vivid and artistic picture. The danger, indeed, in the case of Randolph, with his unlimited eccentricities, his venomous eloquence, his queer politics, and still queerer beliefs and prejudices, is of overdoing the picturesque, and degenerating into simple grotesqueness. As he said of himself, Randolph was the man upon whom all the bastard wit of the country was fathered, and his memory is enshrouded in a perfect mist of anecdotes, good, bad, and indifferent. With such a subject it is very easy to go too far, and fall into scenic effects and mere piquant story-telling. It is therefore quite as high praise to say that Mr. Adams has avoided the perils of his subject as that he has made the most of it, and he deserves great credit for both. The biography is in every way admirable, and if we were compelled to describe it in one word we

should say that it was one of the most effective books in the whole range of our historical literature. The men among whom Randolph lived and the events in which he took part are carefully subordinated to the central figure. The history of the times, illuminated enough to be readily understood, is used as a dusky background, upon which the figure of Randolph is projected with the pitiless brilliancy of the whitest and most intense light. It is impossible to pick out this passage or that as a peculiarly favorable specimen of the treatment employed. Mr. Adams has followed the philosophy of the One-Hoss Shay:—

“ ‘Fur,’ said the Deacon, ‘t ’s mighty plain
That the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain;
‘N’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.’ ”

In other words, the execution is very even and very strong. We have a series of vivid pictures without any break in the continuity of the story. We see Randolph in childhood and boyhood, growing up in the midst of the grandeur and the absurdity of the most extreme Virginian aristocracy, and absorbing at every pore all that was good or bad, and all the prejudices and passions of that vigorous but narrow society. Then he appears facing with consummate audacity the dying eloquence of Patrick Henry. Then comes his political career, his “old republican principles,” his leadership of the house, and his fall from power. An aimless, ineffectual period, a species of interregnum, ensues, which may be called the guerrilla period of Randolph's strange life; and then, when the war of 1812 had cleared the way for new issues, he appears again as a living force in American politics. It is in this last stage of his career that Mr. Adams has put Randolph in a wholly new and very striking light. It was John Randolph who first sketched, in bold, strong outline, that scheme for the union of state rights and slavery which

¹ *John Randolph*. By HENRY ADAMS. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

was afterwards filled out in every detail, and was preached as the true political gospel, by John C. Calhoun. Randolph was the author of the first outline of that Southern slave-holding policy which, subsequently adopted and extended, became of such vast importance and strength that it was only crushed by the four years of awful civil war, of which it was itself the cause. When Randolph was engaged in formulating this evil doctrine, and screaming it in the ears of every one, in season and out of season, he was an isolated man, feared and wondered at, and almost as much of a political Ishmael as he was in the years before the war with England. His jarring appeals went straight home to the nervous centre of the South; but no one loved him for it even there, however much he stirred their passions and was in accord with their bitterest fears and prejudices. It is owing to this isolation,

probably, that the part which Randolph played at the beginning of the slavery struggle in shaping the Southern policy has never until now been fully understood and appreciated, even if it was known at all. Mr. Adams has thus given us what is practically an entirely new conception of Randolph in his last years, or in the third period of his life, — a contribution of great importance in the study of a question on which the history of the United States turned for forty years, and which it took four years of desperate fighting to finally settle. Mr. Adams has done more than this, however, in carrying out the purpose of the series to which this biography belongs. He has shown us just what John Randolph was, what he meant, what he represented, and what his influence was; and above all he has made clear the effect which Randolph had upon the history of the republic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Has any one ever noted that there is a far greater fondness in England for French words and phrases than there is in America? Whether I am the discoverer or not, the fact seems to me to be beyond question. In the new grand hotel in London, which is supposed to be managed on the American plan, — more or less, — but which has a name borrowed from Paris, the very gorgeous dining-room is labeled "*Salle à Manger*." In another English hotel, I saw a sign on what we call the "elevator," and the English, with greater simplicity, term a "lift," declaring it to be an *ascenseur*. The portable fire-extinguisher familiar to all Americans as a "Babcock" is in England called an *extincteur*. On the programmes of the itinerant opera company managed by Mr.

Mapleson, and called, comically enough, "Her Majesty's Opera," the wig-maker and costumer appear as the *perruquier* and the *costumier*. But on the stage, or rather in writings for and of and about the stage, there is an enormous consumption of French phrases, or of phrases fondly supposed to be French. The dramatic critic is wont to refer to the *rentrée* of an old favorite when he means his or her reappearance; and he comments on the skillful way in which M. Sardou brings about his *dénoûment*, — and for this there is perhaps some excuse, as there is no English word which is the exact technical equivalent of *dénoûment*. But he condemns the dramatist for the use of *double entendre*, not knowing that there is no such phrase in French, and that its apparent progenitor,

double entente, means only a double meaning; and he speaks of an *artiste* attempting a new *rôle* with the view of enlarging her *répertoire*, when he means that the artist (for an actress or a singer is an artist, and not an *artiste*) will add a new part to her repertory. The musical critic is not content with *artiste*, which he seemingly takes for the French feminine of artist, but he must needs talk of the new *pianiste* from the Paris *Conservatoire*, when he means a pianist from the Paris Conservatory. *Pianiste* is also supposed to be a French feminine for pianist, although this last summer, at Saratoga, I saw an advertisement of a strolling concert company, which declared a certain performer to be "the greatest living lady pianiste in the world"! But nothing surpasses the following advertisement, cut from one of the theatrical trade-journals a year or two ago. I give it here as it stood, changing only the proper names:—

ANNIE BLACK,

The popular favorite and Leading Lady of — Theatre Comique, will be at liberty after June to engage for the season of '81-82, as Leading Lady with first-class comb. Also

E. J. BLACK,

(Née EDWARD BROWN.)

CHARACTER ACTOR.

Please read this carefully, and note the delightfully inappropriate use of *née*, and the purely professional cutting short into "comb." of the word "combination," technically applied to strolling companies. Above all, pray remark the fact that the gray mare is the better horse, and that the man has given up his own name for his wife's.

—That that new penmanship method can be depended upon, every time, to take the character all out of the student's handwriting is a thing which the printed fac-simile specimens have long ago proved, to the satisfaction of the very last doubter. But what I want to know is, Does it take the character out of the student himself, at the same time?

I should think it must be so; but here we have only a sort of inferential, circumstantial evidence, not proof: to wit, the published portraits of the successful students are characterless, every time. But were they so before they meddled with that penmanship method? That, you see, is the vital question. For, if these poor people were characterless before, my suspicion falls to the ground; but if they were not, my suspicion is confirmed. So, what I am coming at is this: to ask, in the interest of science, that whenever, hereafter, the "Compendium" people print their usual monthly batch of fac-simile signatures, labeled, "Before practicing the system" and "After practicing the system," they put, along with the portrait of the successful student, another portrait, showing what he was like "before practicing the system."

—I took a drive one October afternoon, which I remember not only for the beauty of the landscape, but for the changes it underwent in the space of a couple of hours. The road was an ordinary turnpike, running along past homely, pleasant farms, with white dwelling-houses — comfortable, if not specially picturesque — and old-fashioned, spacious, red-painted barns and out-houses. The air was mild, but deliciously fresh, the sky one clear sapphire, and a brisk breeze went rustling through the yellow maples, and dropping the leaves lightly on the piles of red fruit under the apple-trees. Golden-rod and purple aster were almost gone, but the flame of the Virginia creeper ran over the stone walls and climbed to the tops of the dark spruces and cedars, and even the little common weeds by the way seemed turned by the rich light into things of beauty. There was a wonderful sense of cheer in the look of the world that afternoon; her year's work was done, and the earth was enjoying her ease, at rest, yet full of hopeful life. By and by I turned off from this highroad at a

right angle, left the upland country behind, and dipped down through a cross-track facing toward the river, where the light only dimly filtered through the close shade. For nearly a mile the road continues to plunge down through a piece of genuine woodland, full of the scent of moist mosses and ferns and other thick-growing greenery. Then it emerges from this cool, dusk region, and passes the old place known as the Dans-kammer, the name in full being Teufel's Tanz-kammer. I don't know whether beautiful spots like this were given over to the devil as a sort of propitiatory offering, in old times, when people were more afraid of him than they are now, or whether he was supposed to have selected them for himself; if so, he had very good taste. The house, invisible through the trees, stands right above the river, on a broad, level plateau, where no doubt the witches danced when the nights were fine, — or did they prefer them dark? If the devil was present, did he play partner, turn and turn about, with the witches, or did he only look on in a superior fashion at their festive performances? When once fairly out of the woods, you find yourself down on the river-level, with nothing to intercept the view. Some five or six miles below, the stream expands into a broad bay, so closed in by a bend in the river's course and by the hills at the south as to have the appearance of a lake. This afternoon that I am telling of, river and hills retreated to indefinite distances in the pearly haze; the familiar hills lay sleeping, miles away, while below it was not the river-bay I saw, but some vague, far-off, unknown sea. It was one of Nature's pleasant little wiles; she has a wonderful way of managing her materials to produce her infinitely varied effects. Even when one has learned not to be surprised by them, one enjoys them all the same. I was not at the end of them that afternoon, for after a time, while driving on, quietly admiring

this soft and tranquil scene, a big dark cloud rose suddenly, as it seemed, out of the west, and where I had not been looking; almost in a moment the whole picture changed: the dim sea disappeared, and the shadow on the water turned it dark and cold; the haze vanished from the dreamy distant hills, and they came forward to the river-bank, erect and bold, and closed the view up with a frowning wall. I think I never saw a more curious transformation scene. The storm-cloud after all was only an empty threat, for early in the evening the moon came up over the hills into a perfectly clear heaven, and flooded the whole night world with light.

— Any one ambitious of producing a work of fiction has only to read the newspapers to find in their columns the most thrilling plots, which, with due expansion, can be developed into novels quite as good as those of Miss Braddon or Mr. Wilkie Collins. This, at least, is what one is given to understand by the newspapers themselves, in which it is no rare thing to see a quarter of a column, or so, headed "A Ready-Made Novel" or "Stranger than Fiction," which we are assured is as wonderful as anything the ingenious authors before named have done in devising strange complications of human affairs.

When I was young, and my first great work of fiction was in view, — a point at which it has persistently remained, — I made an extensive collection of clippings of this sort, believing that they would at least stimulate a lag-gard imagination. I must confess that I have found this method of writing fiction a failure. I have tried the excerpts for novels and for plays, but have never got a satisfactory plot out of them. They have retained, through all processes of literary treatment, a certain inherent journalistic stamp, which somehow has been fatal to my story. I have thus come to disbelieve in the "ready-made novels" of the newspa-

pers, and to think that a narrative of fact, however curious it may be, is of little help, except for the germ it may contain, unless it is translated and reshaped by the imagination. Miss Brad-don and Mr. Collins do not owe their success to the reporter; and no one can think for a moment that newspaper clippings have substantially helped the author of *The Cloister* and the *Hearth*. Nevertheless, it is Mr. Charles Reade's hobby to preach the utility of the hard, unrounded fact as a potent ingredient of fiction; and it is his delight to confound the critics of any seeming improbability in his stories with a reference to some occurrence in "real life," of which he has an account, carefully preserved with clove-scented gum tragacanth in a scrap-book.

A newspaper correspondent has recently forced the door of Mr. Reade's study, and we are shown a wonderful collection of scrap-books, indexed and cross-indexed, which contain clippings from hundreds of journals, and which have cost no end of trouble. Mr. Reade, the correspondent tells us, looks at this part of his library rather sadly, and has misgivings as to whether he will ever be repaid for the pains he has been at in forming it. But has he not been repaid for it already? Has he not discomfited many a critic by citations from these chronicles of the hour? Has he not often found Fact a muscular defender of the maid Imagination? He certainly has no occasion to repine, and his very latest story is a vindication of the utility of scrap-books. *Singleheart* and *Doubleface* is a charming story, told in the simple Anglo-Saxon way, of which Mr. Reade is almost as great a master as *Fielding* and *Thackeray*. It has a special attraction for Americans, as some of the scenes are in America. Mr. Reade has not been in this country, we believe, though an affectionate welcome awaits him, should he ever come; but he has so many friends here, and the large cir-

culatation of his books has brought him into such intimate relations with American publishers, that he ought to have a pretty good idea of how we look and what we are. It is evident, however, that, instead of trusting to himself for the local color of his American scenes, he has been to his scrap-books for it; and on this supposition alone can we account for the remarkable verisimilitude with which he describes New York. The heroine of the narrative is forsaken by her besotted husband, who robs her of all the money she has, and leaves her with their child as soon as they land from a Liverpool steamer. She stores her trunks in the custom-house, that institution evidently being, according to Mr. Reade's scrap-books, on one of the North River piers; and from it she walks to One Hundred and Fourth Street, which we are led to imagine is in the same neighborhood. On the way her child becomes hungry, and she instantly feeds it with pie; for of what other nutriment could she think, what other nutriment could she readily find in New York than that indigestible article of national diet? The forlorn stranger in the streets of the metropolis is overcome by hunger, and, looking for succor, immediately discovers a pie-shop, with its stock of "apple, mince, and custard." She also makes the acquaintance of a custom-house officer, "a tall, gaunt citizen of Illinois," named Solomon B. Grace; and the portraiture of this official is so natural that any one who has landed from a foreign steamer in New York will instantly recognize it. Mr. Grace talks like Sam Slick. "Wa'al," he says to his lady-love, — and he also says "wa'al" every time he opens his mouth, — "wa'al, ye see, I don't want no fuss. Now, there's somebody in that house that riles me. He's got a good thing, and he does n't vally it." This, it will be noticed, is eminently characteristic of the speech of the gentlemen who take account of dutiable articles on the in-

coming steamers, as also is the use of that very common American expletive, "I swan!" "I'm pacific," says Mr. Grace, when he is satisfied; and when his heart is touched, he uses the racy and familiar idiom, "You'll make me cry enough to wash a palace car."

The heroine recovers her money from her thriftless husband, and starts from One Hundred and Fourth Street to the custom-house, which, "to her surprise" (and to ours), "is very near." There she once more meets Solomon B., and when she informs him that she is about to return to England he orders "his mate" to stow her things away in the cabin of the steamer, which is moored to the custom-house steps in Wall Street.

Mr. Reade has stated that he reads one hundred books to write one, and it is not surprising that, with the aid of his scrap-books, he should be accurate. But will he kindly take our word for it when we assure him that the city hall is not at Corlear's Hook, that the establishment of Messrs. Harper and Brothers is not at Gowanus, and that Bowling Green is not in Central Park?

—Mr. Matthew Arnold not long ago, and Mr. Edward A. Freeman more recently, have been freeing their minds about America, or rather about these United States. They have joined themselves to the noble army of Englishmen who have already said their say about this unfortunate country, and its still more unfortunate inhabitants. Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic, and "stopped" in America over night, and Englishmen who have stayed at home snugly by their sea-coal fire, are alike ready to set forth their condescending opinions of American manners, American customs, American food, American horses, American books, American men, American women, and American children. American civilization, such as it is, has been talked about by numberless English critics, such as they are. And yet, in spite of this enormous expendi-

ture of ink, it seems to me that one easy and accurate standard of comparison between the two countries has not yet received the attention it deserves. This standard is the relative frequency and excellence of the index. As a test of the highest civilization the index is unsurpassed. The country in which the most and best indexes are provided to aid the special student and the general reader is the country in which the play of intellect is the freest and most active; it is the country in which there is the highest civilization. Accept this test for a moment, and let us apply it to Great Britain and the United States. The leading American magazines publish elaborate indexes to the wealth of literary and historical matter contained in their files, and these indexes are revised and enlarged at intervals, as the magazine grows in years, and has a greater number of "back numbers" behind it. On the other hand, no English magazine or review has published an index for years. The original attempt to cover all contemporary periodical literature was made many years ago by an American; and the later and more elaborate Poole's Index of to-day is an American undertaking. It is true that there is an Index Society in England, and that there is none in America; but the English society owes much of its support to Americans, who form a goodly portion of its members, and do a very considerable proportion of its work. Then, the Index Society, admirable as it is in intention, is not so admirable in its management. Actually, it wasted its time and its money in putting forth an index to Mr. Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, — a task which belonged to the author and the publisher, and which it was simply shameful in them to neglect. This brings us to note the infrequency of indexes in English books, even in books which cry aloud for them. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, for instance, with

its mass of personal allusions and reflections, was issued in England without an index. The American publishers added one at once. Mrs. Kemble's *Old Woman's Gossip*, with its fund of delightful anecdote, appeared in England as *Records of a Girlhood*, and with no clew whatever to the proper names which filled its entertaining pages; the American publisher supplied an index. Not only are English indexes few in number, but they are often inferior in merit. So poor was the English index of an English book, of which a New York publisher had purchased the plates a year or two ago, that he was compelled to recall the edition he had printed from these plates, and to make an index less ludicrous.

It is from England that we have taken the present fancy for series of books on kindred subjects. A set of *English Men of Letters* has called forth a set of *American Men of Letters*. Now in the books of none of the important English series is there an index: in no one of the volumes of *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (the original of all the series, if I mistake not), nor in *Foreign Classics for English Readers*, nor in *Classical Writers*, nor in *English Men*

of *Letters*, will you find any sign of an index. Turn to the various American series, and see the difference. Every volume of Mr. Laurence Hutton's *American Actor* series has an index, containing, often, information not in the book itself, and made only at the cost of much toil. Every volume of the *Scribners' Campaigns of the Civil War* has an ample index. Every volume but one of *American Men of Letters* is superior to its English namesake in this final test of a more active reading public. If we leave indexes in books to consider the books which are indexes, I think the advantage is still with these States. The *Dickens Dictionary* — an index to the characters of an English novelist — is an American work; so is the *Waverley Dictionary*; so, of course, is the *Hawthorne Index*. In general, American books of reference are better than English; they are at once simpler, fuller, and more exact. Errors enough have been pointed out in Mr. Alibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, and in the forty mismade indexes appended to it; but it remains a monument to American industry, and to the American demand for a guide through the labyrinths of literature.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literary History and Criticism. Studies in Early English Literature, by Emelyn W. Washburn, (Putnam's), is a somewhat discursive and narrative treatment of the theme. It represents an enthusiasm which is conscientiously occupied with the details of the subject, and yet runs frequently into generalizations which are not strained, but sensible and reasonable. — Heine's writings, *The Romantic School*, the *Suabian Mirror*, and *Introduction to Don Quixote* have been translated by S. L. Fleishman, and published in a single volume. (Holt.) The *Romantic School* was written originally for the illumination of the French, and thus serves singularly well as an introduction to the study for the use of American students. The translation has scarcely the grace of Heine, but it preserves his caustic wit and his keen insight. —

Mr. John Addington Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* (Holt) is now complete by the publication of *Italian Literature*, in two octavo volumes. — The *Subjection of Hamlet*, by William Leighton (Lippincott), is further explained on the title-page as an essay toward an explanation of the motives of thought and action of Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark. The essay is a very thoughtful one. It is more than ingenious, and is worthy the attention of every student of Shakespeare. It would not be just to state Mr. Leighton's conclusions in a sentence. — A Study, with critical and explanatory notes, of Alfred Tennyson's Poem *The Princess*, by S. E. Dawson (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is a modest little work, which undertakes to illuminate the poem by a running commentary, and to furnish notes, as if it had given the text

entire.—Emerson at Home and Abroad, by Moncure D. Conway (Osgood), is a study of Emerson's genius, freely illustrated by personal reminiscences.—The death of the Hon. George P. Marsh has led to a fresh issue of his two volumes of Lectures on the English Language. (Scribners.) The first is devoted rather to the structure of the language, the second to its historical monuments. The judicious character of Mr. Marsh's mind and his wide learning keep these books valuable, though twenty years have elapsed since the first edition.

Poetry and the Drama. Webster, an Ode (Scribners) is a dignified-looking volume, containing forty pages of ode and eighty of notes, all by W. C. Wilkinson. Notes also occur occasionally at the foot or top of the page. Mr. Wilkinson's ode and the statue in front of the Boston State House are both modeled after Webster.—Agamemnon, La Saisiaz, The Two Poets of Croisic, Pauline, and the first and second series of Dramatic Idylls are the contents of a new volume of Browning's, Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) which gathers thus all the acknowledged work not hitherto collected in the American edition.—The Wisdom of the Brahmin, a Didactic Poem, translated from the German of Rückert by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts Bros.), is, as Mr. Brooks says, "mainly an original work, composed by the author in the character of a Brahmin, spiritually born in the East, but located in the West,—one who has by long and deep study and sympathy caught the spirit of Oriental thought and the style of Oriental expression, and now reproduces the essence of the best Oriental wisdom in forms created by the most accomplished European culture." The first six books are given as an experiment. Mr. Brooks's venture seems to have been encouraged by the success of the Light of Asia.—Lethe, and other Poems, by David Morgan Jones (Lippincott), is sufficiently accounted for by the author when he calls them, in his dedication, ephemeral verses.—The Legend of St. Telemachus and the Legend of All Souls' Day make a little ribbon-tied book, published in Pittsfield, Mass., by J. B. Harrison. The author is Rev. W. W. Newton, and the poetry is fervent.—Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries (Roberts Bros.) is Mr. W. J. Linton's gleanings after the fuller harvest which has been garnered in the anthologies. He has furnished the book with notes, and has removed some of the obstructions which antique forms present. Mr. Linton has rightly chosen the most musical and lyrical period of English verse for his delightful material.—Poems, by James Avis Bartley, A. B. (The Jeffersonian Book and Job Printing Office, Charlottesville, Va.), is an octavo pamphlet of ninety-six pages.—Mr. J. Brander Matthews has collected a volume of Poems of American Patriotism (Scribners), and those unacquainted with the subject will be agreeably surprised at the intrinsic worth of the poetry. As an accompaniment to school work, the book ought to have a positive value, and the editor has made it more serviceable by furnishing it with notes, and by adopting a chronological order for the selections.—Helen of

Troy, by A. Lang (Scribners), is the Greek lady done in a modern English dado; and with a nice sense of propriety, the old Helen, who sits and walks as if she were a model for Mr. Leighton, has left the troublesome part of her character for antiquity to take care of. The poem has much of the sweetness of Mr. Morris, not quite so long drawn out, and one may be pardoned for carrying some of the lines and images about with him till they are worn. We must compliment the American publishers on the good taste of their reproduction.—Idyls of Norway and other Poems (Scribners) is the title which Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen gives to an agreeable little collection of his poetry, some of which had already appeared in the pages of his novels. The romancer is the poet in both instances, and one may read Mr. Boyesen's poems with something of the same kind of pleasure with which he reads his prose.—The Fire-Worshippers and Dermot McMurrough are the titles of two dramas published in a paper volume by the Prospector print, Del Norte, Colorado. Blue fire appears to be the light by which they were written, and all the speeches read as if they were delivered at the top of one's voice.—Mother Goose for Grown Folks, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a new revised and enlarged edition of a book published a dozen years ago, and brought now into range with the author's other writings. Mrs. Whitney has not only exercised her ingenuity on the old jingles; she has made a capital suggestion for others to do the same. A game might well be tried by wits of seeing what various interpretations any one of the duties might receive.—Mr. Robert Bell has edited a collection of Songs from the Dramatists (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is fully annotated, and is made, besides, more accessible by a uniform use of current spelling.—Poems of the Household, by Margaret E. Sangster (Osgood), is a volume of short poems, conceived in a simple, reverent spirit and melodiously delivered.—Paphus and other Poems, by Ella Sharpe Youngs (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), is a small volume of verse, by a cultivated and sensitive woman.

Art and Decoration. Art and Nature in Italy, by Eugene Benson (Roberts Bros.), will repay the reader who wishes to hear what a painter has to say about a few Italian topics, which he has selected from the abundance of the material plainly in possession of one who writes so freely and easily. There is a generosity and honesty about the criticism in the book which we commend to the querulous dilettanti of the day.—In the series of Appletons' Home Books two new ones have appeared: Home Occupations, by Janet E. Runtz-Rees, and The Home Needle, by Ella Rodman Church. The former gives abundant suggestions for all sorts of home-made bric-a-brac, out of leather, paper, straw, wax, and card-board, and in some cases is minute in its directions: the latter confines itself to the humbler occupations of plain sewing and useful needle-work.—The Lady's Book of Knitting and Crochet, containing over one hundred new and easy patterns of useful and ornamental work, is published by N. D. Whitney & Co., Boston, the dealers in worsteds.

The author is described as "a lady expert, who has conscientiously tested all of them." The condition of her brain is not stated. — Mr. William Tirebuck has written a little volume on Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his Work and Influence (Elliot Stock, London), in which he includes also a brief survey of recent art tendencies. There is no biography except in the last paragraph of the book, but there are some suggestive criticisms, as where he compares Mr. Henry Irving to E. Burne Jones. — *Travels in South Kensington, with Notes on Decorative Art and Architecture in England*, by Moncure D. Conway (Harpers), is a collection of three papers which appeared originally in *Harper's Monthly*, and gives a readable account of the material out of which a more artistic England is forming, together with some sketches of what has already been done, chiefly by artists, in rendering their houses beautiful. Such a book is of more use, we think, to Americans ambitious of decorated homes than books of principles and designs, since the thing done is more instructive than the thing that ought to be done. — *The old Masters of Belgium and Holland*, by Eugène Fromentin, has been translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins (Osgood), and furnished with heliotype illustrations after Rubens, Paul Potter, and Rembrandt. It is a pleasure to read such thoughtful criticism, given in such delightful style. — *Parisian Art and Artists*, by Henry Bacon (Osgood), is substantially a reprint of the author's contributions to *Scribner's*, and is an agreeable, light introduction to contemporary French art, with sketchy accounts of the men and women whose names may be heard in Paris studios.

Holiday Books. That Glorious Song of Old is the title given to a thin, square volume containing Dr. E. H. Sears's Christmas hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," with illustrations by Alfred Fredericks. (Lee & Shepard.) The pictures, which are allusive in their subjects, are not always conducive to a reverent spirit. The artist has employed melodramatic treatment on a diminutive scale, and the effect is to diminish astonishment, which is the first product of the melodrama and its chief justification. — *Curfew must not Ring To-Night*, by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe (Lee & Shepard), is another of the square illustrated books, the illustrations being by F. T. Merrill and E. H. Garrett. The artists have in some cases worked together on the same picture. The series is of greater worth than that of the previous book, the subjects being treated with more simplicity and dignity. We can praise also the omission to illustrate the central fact of the poem, — a fact which may safely be left with the author of the poem. — *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, from the same publishers, has the same general plan. The illustrations are from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. The artist seems to us to have aimed at vigor rather than to be vigorous by nature. — Macmillan & Co. have issued the *Old Christmas* and *Bracebridge Hall* of Washington Irving, with Caldecott's illustrations, both which appeared in elegant form last season, as sixpenny pamphlets now. The illustrations suffer in printing, yet Mr. Caldecott's style permits cheap printing better than more re-

fined work does. — *The Charles Dickens Birthday Book* (T. Whittaker, New York) comes with the recommendation that the selection is the work of Dickens's eldest daughter; the illustrations, five outline sketches, by his youngest. It is not hard to find the necessary number of sentiments in Dickens. — *Chimes and Rhymes for Holiday Times*, edited by Almira L. Hayward (Osgood), is a collection of verses upon a somewhat novel plan, the poems being grouped under the heads of New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Fast Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The selections are mainly from American authors, though Herrick is called into service for Fast Day. — *Three Great Poems*, by W. C. Bryant (Putnam's), is a work combining three separate illustrated books, *Thanatopsis* and the *Flood of Years*, of which the designs were furnished by Linton, and *Among the Trees*, illustrated by McEntee. The unity of the book is in the poetry. McEntee's illustrations have a humorous look by the side of Linton's. In one picture there is a boy climbing a tree, and the width of the boy is truly remarkable. — *College Cuts*, chosen from the *Columbia Spectator*, 1880, 1881, 1882 (White & Stokes, New York), shows a good deal of cleverness both in text and cuts, but the college element is singularly absent. — *Wayside Flowers*, original and contributed poems, arranged by Ellen E. Dickinson, illustrated by Julia C. Emmet (White & Stokes), is an awkwardly disposed collection of leaves, tied together by a ribbon, the illustrations in chromo-lithography. — *Grandma's Garden*, with many original poems, suggested and arranged by Kate Sanborn, illustrated by Walter Satterlee (Osgood), is a little collection of leaves tied together, with a design in colors on the cover. The selection looks to a kindly revival of interest in old-fashioned gardens. — Mr. T. Buchanan Read's *Christine* is dignified by a number of engravings from designs by F. Dielman, yet we must think that Mr. Dielman has sometimes adapted himself too closely to Mr. Read's verse. — *New England By-gones*, by E. H. Rollins (Lippincott), is a new edition of a quiet and graceful book, enriched by a number of engravings of more than ordinary value, and somewhat impoverished by a preliminary biographical sketch, by Gail Hamilton, which is unpleasantly private in its tenor.

Philosophy and Religion. Dr. James Martineau's *A Study of Spinoza* (Macmillan) was originally designed for the series of *Philosophical Classics*, but, refusing to come within the necessary limits of the volumes included in that series, is published by itself. It is upon the same general plan of a separate discussion of life and philosophy, and will be welcomed by readers who regret the infrequent publication of Dr. Martineau's work. — Mrs. Oliphant's (?) *A Little Pilgrim* (Roberts) may perhaps be included here. It is an imaginative picture of a soul awaking upon the other side of death. There is a sweetness about it which will very likely be cloying to many. — *American Hero-Myths*, by D. G. Brinton (H. C. Watts & Co., Philadelphia), is a study in the native religions of the Western continent. It is an

endeavor to present in a critically correct light some of the fundamental conceptions which are found in the native beliefs of the tribes of America. We think Mr. Brinton does not sufficiently regard the influence of the Spanish papists, and that we have not yet got to the bottom facts upon which to base philosophizing. — *Moravian Missions* is a course of twelve lectures, by Augustus C. Thompson (Scribners), upon a subject which has a romantic interest for Christians. Dr. Thompson is almost a pioneer in this interesting field so far as a comprehensive statement in English is concerned, and his volume will be found to have caught some of the glow of this faithful company.

Fiction. A new edition, at a lower price, has been published of Miss Keary's *A Doubting Heart*. (Macmillan.) There are few writers in fiction who had obtained so strong a hold upon the affection of their readers as Miss Keary, whose death is deplored. — In the Round Robin series (Osgood), *Rachel's Share of the Road* is more of a sermon than a song; but the sermon is a practical one, which does not deal with ancient Jews, but with modern Christians. — *Towhead, the Story of a Girl*, by Sally Pratt McLean (Williams), is as callow a piece of work as the author's previous *Cape Cod Folks*. If the mixed colleges are going to give us novels like this, we shall sigh for monasteries and nunneries. — *Aubert Dubayet, or the Two Sister Republics*, by Charles Gayarré (Osgood), must be placed here, in spite of the author's protest that it is not romance, but history. The characters and scenes are historical, the two sister republics are France and America, but the author has undertaken to fuse his material into a semi-romantic tale. We fear he underrates the interest of a perfectly clear and orderly historical narrative. — *New Arabian Nights*, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Holt), is a new volume of the *Leisure Hour* series, and one intended to be full of entertaining invention. The likeness to the Arabian Nights is merely in a little travesty of form, but Mr. Stevenson acts upon his own canons as laid down in his article in Longman's magazine, and really tells stories. That the stories require the patience of the East may also be said. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), the latest numbers are *Allerton Towers*, by Annie Thomas; *Rachel's Inheritance*, by Margaret Veley; *Daisies and Butterflies*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; and *Of High Degree*, by Charles Gibbon. — *Norodom, King of Cambodia*, a romance of the East, by Frank McGloin (Appletons), enables the reader, weary of the sharp definitions of Western life and history, to surround himself by the fictitious gloom and monstrous shapes of Indo-China.

History and Biography. — In *English Men of Letters* series, (Harpers), Sterne is undertaken by H. D. Traill, who shows himself a trustee of the reading public by treating his subject with singular honesty. We can hardly think of a more trying book to read than a life of Sterne in Sterne's manner; but a book like this, which takes a cool interest, and detaches that which is of permanent value from the decaying mass of Sterne's writing, may be read with profit and pleasure. — *Detailed Minutes of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia*,

by Carlton McCarthy (Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond), is a volume of reminiscences, which proves beyond a doubt the moral, physical, and spiritual superiority of the Confederate soldier, — beyond Mr. McCarthy's doubt, that is. — *A Study of Maria Edgeworth*, by Grace A. Oliver (Williams) has the additional words on the title-page, With notices of her father and friends; and the reader finds, if he is already familiar with the work, that Mrs. Oliver has drawn the first part of her book very largely from the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, and the latter part from the privately printed volume of Miss Edgeworth's letters, since the book could scarcely have been compiled except for these resources. We think a more distinct reference to them by the author would have been more courteous. Mrs. Oliver has, however, gleaned from a variety of sources, and has made her book an encyclopedic life of her heroine. — In *American Statesmen* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), John Randolph, by Henry Adams, is the latest volume, and the author has apparently regarded his subject with dispassionate interest, but with picturesque power. — *The Early Days of Christianity* (Cassell) is a work by that florid writer, F. W. Farrar, intended to cover the period embraced by the New Testament after the death of Christ, and is thus a companion to his *Life of Christ and Life of St. Paul*. It is very largely expository of the epistles. — *The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber*, edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry (Osgood), should have a great interest for all students of our political history. Lieber's life was a romantic one, and his letters illustrate the power of fascination which public affairs have for a man whose personal experience has been a part of historic movements. The liveliness of the book may win some readers; its worth should hold more. — *John Greenleaf Whittier, his life, genius, and writings*, by W. Sloane Kennedy (S. E. Cassino, Boston), is one of those preliminary biographies which have an uncomfortable effect upon the friends of the subject. However carefully and accurately the work may be done, one can scarcely avoid the feeling that a monument has been erected, with a blank space only left for the day of the death. The living have some rights, and the right of burial is not one which should be most strenuously defended. — *The Beginnings of History according to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples, from the Creation of Man to the Deluge*, is the title of a work by François Lenormant, which has been translated by an American (Scribners), and introduced by Professor Francis Brown. Mr. Lenormant possibly protests a little too much that he is a Christian, but that is natural when the audience for whom he writes is considered. To the rationalist he says, "This is a scientific book; read it, and find a single point where my Christian convictions have embarrassed me, and proved an obstacle to the liberty of my research as a scholar, or where they may have prevented me from adopting the well-ascertained results of criticism." — The eighth of the *Campaigns of the Civil War* (Scribners) is *The Mississippi*, by Lieut. F. V. Greene, who is a trained writer on military topics, but a student, and not a participant in the scenes

which he presents. It almost startles one to find military critics of a second generation. It will be well if those who are to come are as scholarly as Lieut. Greene. — *The Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, the brilliant yet modest scientist, has been worthily presented by Professor Lewis Campbell and William Garnett. (Macmillan.) It contains a selection from his correspondence and occasional writings, and a sketch of his contributions to science, and is illustrated by portraits and colored plates. The nature was a noble one, and it is a positive gift when such a person is suddenly brought to the knowledge of a world which might only have known his scientific work. His *jeu d'esprit* is capital. — The London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has lately entered upon a remarkable career of publication, boldly assuming the task of furnishing a great body of literature, chiefly in history and science, but also in fiction, which shall bear the impress of a generous and not narrow Christian thought. It has enlisted the interest of sound scholars, and even its compilations have the appearance of thoroughness. Whatever may be said of the relation which such a society bears to the general publishing business, there is little doubt that the new vigor is well directed, and the public is getting the benefit of the enterprise. The New York agents are E. & J. B. Young & Co. Among the recent books sent to us are *The Church in Roman Gaul*, by Richard Travers Smith; *Judea and her Rulers*, by M. Bramston, a work which bridges over the history of Israel from Nebuchadnezzar to Vespasian; and *John Hus*, by A. H. Wratislaw, who makes an historical biography detailing the commencement of resistance to papal authority on the part of the inferior clergy. The *Diocesan Histories*, to which we have before referred, are continued, and include *York*, by George Ormsby, and *Oxford*, by Rev. Edward Marshall. None of these books profess to be based upon original investigation, but they are not the work of mere hacks; men have undertaken them who could do original work if that were their purpose. Still another volume is a biographical one, devoted to *Heroes of Science*, by Professor P. M. Duncan, in which Ray, Linnaeus, De Candolle, Buffon, Pennant, Lamarck, Cuvier, Murchison, Lyell, and others are treated. — In the *Nature* series (Macmillan) a little volume has been issued, devoted to memorial notices of Darwin by Huxley, Geikie, Dyer, and others. The varied attainments of Mr. Darwin are well illustrated by the fact that specialists in geology, botany, zoölogy, and psychology take up those separate parts of his work.

Books for Young People. *Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes*, by Mary D. Brine (Harlan), is a large oblong book in boards, with verses and illustrations. The verses are generally objective and free from offensive sentimentality, but we object to such a poem as *Two Small Maids*. The pictures have the merit of not being too nice. — *Elfin Land* (Harlan) is another oblong book, with designs by Walter Satterlee and poems by Josephine Pollard. The pictures are better than the verses, which are doggerel. It is curious how the æsthetic nonsense, with its amiable slang, has worked into books for children. — *The Young Peo-*

ple of Shakespeare's Dramas, for Youthful Readers, by Amelia E. Barr (Appleton), is a singular commentary upon the fallacy which possesses people that children are necessarily more interested in children than in older people. The assumption in this book is that, by giving young people a glimpse at the exceedingly small number of children in Shakespeare, one may allure them to an interest in the literature itself. The book is really a study of Shakespeare's youthful characters, and as such can have little value for children; nor is it especially acute in its criticism, if it is to be read by older people. — *The Talking Leaves, an Indian Story*, by William O. Stoddard (Harpers), is to be enjoyed chiefly by boys and girls who have taken the Indian under their care, and accept him with all his grunts and imperfect speech as an important actor, without whom modern life would not be worth living. — *Pussy Willow*, and other *Child Songs*, has words by Henriette Cushing, music by S. E. Farrar, and illustrations by Gertrude Clement. (White & Stokes.) The poetry has the appearance of being made to order, and the pictures, which affect a rude charm, are not well drawn. — *Little Folk in Green*, new *Fairy Stories*, by Henrietta Christian Wright, with illustrations in color by Lydia Emmet (White & Stokes), is pleasantly devoid of too much moral, but lacks something also of story. The illustrations, in color, have a somewhat amateurish look. — *The Story of Siegfried*, by James Baldwin, illustrated by Howard Pyle (Scribners), is not a simple transcript from the Eddas, but an attempt on the part of the author to weave the material into an imaginative whole. He seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of the Northern mythology, and we are glad that boys should have a chance at reading a tale which uses all the violent passions without any realism. — *Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's Norse Stories*, retold from the Eddas (Roberts), is more directly drawn from the original sources; that is to say, he has rendered the stories into story-telling English, while he has retained, as writers in love of this literature can scarcely help doing, something of the sternness of the early form. He has not, however, lost himself so completely in his theme as Mr. Baldwin. — *Six Girls*, by Fannie Belle Irving (Estes & Lauriat), is written by a disciple of Miss Alcott. — In the *Young Folks' Heroes of History*, by George M. Towle (Lee & Shepard), the latest volume is devoted to Sir Francis Drake, one of the most admirable of all the subjects included in the series. — *The American Boy's Handy Book*, by D. C. Beard (Scribners), besides giving practical directions for doing things which ordinarily pass from one boy's intelligence to another in a traditional way, contains also a great many hints of uncommon sports and playthings, and is so minute in detail and particular in its diagrams that it may safely be recommended to boys who are not book-lovers; it is a great advance on the old-fashioned boys' own books. — *The Wonderful City of Tokio*, or *Further Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend Oto Nambu*, by Edward Greey (Lee & Shepard), is substantially a continuation of the author's previous book, *Young Americans in Japan*, and is an

animated account of sights in Tokio as seen by the inevitable family, which forms the substructure of all books for children nowadays. There is a plentiful supply of pictures, mixed Japanese and Western. — Paul and Persis, or the Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley, by Mary E. Brush (Lee & Shepard), is an historical story for boys, and one does not need to exact the closest imitation of old-time talk to find the book interesting and worthy. Would that more of our writers for the young set themselves Miss Brush's task, and worked at it as faithfully! — The Jolly Rover, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard), is intended to illustrate the evils following from a too close study of a cheap boy's paper called *The Boy's Own*. Will the book prove an awful example? Or will it increase the circulation of *The Boy's Own*? We are inclined to think that this redoubtable paper would have accepted the book for serial publication, and found it account in it. — *The Prize for Girls and Boys, 1882* (Estes & Lauriat), is one of the English magazines for the young, which, bound in boards, does duty at the end of the year as a holiday book. It has objectionable stories and weak religion. — *Diddle, Dumps, and Tot*, or *Plantation Child-Life*, by Louise Clarke Pyrmelle (Harpers), was written primarily for the preservation of many of the old stories, legends, traditions, games, hymns, and superstitions of the Southern slaves. The extreme care with which the vernacular is darkened to the color of the chief speakers will prevent the book from free use by children, which is an advantage, if it compels older persons to read it aloud with judicious oral editing. — *Our Little Ones* is the title of a monthly magazine conducted by Wm. T. Adams, of which the bound volume (Lee & Shepard) comes as an annual, with very slight reminder of the monthly parts. It is prettily illustrated and bound, and the reading is of an ordinary, unliterary character, unpretentious, and on the whole, unobjectionable. — *Chatterbox for 1882* (Estes & Lauriat) is another of these books, but the type is small and blurred, the pictures are of an inferior order, and the literature is made to order. — *Our Young Folks in Africa*, the *Adventures of a Party of Young Americans in Algeria and in South Central Africa*, by James D. McCabe (Lippincott), is an adaptation of older books on Africa to the use of the young by the introduction of the customary machinery. The author does not appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the country traversed; certainly, the dull style of the book could not have been invented by a real explorer. — *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), has reached its fourth part, which covers Egypt and the Holy Land. Mr. Knox is a *bona fide* traveler, but he is not a storyteller nor a dramatist; he is an encyclopædist, and his book is of a kind which an ostrich boy can digest. — In the Franklin Square Series, the Harpers have included William Black's *An Adventure in Thule*. — The bound volume of Harper's *Young People* for the year 1882 is vastly more valuable, from an art point of view, and a great deal more entertaining in its letterpress,

than a majority of the books prepared especially for holiday readers. Indeed, the best book in this kind for the passing season is scarcely to be compared with these fifty-two numbers of Harper's *Young People*, in their tasteful binding. — Among the books which do not need to have been just born, Miss Lucretia P. Hale's *The Peterkin Papers* (Osgood) holds a high place. The ingenuity of the book, with its many changes rung upon a single theme, is surprising, and the drollery, the wit, the uncommon sense of the Peterkin family are enough to stock ordinary families with a winter supply of by-words.

Literary Guides. The second series of *The Best Reading*, edited by L. E. Jones (Putnams), has been issued, and, following the first series after a lapse of five years, includes in its classified lists the most important English and American publications during that time. The arrangement is a clear one, and the book will be very useful to readers who do not care to trouble themselves with elaborate and detailed bibliographies. The selection seems judicious, and the ranking of the several books cautious. — *Short Sayings of Great Men*, with historical and explanatory notes, by Samuel Arthur Bent (Osgood), is a comprehensive dictionary of familiar quotations, literally annotated, arranged under brief biographies of their authors, and well indexed. The book is a good addition to the library of reference which is lightening the labors of students and editors.

Science. *Zoological Sketches*, by Felix L. Oswald (Lippincott), is called by the author a contribution to the out-door study of natural history, and contains, besides his own observations, many curious facts which he has drawn from others. The book is anecdotal and vivacious, and the author's radical evolutionism crops out only occasionally. — *The Earth as Modified by Human Action* is the revised title of the revised edition of G. P. Marsh's important work, *Man and Nature*, first issued ten years ago. (Scribners.) It is hard to say whether the scientific or the historical student would find most worth in the book. It cannot be overlooked by any student in either department. — *The Solution of the Pyramid Problem, or Pyramid Discoveries*, with a new theory as to their ancient use, by Robert Ballard (Wiley), is a thesis, carefully worked out, and intended to demonstrate that these works were in effect vast theodolites for use in the survey of Egypt. — *Easy Star Lessons*, by Richard A. Proctor (Putnams), is a readable book, wretchedly printed, by which one is made acquainted in a familiar way with the stars as they may be seen from month to month. It is well furnished with cuts and maps. — *Text-Book of Geology*, by Archibald Geikie (Macmillan), is intended primarily for students, and the plan comprises a tolerably full reference to special memoirs; in doing this Dr. Geikie has kept American researches especially in mind. — *The Great Diamonds of the World*, their history and romance, by Edwin W. Streeter, in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers), may be placed under Fiction, so far as the impression made upon the plain reader's mind is concerned.

